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THE

# NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1848.

ART. I.—*The Works of Alexander Pope, Esquire.* By W. ROSCOE, Esq. A New Edition. In eight vols. London, 1847.

EVERY great classic in our native language should from time to time be reviewed anew; and especially if he belongs in any considerable extent to that section of the literature which connects itself with manners; and if his reputation originally, or his style of composition, is likely to have been much influenced by the transient fashions of his own age. The withdrawal, for instance, from a dramatic poet, or a satirist, of any false lustre which he has owed to his momentary connexion with what we may call the *personalities* of a fleeting generation, or of any undue shelter to his errors which may have gathered round them from political bias, or from intellectual infirmities amongst his partizans, will sometimes seriously modify, after a century or so, the fairest *original* appreciation of a fine writer. A window, composed of Claude Lorraine glasses, spreads over the landscape outside a disturbing effect, which not the most practised eye can evade. The *idola theatri* affect us all. No man escapes the contagion from his contemporary bystanders. And the reader may see further on, that, had Pope been merely a satiric poet, he must in these times have laid down much of the splendour which surrounds him in our traditional estimate of his merit. Such a renunciation would be a forfeit—not always to errors in himself—but sometimes to errors in that stage of English society, which forced the ablest writer into a collusion with its own metreticulous tastes. The antithetical prose “characters,” as they were technically termed, which circulated amongst the aristocracy in the early part of the last century, the style of the dia-

logue in such comedy as was then popular, and much of the occasional poetry in that age, expose an immoderate craving for glittering effects from contrasts too harsh to be natural, too sudden to be durable, and too fantastic to be harmonious. To meet this vicious taste, from which (as from any diffusive taste) it is vain to look for *perfect* immunity in any writer lying immediately under its beams, Pope sacrificed in *one* mode of composition, the simplicities of nature and sincerity; and had he practised no other mode, we repeat that *now* he must have descended from his pedestal. To some extent he is degraded even as it is; for the reader cannot avoid whispering to himself—what quality of thinking must *that* be which allies itself so naturally (as will be shewn) with distortions of fact or of philosophic truth? But, had his whole writings been of that same cast, he must have been degraded altogether, and a star would have fallen from our English galaxy of poets.

We mention this particular case as a reason generally for renewing by intervals the examination of great writers, and liberating the verdict of their contemporaries from the casual disturbances to which every age is liable in its judgments and in its tastes. As books multiply to an unmanageable excess, selection becomes more and more a necessity for readers, and the power of selection more and more a desperate problem for the busy part of readers. The possibility of selecting wisely is becoming continually more hopeless, as the necessity for selection is becoming continually more crying. Exactly as the growing weight of books overlays and stifles the power of comparison, *pari passu* is the call for comparison the more clamorous; and thus arises a duty, correspondingly more urgent, of searching and revising until everything spurious has been weeded out from amongst the Flora of our highest literature; and until the waste of time for those who have so little at their command, is reduced to a *minimum*. For, where the good cannot be read in its twentieth part, the more requisite it is that no part of the bad should steal an hour of the available time; and it is not to be endured that people without a minute to spare should be obliged first of all to read a book before they can ascertain whether it was at all *worth* reading. The public cannot read by proxy as regards the good which it is to appropriate, but it *can* as regards the poison which it is to escape. And thus, as literature expands, becoming continually more of a household necessity, the duty resting upon critics (who are the vicarious readers for the public) becomes continually more urgent—of reviewing all works that may be supposed to have benefited too much or too indiscriminately by the superstition of a name. The *prægustatores* should have tasted of every cup, and reported its quality, before the

public call for it; and, above all, they should have done this in all cases of the higher literature—that is, of literature properly so called.

What is it that we mean by *literature*? Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition; the most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is—some relation to a general and common interest of man, so that what applies only to a local—or professional—or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but inversely, much that really is literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm, does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten thousandth part of its extent. The drama again, as, for instance, the finest of Shakspeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed\* their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea co-extensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic, (as from lecturers and public orators,) may never come into books; and much that *does* come into books, may connect itself with no literary interest. But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought—not so much in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach*; the

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\* Charles I., for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shakspeare—not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, nor through the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall.



function of the second is—to *move*: the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately it may happen to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society—of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly, are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz. the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe—is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards—a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth

to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you farther on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth : whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight—is an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, &c., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man : for the Scriptures themselves never condescend to deal by suggestion or co-operation, with the mere discursive understanding : when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "*the understanding heart*,"—making the heart, *i. e.*, the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy-tale, or epoece, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else, (left to the support of daily life in its realities,) would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant for instance by *poetic justice*?—It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence ; for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice ; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing—not with the refractory elements of earthly life—but with elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms ; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves* ; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by* moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge, is but a *provisional* work : a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quandiu*

*bene se gesserit.* Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: 1st, as regards absolute truth; 2dly, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains, as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the Prometheus of Æschylus, —the Othello or King Lear,—the Hamlet or Macbeth,—and the Paradise Lost, are not militant but triumphant for ever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are not separated by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as differing in *kind*, and as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other: never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less: they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, nor be reflected in the mirror of copies, nor become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

Applying these principles to Pope, as a representative of fine literature in general, we would wish to remark the claim which he has, or which any equal writer has, to the attention and jealous winnowing of those critics in particular who watch over public morals. Clergymen, and all the organs of public criticism put in motion by clergymen, are more especially concerned in the just appreciation of such writers, if the two canons are remembered, which we have endeavoured to illustrate, viz., that all works in this class, as opposed to those in the literature of knowledge, 1st, work by far deeper agencies; and, 2dly, are more permanent; in the strictest sense they are *κρηματα ἐς αἰ:*

and what evil they do, or what good they do, is commensurate with the national language, sometimes long after the nation has departed. At this hour, 500 years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer,\* never equalled on this earth for tenderness, and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, 1800 years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gaiety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust: but *he* is alive: he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years; "and *shall* a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aerial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. *This* is a great prerogative of the *power* literature: and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An Encyclopædia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol—that, before one generation has passed, an Encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the *rest* of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called—literature *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge, is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercises a power bad or good over human life, that cannot be contemplated when seen stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe.† And of this

\* The Canterbury Tales were not made public until 1380 or thereabouts: but the composition must have cost 80 or more years; not to mention that the work had probably been finished for some years before it was divulged.

† The reason why the broad distinctions between the two literatures of power and knowledge so little fix the attention, lies in the fact, that a vast proportion of books—history, biography, travels, miscellaneous essays, &c., lying in a middle zone, confound these distinctions by interblending them. All that we call "amusement" or "entertainment," is a diluted form of the power belonging to passion, and also a mixed form; and where threads of direct instruction intermingle in the texture with these threads of power, this absorption of the duality into one repre-

let every one be assured—that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read, many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

In making a revaluation of Pope as regards some of his principal works, we should have been glad to examine more closely than we shall be able to do, some popular errors affecting his whole intellectual position; and especially these two, *first*, That he belonged to what is idly called the *French School* of our literature; *secondly*, That he was specially distinguished from preceding poets by *correctness*. The first error has infected the whole criticism of Europe. The Schlegels, with all their false airs of subtlety, fall into this error in discussing every literature of Christendom. But, if by a mere accident of life any poet *had* first turned his thoughts into a particular channel on the suggestion of some French book, *that* would not justify our classing what belongs to universal nature, and what *inevitably* arises at a certain stage of social progress, under the category of a French creation. Somebody must have been first in point of time upon every field: but this casual precedency establishes no title whatever to authority, or plea of original dominion over fields that lie within the inevitable line of march upon which nations are moving. Had it happened that the first European writer on the higher geometry was a Græco-Sicilian, *that* would not have made it rational to call geometry the Græco-Sicilian Science. In *every* nation first comes the higher form of passion, next the lower. This is the mere order of nature in governing the movements of human intellect, as connected with social evolution; this is therefore the universal order, that in the earlier stages of literature, men deal with the great elementary grandeurs of passion, of conscience, of the will in self-conflict; they deal with the capital struggles of the human race in raising empires, or in overthrowing them—in vindicating their religion, (as by crusades,) or with the more mysterious struggles amongst spiritual races allied to our own, that have been dimly revealed to us. We have an *Iliad*, a *Jerusalem Delivered*, a *Paradise Lost*. These great subjects exhausted, or exhausted in their more inviting manifestations, inevitably, by the mere endless motion of society, there succeeds a lower key of passion. Expanding social intercourse in towns, multiplied and crowded more and more, banishes those gloomier and grander phases of human history from literature. The understanding is quickened:

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sentative *nuance* neutralises the separate perception of either. Fused into a *tertium quid*, or neutral state, they disappear to the popular eye as the repelling forces, which in fact they are.

the lower faculties of the mind—fancy and the habit of minute distinction, are applied to the contemplation of society and manners. Passion begins to wheel in lower flights, and to combine itself with interests that in part are addressed to the insulated understanding—observing, refining, reflecting. This may be called the *minor* key of literature in opposition to the *major*, as cultivated by Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton. But this key arises spontaneously in *every* people, and by a necessity as sure as any that moulds the progress of civilisation. Milton and Spenser were *not* of any Italian school. Their Italian studies were the result and not the cause of the determination given to their minds\* by nature working in conjunction with their social period. It is equally childish to say of Dryden and Pope—that they belonged to any French school. That thing which they did, they *would* have done though France had been at the back of China. The school to which they belonged, was a school developed at a certain stage of progress in all nations alike by the human heart as modified by the human understanding: it is a school depending on the peculiar direction given to the sensibilities by the reflecting faculty, and by the new phases of society. Even as a fact, (though a change as to the fact could not make any change at all in the philosophy of the case,) it is not true that either Dryden or Pope was influenced by French literature. Both of them had a very imperfect acquaintance with the French language. Dryden ridiculed French literature; and Pope, except for some purposes connected with his Homeric translations, read as little of it as convenience would allow. But, had this been otherwise, the philosophy of the case stands good; that, after the primary formations of the fermenting intellect, come everywhere—in Thebes or Athens, in France or England, the secondary: that, after the creating passion comes the reflecting and recombining passion: that after the solemnities and cloistral grandeurs of life—solitary and self-conflicting, comes the recoil of a self-observing and self-dissecting stage, derived from life social and gregarious. After the Iliad, but doubtless many generations after, comes a *Batrachomyomachia*: after the gorgeous masque of our forefathers came always the anti-masque, that threw off echoes as from some devil's laughter in mockery of the hollow and transitory pomps that went before.

It is an error equally gross, and an error in which Pope himself participated, that his plume of distinction from preceding poets consisted in *correctness*. Correctness in what? Think of the admirable qualifications for settling the scale of such critical distinctions which that man must have had who turned out upon this vast world the single oracular word “correctness” to shift for itself, and explain its own meaning to all generations. Did he mean

logical correctness in maturing and connecting thoughts? But of all poets that have practised reasoning in verse, Pope is the one most inconsequential in the deduction of his thoughts, and the most severely distressed in any effort to effect or to explain the dependency of their parts. There are not ten consecutive lines in Pope unaffected by this infirmity. All his thinking proceeded by insulated and discontinuous jets: and the only resource for *him*, or chance of even seeming correctness, lay in the liberty of stringing his aphoristic thoughts like pearls—having no relation to each other but that of contiguity. To *set* them like diamonds was for Pope to risk distraction: to systematize was ruin.—On the other hand, if this elliptical word *correctness* is to be understood with such a complementary qualification as would restrict it to Pope's use of *language*, that construction is even more untenable than the other—more conspicuously untenable—for many are they who have erred by illogical thinking, or by distracted evolution of thoughts: but rare is the man amongst classical writers in any language who has disfigured his meaning more remarkably than Pope by imperfect expression. We do not speak of plebeian phrases, of exotic phrases, of slang, from which Pope was not free, though *more* free than many of his contemporaries. From vulgarism indeed he was shielded, though imperfectly, by the aristocratic society which he kept: *they* being right, *he* was right: and he erred only in the cases where they misled him; for even the refinement of that age was oftentimes coarse and vulgar. His grammar, indeed, is often vicious: preterites and participles he constantly confounds, and registers this class of blunders for ever by the cast-iron index of rhymes that never *can* mend. But worse than this mode of viciousness is his syntax, which is so bad as to darken his meaning at times, and at other times to defeat it. But these were errors cleaving to his times; and it would be unfair to exact from Pope a better quality of diction than belonged to his contemporaries. Still it is indisputable that a better model of diction and of grammar prevailed a century before Pope. In Spenser, in Shakspeare, in the Bible of King James' reign, and in Milton, there are very few grammatical errors.\* But Pope's defect in language was

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\* And this purity of diction shews itself in many points arguing great vigilance of attention, and also great anxiety for using the language powerfully as the most venerable of traditions, when treating the most venerable of subjects. For instance, the Bible never condescends to the mean colloquial preterites of *chide* for *did chide*, or *writ* for *did write*, but always uses the full-dress word *chode*, and *wrote*. Pope might have been happier had he read his Bible more: but assuredly he would have improved his English. A question naturally arises—How it was that the elder writers—Shakspeare in particular, (who had seen so little of higher society when he wrote his youthful poems of *Lucrece* and *Adonis*,) should have maintained so much purer a grammar! Dr. Johnson

almost peculiar to himself. It lay in an inability, nursed doubtless by indolence, to carry out and perfect the expression of the thought which he wishes to communicate. The language does not realize the idea: it simply suggests or hints it. Thus to give a single illustration,—

“ Know, God and Nature only are the same :  
In man the judgment shoots at flying game.”

The first line one would naturally construe into this: that God and Nature were in harmony, whilst all other objects were scattered into incoherency by difference and disunion. Not at all; it means nothing of the kind; but that God and Nature only are exempted from the infirmities of change. *They* only continue uniform and self-consistent. This might mislead many readers; but the second line *must* do so: for who would not understand the syntax to be—that the judgment, as it exists in man, shoots at flying game? But, in fact, the meaning is—that the judgment, in aiming its calculations at man, aims at an object that is still on the wing, and never for a moment stationary. We give this as a specimen of a fault in diction—the very worst amongst all that are possible; to write bad grammar or colloquial slang does not necessarily obscure the sense; but a fault like this is a treachery, and hides the true meaning under the cloud of a conundrum: nay worse; for even a conundrum has fixed conditions for determining its solution, but this sort of mutilated expression is left to the solutions of conjecture.

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indeed, but most falsely, says that Shakspeare's grammar is licentious. “ The style of Shakspeare,” (these are the exact words of the Doctor in his preface,) “ was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure.” An audacious misrepresentation! In the doctor himself, a legislator for the language, we undertake to shew more numerically of trespasses against grammar, but (which is worse still) more unscholarlike trespasses. Shakspeare is singularly correct in grammar. One reason, we believe, was this: from the restoration of Charles II. decayed the *ceremonious* exterior of society. Stiffness and reserve melted away before the familiarity and impudence of French manners. Social meetings grew far more numerous as towns expanded; social pleasure far more began now to depend upon conversation; and conversation, growing less formal, quickened its pace. Hence came the call for rapid abbreviations: the *'tis* and *'twas*, the *can't* and *don't* of the two post-Miltonic generations arose under this impulse; and the general impression has ever since subsisted amongst English writers—that language, instead of being an exquisitely beautiful vehicle for the thoughts—a robe that never can be adorned with too much care or piety, is in fact a dirty high-road which all people detest whilst all are forced to use it, and to the keeping of which in repair no rational man ever contributes a trifle that is not forced from him by some severity of Quarter Sessions. The great corrupter of English was the conversational instinct for rapidity. A more honourable source of corruption lay in the growth of new ideas, and the continual influx of foreign words to meet them. Spanish words arose, like *reformado*, *privado*, *desperado*, and French ones past counting. But as these retained their foreign forms of structure, they reacted to vitiate the language still more by introducing a piebald aspect of books which it seemed a matter of necessity to tolerate for the interests of wider thinking. The perfection of this horror was never attained except amongst the Germans.



There are endless varieties of this fault in Pope, by which he sought relief for himself from half-an-hour's labour, at the price of utter darkness to his reader.

One editor distinguishes amongst the epistles that which Pope addressed to Lord Oxford some years after his fall, as about the most "*correct*, musical, dignified, and affecting" that the poet has left. Now, even as a specimen of vernacular English, it is conspicuously bad: the shocking gallicism, for instance, of "*attend*," for "wait his leisure," in the line "For him, *i. e.* on his behalf, thou oft hast bid the world attend," would alone degrade the verses. To bid the world attend—is to bid the world listen attentively; whereas what Pope means is, that Lord Oxford bade the world wait in his ante-chamber, until he had leisure from his important conferences with a poet, to throw a glance upon affairs so trivial as those of the human race. This use of the word *attend* is a shocking violation of the English idiom; and even the slightest would be an unpardonable blemish in a poem of only forty lines, which ought to be polished as exquisitely as a cameo. It is a still worse disfiguration of the very same class, viz. a silent confession of defeat, in a regular wrestling-match with the difficulties of a metrical expression, that the poem terminates thus—

"Nor fears to tell that *Mortimer* is he;"

why *should* he fear? Really there is no very desperate courage required for telling the most horrible of secrets about Mortimer. Had Mortimer even been so wicked as to set the Thames on fire, safely it might have been published by Mortimer's bosom-friend to all magistrates, sheriffs, and constables; for not a man of them would have guessed in what hiding-place to look for Mortimer, or who Mortimer might be. True it is, that a secondary earldom, conferred by Queen Anne upon Robert Harley, was that of Mortimer; but it lurked unknown to the public ear; it was a coronet that lay hid under the beams of *Oxford*—a title so long familiar to English ears, when descending through six and twenty generations of de Veres. Quite as reasonable it would be, in a birth-day ode to the Prince of Wales, if he were addressed as my Lord of Chester, or Baron of Renfrew, or your Grace of Cornwall. To express a thing in cipher may do for a conspirator; but a poet's *correctness* is shown in his intelligibility.

Amongst the early poems of Pope, the "*ELOISA TO ABELARD*" has a special interest of a double order: first, it has a *personal* interest as the poem of Pope, because indicating the original destination of Pope's intellect, and the strength of his native vocation to a class of poetry in deeper keys of passion than any which he systematically cultivated. For itself also, and abstracting from its connexion with Pope's natural destination, this

poem has a *second* interest, an intrinsic interest, that will always make it dear to impassioned minds. The self-conflict—the flux and reflux of the poor agitated heart—the spectacle of Eloisa now bending penitentially before the shadowy austerities of a monastic future, now raving upon the remembrances of the guilty past—one moment reconciled by the very anguish of her soul to the grandeurs of religion and of prostrate adoration, the next moment revolting to perilous retrospects of her treacherous happiness—the recognition by shining gleams through the very storm and darkness evoked by her earthly sensibilities, of a sensibility deeper far in its ground, and that trembled towards holier objects—the lyrical tumult of the changes, the hope, the tears, the rapture, the penitence, the despair—place the reader in tumultuous sympathy with the poor distracted nun. Exquisitely imagined, among the passages towards the end, is the introduction of a voice speaking to Eloisa from the grave of some sister nun, that, in long-forgotten years, once had struggled and suffered like herself,

"Once (like herself) that trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid."

Exquisite is the passage in which she prefigures a visit yet to come from Abelard to herself—no more in the character of a lover, but as a priest, ministering by spiritual consolations to her dying hours, pointing her thoughts to heaven, presenting the Cross to her through the mists of death, and fighting for her as a spiritual ally against the torments of flesh. That anticipation was not gratified. Abelard died long before her; and the hour never arrived for *him* of which with such tenderness she says,—

"It will be *then* no crime to gaze on me."

But another anticipation *has* been fulfilled in a degree that she could hardly have contemplated; the anticipation, namely,—

"That ages hence, when all her woes were o'er,  
And that rebellious heart should beat no more,"

wandering feet should be attracted from afar

"To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,"

as the common resting-place and everlasting marriage-bed of Abelard and Eloisa; that the eyes of many that had been touched by their story, by the memory of their extraordinary accomplishments in an age of darkness, and by the calamitous issue of their attachment, should seek, first and last, for the grave in which the lovers trusted to meet again in peace; and should seek it with

interest so absorbing, that even amidst the ascent of hosannahs from the choir, amidst the grandeurs of high mass, the raising of the host, and "the pomp of dreadful sacrifice," sometimes these wandering eyes should steal aside to the solemn abiding-place of Abelard and his Eloisa, offering so pathetic a contrast, by its peaceful silence, to the agitations of their lives; and that there, amidst thoughts which by right were all due and dedicated

"to heaven,  
One human tear should drop and be forgiven."

We may properly close this subject of Abelard and Eloisa, by citing, in English, the solemn Latin inscription placed in the last century—six hundred years after their departure from earth, over their common remains. They were buried in the same grave, Abelard dying first by a few weeks more than twenty-one years; his tomb was opened again to admit the coffin of Eloisa; and the tradition at Quincey, the parish near Nogent-sur Seine, in which the monastery of the Paraclete is situated, was—that at the moment of interment Abelard opened his arms to receive the impassioned creature that once had loved *him* so frantically, and whom *he* had loved with a remorse so memorable. The epitaph is singularly solemn in its brief simplicity, considering that it came from Paris, and from Academic wits: "Here, under the same marble slab, lie the Founder of this Monastery, Peter Abelard, and its earliest Abbess, Heloisa—once united in studies, in love, in their unhappy nuptial engagements, and in penitential sorrow; but now, our hope is, reunited for ever in bliss."

The SATIRES of Pope, and what under another name *are* satires, viz. his MORAL EPISTLES, offer a second variety of evidence to his voluptuous indolence. They offend against philosophic truth more heavily than the Essay on Man; but not in the same way. The Essay on Man sins chiefly by want of central principle, and by want therefore of all coherency amongst the separate thoughts. But taken *as* separate thoughts, viewed in the light of fragments and brilliant aphorisms, the majority of the passages have a mode of truth; not of truth central and coherent, but of truth angular and splintered. The Satires on the other hand were of false origin. They arose in a sense of talent for caustic effects, unsupported by any satiric heart. Pope had neither the malice (except in the most fugitive form) which thirsts for leaving wounds, nor on the other hand the deep moral indignation which burns in men whom Providence has from time to time armed with scourges for cleansing the sanctuaries of truth or justice. He was contented enough with society as he found it: bad it might be, but it was good enough for *him*:

and it was the merest self-delusion if at any moment the instinct of glorifying his satiric mission (the *magnifico apostolatum meum*) persuaded him that in *his* case it might be said—*Facit indignatio versum*. The indignation of Juvenal was not always very noble in its origin, or pure in its purpose: it was sometimes mean in its quality, false in its direction, extravagant in its expression: but it was tremendous in the roll of its thunders, and as withering as the scowl of a Mephistopheles. Pope having no such internal principle of wrath boiling in his breast, being really (if one must speak the truth) in the most pacific and charitable frame of mind towards all scoundrels whatever, except such as might take it into their heads to injure a particular Twickenham grotto, was unavoidably a hypocrite of the first magnitude when he affected (or sometimes really concealed himself) to be in a dreadful passion with offenders as a body. It provokes fits of laughter, in a man who knows Pope's real nature, to watch him in the process of brewing the storm that spontaneously will not come; whistling, like a mariner, for a wind to fill his satiric sails; and pumping up into his face hideous grimaces in order to appear convulsed with histrionic rage. Pope should have been counselled never to write satire, except on those evenings when he was suffering horribly from indigestion. By this means the indignation would have been ready-made. The rancour against all mankind would have been sincere; and there would have needed to be no extra expense in getting up the steam. As it is, the short puffs of anger, the uneasy snorts of fury in Pope's satires, give one painfully the feeling of a steam-engine with unsound lungs. Passion of any kind may become in some degree ludicrous, when disproportioned to its exciting occasions. But it is never entirely ludicrous, until it is self-betrayed as counterfeit. Sudden collapses of the manufactured wrath, sudden oblivion of the criminal, announce Pope's as *always* counterfeit.

Meantime insincerity is contagious. One falsehood draws on another. And having begun by taking a station of moral censorship, which was in the uttermost degree a self-delusion, Pope went on to other self-delusions in reading history the most familiar, or in reporting facts the most notorious. Warburton had more to do with Pope's satires, as an original suggestor,\* and not merely as a commentator, than with any other section of his works. Pope and he hunted in couples over this field: and those who know the absolute craziness of Warburton's mind, the perfect frenzy and *lymphaticus error* which possessed him for

\* It was *after* his connexion with Warburton that Pope introduced several of his *living* portraits into the Satires.

leaving all high-roads of truth and simplicity in order to trespass over hedge and ditch after coveys of shy paradoxes, cannot be surprised that Pope's good sense should often have quitted him under such guidance.—There is, amongst the earliest poems of Wordsworth, one which has interested many readers by its mixed strain of humour and tenderness. It describes two thieves who act in concert with each other. One is a very aged man, and the other is his great-grandson of three years old :

“ There are ninety good years of fair and foul weather  
Between them, and both go a stealing together.”

What reconciles the reader to this social iniquity—is the imperfect accountability of the parties ; the one being far advanced in dotage, and the other an infant. And thus

“ Into what sin soever the couple may fall,  
*This* child but half-knows it, and *that* not at all.”

Nobody besides suffers from their propensities : since the child's mother makes good in excess all their depredations : and nobody is duped for an instant by their gross attempts at fraud : for

“ Wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.”

There was not the same disparity of years between Pope and Warburton as between old Daniel and his descendant in the third generation : Warburton was but ten years younger. And there was also this difference, that in the case of the two thieves neither was official ringleader : on the contrary, they took it turn about ; great grand-papa was ringleader to-day, and the little great grandson to-morrow :

“ Each in his turn was both leader and led :”

whereas, in the connexion of the two literary accomplices, the Doctor was latterly always the instigator to any outrage on good sense ; and Pope, from mere habit of deference to the Doctor's theology and theological wig, as well as from gratitude for the Doctor's pugnacity in his defence, (since Warburton really was as good as a bull-dog in protecting Pope's advance or retreat,) followed with docility the leading of his reverend friend into any excess of folly. It is true, that oftentimes in earlier days Pope had run into scrapes from his own heedlessness : and the Doctor had not the merit of suggesting the *escapade*, but only of defending it ; which he always does, (as sailors express it,) “ with a will :” for he never shows his teeth so much, or growls so ferociously, as when he suspects the case to be desperate. But in the satires, although the original absurdity comes forward in the text of Pope, and the Warburtonian note

in defence is apparently no more than an after-thought of the good Doctor in his usual style of threatening to cudgel anybody who disputes his friend's assertion, yet sometimes the thought expressed and adorned by the poet had been prompted by the divine. This only can account for the savage crotchets, paradoxes, and conceits, which disfigure Pope's later edition of his satires.

Truth, even of the most appreciable order, truth of history, goes to wreck continually under the perversities of Pope's satire applied to celebrated men; and as to the higher truth of philosophy, it was still less likely to survive amongst the struggles for striking effects and startling contrasts. But worse are Pope's satiric sketches of women, as carrying the same outrages on good sense to a far greater excess; and as these expose the false principles on which he worked more brightly, and have really been the chief ground of tainting Pope's memory with the reputation of a woman-hater, (which he was *not*), they are worthy of separate notice.

It is painful to follow a man of genius through a succession of inanities descending into absolute nonsense, and of vulgarities sometimes terminating in brutalities. These are harsh words: but not harsh enough by half as applied to Pope's gallery of female portraits. What is the key to his failure? It is simply that, throughout this whole satiric section, not one word is spoken in sincerity of heart, or with any vestige of self-belief. The case was one of those so often witnessed, where either the indiscretion of friends, or some impulse of erring vanity in the writer, had put him upon undertaking a task in which he had too little natural interest to have either thought upon it with originality, or observed upon it with fidelity. Sometimes the mere coercion of system drives a man into such a folly. He treats a subject which branches into A, B, and C. Having discussed A and B, upon which he really *had* something to offer, he thinks it necessary to integrate his work by going forward to C, on which he knows nothing at all, and, what is even worse, for which in his heart he cares nothing at all. Fatal is all falsehood. Nothing is so sure to betray a man into the abject degradation of self-exposure as pretending to a knowledge which he has not, or to an enthusiasm which is counterfeit. By whatever mistake Pope found himself pledged to write upon the characters of women, it was singularly unfortunate that he had begun by denying to woman any characters at all.

“Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.”

Well for *him* if he had stuck to that liberal doctrine: “Least  
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said soonest mended." And *much* he could not easily have said upon a subject that he had pronounced all but a nonentity. In Van Troil's work, or in Horrebow's, upon Iceland, there is a well-known chapter regularly booked in the index—*Concerning the Snakes of Iceland*. This is the title, the running rubric; and the body of the chapter consists of these words—"There are no snakes in Iceland." That chapter is soon studied, and furnishes very little opening for footnotes or supplements. Some people have thought that Mr. Van T. might with advantage have amputated this unsnaky chapter on snakes; but at least nobody can accuse him of forgetting his own extermination of snakes from Iceland, and proceeding immediately to describe such horrible snakes as eye had never beheld amongst the afflictions of the island. Snakes there are none, he had protested; and, true to his word, the faithful man never wanders into any description of Icelandic snakes. Not so our satiric poet. He, with Mahometan liberality, had denied characters, *i. e.*, souls, to women. "Most women," he says, "have\* no character at all;" yet, for all that, finding himself pledged to treat this very subject of female characters, he introduces us to a museum of monsters in that department such as few fancies could create, and no logic can rationally explain. What was he to do? He had entered upon a theme concerning which, as the result has shewn, he had not one solitary thought—good, bad, or indifferent. Total bankruptcy was impending. Yet he was aware of a deep interest connected with this section of his satires; and to meet this interest he invented what was pungent, when he found nothing to record which was true.

It is a consequence of this desperate resource—this plunge into absolute fiction—that the true objection to Pope's satiric sketches of the other sex ought not to arise amongst women, as the people that suffered by his malice, but amongst readers generally, as the people that suffered by his fraud. He has promised one thing, and done another. He has promised a chapter in the zoology of nature, and he gives us a chapter in the fabulous zoology of

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\* By what might seem a strange oversight, but which in fact is a very natural oversight to one who was not uttering one word in which he seriously believed, Pope, in a prose note on verse 207, roundly asserts "that the particular characters of women are *more various* than those of men." It is no evasion of this insufferable contradiction, that he couples with the greater variety of *characters* in women a greater uniformity in what he presumes to be their *ruling passion*. Even as to this ruling passion he cannot agree with himself for ten minutes; generally he says, that it is the love of pleasure; but sometimes (as at verse 208) forgetting this monotony, he ascribes to women a dualism of passions—love of pleasure and love of power—which dualism of itself must be a source of self-conflict, and therefore of inexhaustible variety in character:

"Those only fix'd, they first or last obey—  
The love of pleasure and the love of sway."

the herald's college. A tigress is not much within ordinary experience, still there *is* such a creature; and in default of a better choice, that is, of a choice settling on a more familiar object, we are content to accept a good description of a tigress. We are reconciled; but we are *not* reconciled to a description, however spirited, of a basilisk. A viper might do; but not, if you please, a dragoness or a harpy. The describer knows, as well as any of us the spectators know, that he is romancing; the *incredulus odi* overmasters us all; and we cannot submit to be detained by a picture which, according to the shifting humour of the poet—angry or laughing, is a lie where it is not a jest, is an affront to the truth of nature, where it is not confessedly an extravagance of drollery. In a playful fiction, we can submit with pleasure to the most enormous exaggerations; but then they must be offered as such. These of Pope's are not *so* offered, but as serious portraits—and in that character they affect us as odious and malignant libels. The malignity was not real—as indeed nothing was real, but a condiment for hiding insipidity. Let us examine two or three of them, equally with a view to the possibility of the object described, and to the delicacy of the description.

“ How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;  
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.  
 To *her* Calista proved her conduct nice ;  
 And good Simplicius asks of *her* advice.”

Here we have the general outline of Silia's character; not particularly striking, but intelligible. She has a suavity of disposition that accommodates itself to all infirmities. And the worst thing one apprehends in her is—falseness: people with such honeyed breath for *present* frailties, are apt to exhale their rancour upon them when a little out of hearing. But really now this is no foible of Silia's. One likes her very well, and would be glad of her company to tea. For the dramatic reader knows who Calista is—and if Silia has indulgence for *her*, she must be a thoroughly tolerant creature. Where is her fault then? You shall hear—

“ Sudden she storms ! she raves !—You tip the wink :  
 But spare your censure ; Silia does *not* drink.  
 All eyes may see from what the change arose :  
 All eyes may see—(see what ?)—a pimple on her nose.”

Silia, the dulcet, is suddenly transformed into Silia the fury. But why? The guest replies to that question by *winking* at his fellow-guest; which most atrocious of vulgarities is expressed by the most odiously vulgar of phrases—he *tips* the wink—meaning to tip an insinuation that Silia is intoxicated. Not so, says the



poet—drinking is no fault of hers—everybody may see [why not the winker then?] that what upsets her temper is a pimple on the nose. Let us understand you, Mr. Pope. A pimple!—what, do you mean to say that pimples jump up on ladies' faces at the unfurling of a fan? If they really *did* so in the 12th of George II., and a lady, not having a pimple on leaving her dressing-room, might grow one whilst taking tea, then we think that a saint might be excused for storming a little. But how is it that the wretch who winks, does *not* see the pimple, the *causa teterrima* of the sudden wrath; and Silia, who has no looking-glass at her girdle, *does*? And then who is it that Silia “storms” at—the company, or the pimple? If at the company, we cannot defend her; but if at the pimple—oh, by all means—storm and welcome—she can't say anything worse than it deserves. Wrong or right, however, what moral does Silia illustrate more profound than this—that a particular lady, otherwise very amiable, falls into a passion upon suddenly finding her face disfigured? But then one remembers the song—“*My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she said*”—it is a part of *every* woman's fortune, so long as she is young. Now to find one's fortune dilapidating by changes so rapid as this—pimples rising as suddenly as April clouds, is far too trying a calamity, that a little fretfulness should merit either reproach or sneer. Dr. Johnson's opinion was that the man, who cared little for dinner, could not be reasonably supposed to care much for anything. More truly it may be said that the woman who is reckless about her face must be an unsafe person to trust with a secret. But seriously, what moral, what philosophic thought can be exemplified by a case so insipid, and so imperfectly explained as this? But we must move on.

Next, then, let us come to the case of Narcissa:—

“Odious! in *woollen*?\* ”’Twould a saint provoke,”  
 Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.  
 “No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;  
 One would not sure be frightful when one's dead:  
 And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.”

Well, what's the matter now? What's amiss with Narcissa, that a satirist must be called in to hold an inquest upon her corpse, and take Betty's evidence against her mistress? Upon hearing any such question, Pope would have started up in the character (very unusual with *him*) of religious censor, and demanded

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\* This refers to the Act of Parliament for burying corpses in woollen, which greatly disturbed the fashionable costume in coffins *comme il faut*.

whether one approved of a woman's fixing her last dying thought upon the attractions of a person so soon to dwell with darkness and worms? Was *that* right—to provide for coquetting in her coffin? Why no, not strictly right, its impropriety cannot be denied; but what strikes one even more is—the suspicion that it may be a lie. Be this as it may, there are two insurmountable objections to the case of Narcissa, even supposing it not fictitious—viz. first, that so far as it offends at all, it offends the religious sense, and not any sense of which satire takes charge; secondly, that without reference to the special functions of satire, *any* form of poetry whatever, or *any* mode of moral censure, concerns itself not at all with anomalies. If the anecdote of Narcissa were other than a fiction, then it was a case too peculiar and idiosyncratic to furnish a poetic illustration; neither moral philosophy nor poetry condescends to the monstrous or the abnormal; both one and the other deal with the catholic and the representative.

There is another *Narcissa* amongst Pope's tulip-beds of ladies, who is even more open to criticism—because offering not so much an anomaly in one single trait of her character as an utter anarchy in all. *Flavia* and *Philomédé* again present the same multitude of features with the same absence of all central principle for locking them into unity. They must have been distracting to themselves; and they are distracting to us a century later. *Philomédé*, by the way, stands for the second Duchess of Marlborough,\* daughter of the great Duke. And these names lead us naturally to Sarah, the original, and (one may call her) the *historical* Duchess, who is libelled under the name of *Atossa*. This character amongst all Pope's satiric sketches has been celebrated the most, with the single exception of his *Atticus*. But the *Atticus* rested upon a different basis—it was true; and it was noble. Addison really *had* the infirmities of envious jealousy, of simulated friendship, and of treacherous collusion with his friend's enemies—which Pope imputed to him under the happy parisyllabic name of *Atticus*; and the mode of imputation, the tone of expostulation—indignant as regarded Pope's own injuries, but yet full of respect for Addison, and even of sorrowful tenderness—all this in combination with the interest attaching to a feud between two men so eminent, has sustained the *Atticus* as a classic remembrance in satiric literature.

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\* The sons of the Duke having died, the title and estates were so settled as to descend through this daughter, who married the Earl of Sunderland. In consequence of this arrangement, *Spencer* (until lately) displaced the great name of *Churchill*; and the Earl became that second Duke of Marlborough, about whom Smollett tells in his *History of England* (Reign of George II.) so remarkable and to this hour so mysterious a story.

But the *Atossa* is a mere chaos of incompatibilities, thrown together as into some witch's cauldron. The witch, however, had sometimes an unaffected malignity, a sincerity of venom in her wrath, which acted chemically as a solvent for combining the heterogeneous ingredients in her kettle; whereas the want of truth and earnestness in Pope leave the incongruities in his kettle of description to their natural incoherent operation on the reader. We have a great love for the great Duchess of Marlborough, though too young by a hundred years\* or so to have been that true and faithful friend which, as contemporaries, we *might* have been.

What we love Sarah for, is partly that she has been ill-used by all subsequent authors, one copying from another a fury against her which even in the first of these authors was not real. And a second thing which we love is her very violence, qualified as it was. Sulphureous vapours of wrath rose up in columns from the crater of her tempestuous nature against him that *deeply* offended her, but she neglected petty wrongs. Wait, however—let the volcanic lava have time to cool, and all returned to absolute repose. It has been said that she did not write her own book. We are of a different opinion. The mutilations of the book were from other and inferior hands; but the main texture of the narrative and of the comments were, and must have been, from herself, since there could have been no adequate motive for altering them, and nobody else could have had the same motive for uttering them. It is singular that, in the case of the Duchess, as well as that of the Lady M. W. Montagu, the same two men, without concert, were the original aggressors amongst the *gens de plume*, viz., Pope, and subsequently Horace Walpole. Pope suffered more from his own libellous assault upon *Atossa*, through a calumny against himself rebounding from it, than *Atossa* could have done from the point-blank shot of fifty such batteries. The calumny circulated was, that he had been bribed by the Duchess with a thousand pounds to suppress the character—which of itself was bad enough; but as the consummation of baseness it was added, that after all, in spite of the bribe, he caused it to be published. This calumny we believe to have been utterly without foundation. It is repelled by Pope's character, incapable of any act so vile, and by his position, needing no bribes. But what we wish to add is, that the calumny is equally repelled by Sarah's character, incapable of any propitiation so abject. Pope

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\* The Duchess died in the same year as Pope, viz., just in time by a few months to miss the Rebellion of 1745, and the second Pretender; spectacles which for little reasons (vindictive or otherwise) both of them would have enjoyed until the spring of 1746.

wanted no thousand pounds; but neither did Sarah want his clemency. *He* would have rejected the £1000 cheque with scorn; but *she* would have scorned to offer it. Pope cared little for Sarah; but Sarah cared less for Pope.

What *is* offensive, and truly so, to every generous reader, may be expressed in two items: first, not pretending to have been himself injured by the Duchess, Pope was in this instance meanly adopting some third person's malice, which sort of intrusion into other people's quarrels is a sycophantic act, even where it may not have rested upon a sycophantic motive; secondly, that even as a second-hand malice it is not sincere. More shocking than the malice is the self-imposture of the malice: in the very act of puffing out his cheeks like *Æolus*, with ebullient fury, and conceiting himself to be in a passion perfectly diabolic, Pope is really unmoved, or angry only by favour of dyspepsy; and at a word of kind flattery from Sarah, (whom he was quite the man to love,) though not at the clink of her thousand guineas, he would have fallen at her feet, and kissed her beautiful hand with rapture. To enter a house of hatred as a junior partner, and to take the stock of malice at a valuation—(we copy from advertisements)—*that* is an ignoble act. But then how much worse in the midst of all this unprovoked wrath, real as regards the persecution which it meditates, but false as the flatteries of a slave in relation to its pretended grounds, for the spectator to find its malice counterfeit, and the fury only a plagiarism from some personated fury in an Opera.

There is no truth in Pope's satiric sketches of women—not even colourable truth; but if there were, how frivolous—how hollow, to erect into solemn monumental protestations against the whole female sex what, if examined, turn out to be pure casual eccentricities, or else personal idiosyncracies, or else foibles shockingly caricatured, but, above all, to be such foibles as could not have connected themselves with *sincere* feelings of indignation in any rational mind.

The length and breadth [almost we might say—the *depth*] of the shallowness, which characterizes Pope's Philosophy, cannot be better reflected than from the four well-known lines—

“ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right :  
For forms of government let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.”

In the first couplet, what Pope says is, that a life, which is irreproachable on a *human* scale of appreciation, neutralises and practically cancels all possible errors of creed, opinion, or theory. But this schism between the moral life of man and his moral

faith, which takes for granted that either may possibly be true whilst the other is entirely false, can wear a moment's plausibility only by understanding *life* in so limited a sense as the sum of a man's external actions, appreciable by man. He whose life is in the right, cannot, says Pope, in any sense calling for blame, have a wrong faith; that is, if his life *were* right, his creed might be disregarded. But the answer is—that his life, according to any adequate idea of life in a moral creature, *cannot* be in the right unless in so far as it bends to the influences of a true faith. How feeble a conception must that man have of the infinity which lurks in a human spirit, who can persuade himself that its total capacities of life are exhaustible by the few gross *acts* incident to social relations or open to human valuation. An act, which may be necessarily limited and without opening for variety, may involve a large variety of motives—motives again, meaning grounds of action that are distinctly recognised for such, may (numerically speaking) amount to nothing at all when compared with the absolutely infinite influxes of feeling or combinations of feeling that vary the thoughts of man; and the true internal *acts* of moral man are his thoughts—his yearnings—his aspirations—his sympathies—his repulsions of heart. This is the life of man as it is appreciable by heavenly eyes. The scale of an alphabet—how narrow is that! Four or six and twenty letters, and all is finished. Syllables range through a wider compass. Words are yet more than syllables. But what are words to thoughts? Every word has a thought corresponding to it, so that not by so much as one solitary counter can the words outrun the thoughts. But every thought has *not* a word corresponding to it: so that the thoughts may outrun the words by many a thousand counters. In a developed nature they *do* so. But what are the thoughts when set against the modifications of thoughts by feelings, hidden even from him that feels them—or against the intercombinations of such modifications with others—complex with complex, decomplex with decomplex—these can be unravelled by no human eye. This is the infinite music that God only can read upon the vast harp of the human heart. Some have fancied that musical combinations might be exhausted. A new Mozart might be impossible. All that he could do, might already have been done. Music laughs at *that*, as the sea laughs at palsy for its billows, as the morning laughs at old age and wrinkles for itself. But a harp, though a world in itself, is but a narrow world by comparison with the world of a human heart.

Now these thoughts, tintured subtly with the perfume and colouring of human affections, make up the sum of what merits *κατ' ἐξοχήν* the name of *life*: and these in a vast proportion

depend for their possibilities of truth upon the degree of approach which the thinker makes to the appropriation of a pure faith. A man is thinking all day long, and putting thoughts into words: he is acting comparatively seldom. But are any man's thoughts brought into conformity with the openings to truth that a faith like the Christian's faith suggests? Far from it. Probably there never was one thought, from the foundation of the earth, that has passed through the mind of man, which did not offer some blemish, some sorrowful shadow of pollution, when it came up for review before a heavenly tribunal: that is, supposing it a thought entangled at all with human interests or human passions. But it is the *key* in which the thoughts move, that determines the stage of moral advancement. So long as we are human, many among the numerous and evanescent elements that enter (half-observed or not observed at all) into our thoughts, cannot *but* be tainted. But the governing—the predominant element it is which gives the character and the tendency to the thought: and this must become such, must become a governing element, through the quality of the ideals deposited in the heart by the quality of the religious faith. One pointed illustration of this suggests itself from another poem of Pope's, in which he reiterates his shallow doctrine. In his *Universal Prayer* he informs us, that it can matter little whether we pray to Jehovah or to Jove, so long as in either case we pray to the First Cause. To contemplate God under that purely ontological relation to the world would have little more operative value for what is most important in man than if he prayed to gravitation. And it would have been more honest in Pope to say, as virtually he has said in the couplet under examination, that it can matter little whether man prays at all to any being. It deepens the scandal of this sentiment, coming from a poet professing Christianity, that a clergyman, (holding preferment in the English Church,) viz., Dr. Joseph Warton, justifies Pope for this Pagan opinion, upon the ground that an ancient philosopher had uttered the same opinion long before. What sort of philosopher? A Christian? No: but a Pagan. What then is the value of the justification? To a Pagan it could be no blame that he should avow a reasonable Pagan doctrine. In Irish phrase, it was "true for *him*." Amongst gods that were all utterly alienated from any scheme of moral government, all equally remote from the executive powers for sustaining such a government, so long as there was a practical anarchy and rivalry amongst themselves, there could be no sufficient reason for addressing vows to one rather than to another. The whole pantheon collectively could do nothing for moral influences, *a fortiori*, no separate individual amongst

them. Pope indirectly confesses this elsewhere by his own impassioned expression of Christian feelings, though implicitly denying it here by his mere understanding. For he reverberates elsewhere, by deep echoes, that power in Christianity which even in a legendary tale he durst not on mere principles of good sense and taste have ascribed to Paganism. For instance, how could a God, having no rebellion to complain of in man, pretend to any occasion of large forgiveness to man, or of framing means for reconciling this forgiveness with his own attribute of perfect holiness? What room, therefore, for ideals of mercy, tenderness, long-suffering, under any Pagan religion—under any worship of Jove! How again from Gods, disfigured by fleshly voluptuousness in every mode, could any countenance be derived to an awful ideal of purity? Accordingly we find, that even among the Romans, (the most advanced, as regards moral principle, of all heathen nations,) neither the deep fountain of benignity, nor that of purity, was unsealed in man's heart. So much of either was sanctioned as could fall within the purposes of the magistrate, but beyond that level neither fountain could have been permitted to throw up its column of waters, nor could in fact have had any impulse to sustain it in ascending; and not merely because it would have been repressed by ridicule as a delirium of the human mind, but also because it would have been frowned upon gravely by the very principle of the Roman polity, as wandering away from *civic* objects. Even for so much of these great restorative ventilations as Rome enjoyed, she was indebted not to her religion but to elder forces that acted *in spite of* her religion, viz., the original law written upon the human heart. Now, on the other hand, Christianity has left a separate system of ideals amongst men, which (as regards their development) are continually growing in authority. Waters, after whatever course of wandering, rise to the level of their original springs. Christianity lying so far above all other fountains of religious influence, no wonder that its irrigations rise to altitudes otherwise unknown, and from which the distribution to every level of society becomes comparatively easy. Those men are reached oftentimes—choosing or not choosing—by the healing streams, who have not sought them, nor even recognised them. Infidels of the most determined class talk in Christian lands the morals of Christianity, and exact that morality with their hearts, constantly mistaking it for a morality co-extensive with man; and why? Simply from having been moulded unawares by its universal pressure through infancy, childhood, manhood, in the nursery, in the school, in the market-place. Pope himself, not by system or by affectation an infidel, not in any coherent sense a doubter but a careless and indolent assenter to such doctrines of Christianity as

his own Church prominently put forward, or as social respectability seemed to enjoin,—Pope therefore, so far a very lukewarm Christian, was yet unconsciously to himself searched profoundly by the Christian types of purity. This we may read in his

“Hark, the herald angels say,  
—— Sister spirit, come away!”

Or again, as some people read the great lessons of spiritual ethics more pathetically in those that have transgressed them than in those that have been faithful to the end—read them in the Magdalen that fades away in penitential tears rather than in the virgin martyr triumphant on the scaffold—we may see in his own Eloisa, and in her fighting with the dread powers let loose upon her tempestuous soul, how profoundly Pope also had drunk from the streams of Christian sentiment through which a new fountain of truth had ripened a new vegetation upon earth. What was it that Eloisa fought with? What power afflicted her trembling nature, that any Pagan religions *could* have evoked? The human love, “the nympholepsy of the fond despair,” might have existed in a Vestal Virgin of ancient Rome: but in the Vestal what counter-influence could have come into conflict with the passion of love through any operation whatever of religion? None of any ennobling character that could reach the Vestal’s own heart. The way in which religion connected itself with the case was through a traditional superstition—not built upon any fine spiritual sense of female chastity as dear to heaven—but upon a gross fear of alienating a tutelary goddess by offering an imperfect sacrifice. This sacrifice, the sacrifice of the natural household\* charities in a few injured women on the altar of the goddess, was selfish in all its stages—selfish in the dark deity that could be pleased by the sufferings of a human being simply *as* sufferings, and not at all under any fiction that they were voluntary ebullitions of religious devotion—selfish in the senate and people who demanded these sufferings as a ransom paid through sighs and tears for *their* ambition—selfish in the Vestal herself, as sustained altogether by fear of a punishment too terrific to face, sustained therefore by the meanest principle in her nature. But in Eloisa how grand is the collision between deep religious aspirations and the persecuting phantoms of her undying human passion! The Vestal feared to be walled up alive, abandoned to the pangs of hunger—to the trepidations of darkness—to the

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\* The Vestals not only renounced marriage, at least for those years in which marriage could be a natural blessing, but also left their fathers’ houses at an age the most trying to the human heart as regards the pangs of separation.



echoes of her own lingering groans—to the torments perhaps of frenzy rekindling at intervals the decaying agonies of flesh. Was *that* what Eloisa feared? Punishment she had none to apprehend: the crime was past, and remembered only by the criminals: there was none to accuse but herself: there was none to judge but God. Wherefore should Eloisa fear? Wherefore and with what should she fight? She fought by turns against herself and against God, against her human nature and against her spiritual yearnings. How grand were the mysteries of her faith, how gracious and forgiving its condescensions!—How deep had been her human love, how imperishable its remembrance on earth!—“What is it,” the Roman Vestal would have said, “that this Christian lady is afraid of? What is the phantom that she seems to see?” Vestal! it is not fear, but grief. She sees an immeasurable heaven that seems to touch her eyes: so near is she to its love. Suddenly, an Abelard—the glory of his race—appears, that seems to touch her lips. The heavens recede, and diminish to a starry point twinkling in an unfathomable abyss; they are all but lost for *her*. Fire, it is in Eloisa that searches fire: the holy that fights with the earthly: fire that cleanses with fire that consumes; like cavalry the two fires wheel and counterwheel, advancing and retreating, charging and countercharging through and through each other. Eloisa trembles, but she trembles as a guilty creature before a tribunal unveiled within the secrecy of her own nature: there was no such trembling in the heathen worlds, for there was no such secret tribunal. Eloisa fights with a shadowy enemy: there was no such fighting for Roman Vestals; because all the temples of our earth, (which is the crowned Vesta,) no, nor all the glory of her altars, nor all the pomp of her cruelties, could cite from the depths of a human spirit any such fearful shadow as Christian faith evokes from an afflicted conscience.

Pope therefore, wheresoever his heart speaks loudly, shows how deep had been his early impressions from Christianity. That is shown in his intimacy with Crashaw, in his *Eloisa*, in his *Messiah*, in his adaptation to Christian purposes of the *Dying Adrian*, &c. It is remarkable also, that Pope betrays, in all places where he has occasion to *argue* about Christianity, how much grander and more faithful to that great theme were the subconscious perceptions of his heart than the explicit commentaries of his understanding. He, like so many others, was unable to read or interpret the testimonies of his *own* heart, which is a deep over which diviner agencies brood than are legible to the intellect. The cipher written on his heaven-visited heart was deeper than his understanding could interpret.

If the question were asked, What ought to have been the best

among Pope's poems? most people would answer, the *Essay on Man*. If the question were asked, What is the worst? all people of judgment would say, the *Essay on Man*. Whilst yet in its rudiments this poem claimed the first place by the promise of its subject: when finished, by the utter failure of its execution, it fell into the last. The case possesses a triple interest—first, as illustrating the character of Pope modified by his situation; secondly, as illustrating the true nature of that "didactic" poetry to which this particular poem is usually referred; thirdly, as illustrating the anomalous condition to which a poem so grand in its ambition has been reduced by the double disturbance of its proper movement; one disturbance through the position of Pope, another through his total misconception of didactic poetry. First, as regards Pope's situation, it may seem odd—but it is not so—that a man's social position should overrule his intellect. The scriptural denunciation of riches, as a snare to any man that is striving to rise above worldly views, applies not at all less to the intellect, and to any man seeking to ascend by some aerial arch of flight above ordinary intellectual efforts. Riches are fatal to those continuities of energy without which there is no success of that magnitude. Pope had £800 a-year. *That* seems not so much. No, certainly not, with a wife and six children; but by accident Pope had no wife and no children. He was luxuriously at his ease: and this accident of his position in life fell in with a constitutional infirmity that predisposed him to indolence. Even his religious faith, by shutting him out from those public employments which else his great friends would have been too happy to obtain for him, aided his idleness, or sometimes invested it with a false character of conscientious self-denial. He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was, that in his habits of thinking and of study, (if *study* we can call a style of reading so desultory as *his*,) Pope became a pure *dilettante*; in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and varieties of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labour, or that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies amongst books, no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life.

This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his

constitutional propensities, and should have fluttered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.

Such a character, strengthened by such a situation, would at any rate have disqualified Pope for composing a work severely philosophic, or where philosophy did more than throw a coloured light of pensiveness upon some sentimental subject. If it were necessary that the philosophy should enter substantially into the very texture of the poem, furnishing its interest and prescribing its movement, in that case Pope's combining and theorizing faculty would have shrunk as from the labour of building a pyramid. And wo to him where it did *not*, as really happened in the case of the *Essay on Man*. For his faculty of execution was under an absolute necessity of shrinking in horror from the enormous details of such an enterprise to which so rashly he had pledged himself. He was sure to find himself, as find himself he did, landed in the most dreadful embarrassment upon reviewing his own work. A work which, when finished, was not even begun; whose arches wanted their key-stones; whose parts had no coherency; and whose pillars, in the very moment of being thrown open to public view, were already crumbling into ruins. This utter prostration of Pope in a work so ambitious as an *Essay on Man*—a prostration predetermined from the first by the personal circumstances which we have noticed, was rendered still more irresistible in the *second* place by the general misconception in which Pope shared as to the very meaning of "didactic" poetry. Upon which point we pause to make an exposition of our own views.

What is didactic poetry? What does "didactic" mean when applied as a distinguishing epithet to such an idea as a poem? The predicate destroys the subject: it is a case of what logicians call *contradictio in adjecto*—the unsaying by means of an attribute the very thing which in the subject of that attribute you have just affirmed. No poetry can have the function of teaching. It is impossible that a variety or species should contradict the very purpose which contradistinguishes its *genus*. The several species differ partially; but not by the whole idea which differentiates their class. Poetry, or any one of the fine arts, (all of which alike speak through the genial nature of man and his excited sensibilities,) can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, as infancy teaches, viz., by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion. Their teaching is not direct or explicit, but lurking, implicit, masked in deep incarnations. To teach formally and professedly is to abandon the very differential character and principle of poetry. If poetry

could condescend to teach anything, it would be truths moral or religious. But even these it can utter only through symbols and actions. The great moral, for instance, the last result of the *Paradise Lost*, is once formally announced: but it teaches itself only by diffusing its lesson through the entire poem in the total succession of events and purposes: and even this succession teaches it only when the whole is gathered into unity by a reflex act of meditation; just as the pulsation of the physical heart can exist only when all the parts in an animal system are locked into one organization.

To address the *insulated* understanding is to lay aside the Prospero's robe of poetry. The objection, therefore, to didactic poetry, as vulgarly understood, would be fatal even if there were none but this logical objection derived from its definition. To be in self-contradiction is, for any idea whatever, sufficiently to destroy itself. But it betrays a more obvious and practical contradiction when a little searched. If the true purpose of a man's writing a didactic poem were to teach, by what suggestion of idiocy should he choose to begin by putting on fetters? wherefore should the simple man volunteer to handcuff and manacle himself, were it only by the encumbrances of metre, and perhaps of rhyme? But these he will find the very least of his encumbrances. A far greater exists in the sheer necessity of omitting in any poem a vast variety of details, and even capital sections of the subject, unless they will bend to purposes of ornament. Now this collision between two purposes, the purpose of use in mere teaching and the purpose of poetic delight, shows, by the uniformity of its solution, which is the true purpose, and which the merely ostensible purpose. Had the true purpose been instruction, the moment that this was found incompatible with a poetic treatment, as soon as it was seen that the sound education of the reader-pupil could not make way without loitering to gather poetic flowers, the stern cry of "duty" would oblige the poet to remember that he had dedicated himself to a didactic mission, and that he differed from other poets, as a monk from other men, by his vows of self-surrender to harsh ascetic functions. But, on the contrary, in the very teeth of this rule, wherever such a collision does really take place, and one or other of the supposed objects must give way, it is always the vulgar object of *teaching* (the pedagogue's object) which goes to the rear, whilst the higher object of poetic emotion moves on triumphantly. In reality not one didactic poet has ever yet attempted to use any parts or processes of the particular art which he made his theme, unless in so far as they seemed susceptible of poetic treatment, and only *because* they seemed so. Look at the poem of *Cyder*, by Philips, or the *Fleece* of Dyer, or (which is a still weightier example) at the *Georgics* of Virgil,—does any of these poets show

the least anxiety for the correctness of your principles, or the delicacy of your manipulations in the worshipful arts they affect to teach? No; but they pursue these arts through every stage that offers any attractions of beauty. And in the very teeth of all anxiety for teaching, if there existed traditionally any very absurd way of doing a thing which happened to be eminently picturesque, and, if opposed to this, there were some improved mode that had recommended itself to poetic hatred by being dirty and ugly, the poet (if a good one) would pretend never to have heard of this disagreeable improvement. Or if obliged, by some rival poet, not absolutely to ignore it, he would allow that such a thing could be done, but hint that it was hateful to the Muses or Graces, and very likely to breed a pestilence.

This subordination of the properly didactic function to the poetic, which, leaving the old essential distinction of poetry [viz., its sympathy with the genial motions of man's heart] to override all accidents of special variation, and showing that the essence of poetry never *can* be set aside by its casual modifications,—will be compromised by some loose thinkers, under the idea that in didactic poetry the element of instruction is in fact one element, though subordinate and secondary. Not at all. What we are denying is—that the element of instruction enters *at all* into didactic poetry. The subject of the Georgics, for instance, is Rural Economy as practised by Italian farmers: but Virgil not only *omits* altogether innumerable points of instruction insisted on as articles of religious necessity by Varro, Cato, Columella, &c.; but, even as to those instructions which he *does* communicate, he is careless whether they are made technically intelligible or not. He takes very little pains to keep you from capital mistakes in *practising* his instructions; but he takes good care that you shall not miss any strong impression for the eye or the heart to which the rural process, or rural scene, may naturally lead. He pretends to give you a lecture on farming, in order to have an excuse for carrying you all round the beautiful farm. He pretends to show you a good plan for a farm-house, as the readiest means of veiling his impertinence in shewing you the farmer's wife and her rosy children. It is an excellent plea for getting a peep at the bonny milk-maids to propose an inspection of a model dairy. You pass through the poultry-yard, under whatever pretence, in reality to see the peacock and his harem. And so on to the very end, the pretended instruction is but in secret the connecting tie which holds together the laughing flowers going off from it to the right and to the left; whilst if ever at intervals this prosy thread of pure didactics is brought forward more obtrusively, it is so by way of foil, to make more effective upon the eye the prodigality of the floral magnificence.

We affirm therefore that the didactic poet is so far from seek-

ing even a secondary or remote object in the particular points of information which he may happen to communicate, that much rather he would prefer the having communicated none at all. We will explain ourselves by means of a little illustration from Pope, which will at the same time furnish us with a miniature type of what we ourselves mean by a didactic poem, both in reference to what it *is* and to what it is *not*. In the Rape of the Lock there is a game at cards played, and played with a brilliancy of effect and felicity of selection, applied to the circumstances, which make it a sort of gem within a gem. This game was not in the first edition of the poem, but was an after-thought of Pope's, laboured therefore with more than usual care. We regret that *ombre*, the game described, is no longer played, so that the entire skill with which the mimic battle is fought cannot be so fully appreciated as in Pope's days. The strategies have partly perished, which really Pope ought not to complain of, since he suffers only as Hannibal, Marius, Sertorius, suffered before him. Enough however survives of what will tell its own story. For what is it, let us ask, that a poet has to do in such a case, supposing that he were disposed to weave a didactic poem out of a pack of cards, as Vida has out of the chess-board? In describing any particular game he does not seek to *teach* you that game—he postulates it as *already* known to you—but he relies upon separate resources. 1st, he will revive in the reader's eye, for picturesque effect, the well-known personal distinctions of the several kings, knaves, &c., their appearances and their powers. 2dly, he will choose some game in which he may display a happy selection applied to the chances and turns of fortune, to the manœuvres, to the situations of doubt, of brightening expectation, of sudden danger, of critical deliverance, or of final defeat. The interest of a war will be rehearsed—*his est de paupere regno*—that is true; but the depth of the agitation on such occasions, whether at chess, at draughts, or at cards, is not measured of necessity by the grandeur of the stake; he selects, in short, whatever fascinates the eye or agitates the heart by mimicry of life; but so far from *teaching*, he presupposes the reader already *taught*, in order that he may go along with the movement of the descriptions.

Now, in treating a subject so vast, indeed so inexhaustible, as man, this eclecticism ceases to be possible. Every part depends upon every other part: in such a *nexus* of truths to insulate is to annihilate. Severed from each other the parts lose their support, their coherence, their very meaning; you have no liberty to reject or to choose. Besides, in treating the ordinary themes proper for what is called didactic poetry—say, for instance, that it were the art of rearing silk-worms or bees—or suppose it to be

horticulture, landscape-gardening, hunting, or hawking, rarely does there occur anything polemic; or, if a slight controversy *does* arise, it is easily hushed asleep—it is stated in a line, it is answered in a couplet. But in the themes of Lucretius and Pope, *every* thing is polemic—you move only through dispute, you prosper only by argument and never-ending controversy. There is not positively one capital proposition or doctrine about man, about his origin, his nature, his relations to God, or his prospects, but must be fought for with energy, watched at every turn with vigilance, and followed into endless mazes, not under the choice of the writer, but under the inexorable dictation of the argument.

Such a poem, so unwieldy, whilst at the same time so austere in its philosophy, together with the innumerable polemic parts essential to its good faith and even to its evolution, would be absolutely unmanageable from excess and from disproportion, since often a secondary demur would occupy far more space than a principal section. Here lay the impracticable dilemma for Pope's *Essay on Man*. To satisfy the demands of the subject, was to defeat the objects of poetry. To evade the demands in the way that Pope has done, is to offer us a ruin for a palace. The very same dilemma existed for Lucretius, and with the very same result. The *De Rerum Naturá*, (which might, agreeably to its theme, have been entitled *De omnibus rebus*,) and the *Essay on Man*, (which might equally have borne the Lucretian title *De Rerum Naturá*,) are both, and from the same cause, fragments that could not have been completed. Both are accumulations of diamond-dust without principles of coherency. In a succession of pictures, such as usually form the materials of didactic poems, the slightest thread of interdependency is sufficient. But, in works essentially and everywhere argumentative and polemic, to omit the connecting links, as often as they are insusceptible of poetic effect, is to break up the unity of the parts, and to undermine the foundations, in what expressly offers itself as a systematic and architectural whole. Pope's poem has suffered even more than that of Lucretius from this want of cohesion. It is indeed the realization of anarchy; and one amusing test of this may be found in the fact, that different commentators have deduced from it the very opposite doctrines. In some instances this apparent antinomy is doubtful, and dependent on the ambiguities or obscurities of the expression. But in others it is fairly deducible: and the cause lies in the elliptical structure of the work: the ellipsis, or (as sometimes it may be called) the chasm may be filled up in two different modes essentially hostile: and he that supplies the *hiatus*, in effect determines the bias of the poem this way or that—to a religious or to a sceptical result. In this edition the commentary

of Warburton has been retained, which ought certainly to have been dismissed. The Essay is, in effect, a Hebrew word with the vowel-points omitted: and Warburton supplies one set of vowels, whilst Crousaz with equal right supplies a contradictory set.

As a whole, the edition before us is certainly the most agreeable of all that we possess. The fidelity of Mr. Roscoe to the interests of Pope's reputation, contrasts pleasingly with the harshness at times of Bowles, and the reckless neutrality of Warton. In the editor of a great classic, we view it as a virtue, wearing the grace of loyalty, that he should refuse to expose frailties or defects in a spirit of exultation. Mr. Roscoe's own notes are written with peculiar good sense, temperance, and kind feeling. The only objection to them, which applies however still more to the notes of former editors, is the want of compactness. They are not written under that austere instinct of compression and verbal parsimony, as the ideal merit in an annotator, which ought to govern all such ministerial labours in our days. Books are becoming too much the oppression of the intellect, and cannot endure any longer the accumulation of undigested commentaries, or that species of diffusion in editors which roots itself in laziness: the efforts of condensation and selection are painful; and they are luxuriously evaded by reprinting indiscriminately whole masses of notes—though often in substance reiterating each other. But the interests of readers clamorously call for the amendment of this system. The principle of selection must now be applied even to the *text* of great authors. It is no longer advisable to reprint the whole of either Dryden or Pope. Not that we would wish to see their works mutilated. Let such as are selected, be printed in the fullest integrity of the text. But some have lost their interest; \* others, by the elevation of public morals since the days of those great wits, are felt to be now utterly unfit for general reading. Equally for the reader's sake and the poet's, the time has arrived when they may be advantageously retrenched: for they are painfully at war with those feelings of entire and honourable esteem with which all lovers of exquisite intellectual brilliancy must wish to surround the name and memory of POPE.

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\* We do not include the DUNCIAD in this list. On the contrary, the arguments by which it has been generally undervalued, as though antiquated by lapse of time and by the fading of names, are all unsound. We ourselves hold it to be the greatest of Pope's efforts. But for that very reason we retire from the examination of it, which we had designed, as being wholly disproportioned to the narrow limits remaining to us.



**ART. II.** — *Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of the Apostle Peter.* By JOHN BROWN, D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1848.

It cannot but be regarded as a somewhat singular circumstance that Dr. Brown now almost for the first time becomes a theological author. He has obtained by universal consent the first place in the denomination to which he belongs, and will probably be regarded by most competent judges as not second to any living Scottish theologian; and yet his publications up to this period have been nothing more than a succession of scattered essays and fugitive sermons. We do not except his invaluable tract on "Religion and the Means of its Attainment," nor his able work on the "Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience." The one is still confined to the dimensions of a pamphlet, and the other is but a pamphlet grown to a book by a superfoetation of notes in its second and third editions. Such reserve is at least worthy of notice for its rarity; and the theological world has not been altogether insensible to the value of the scattered leaves which have been dropped, and sometimes almost torn from the hand of their author.

There are, however, other channels of influence than the press, and through these Dr. Brown has acted more or less directly on the public mind. As a preacher of distinguished power and popularity unabated by the vicissitudes of forty years, he has, in a situation of great prominence, developed the resources of a very peculiar and original style of pulpit instruction. As a leading mind in the public movements of his own denomination, and in more catholic enterprises, he has shown himself, though slow to speak, yet weighty in counsel, and ever on the side of liberality and progress. And above all, as a theological professor, he has lodged in the minds of the rising ministry under his care the most valuable results of a life-long study of the sacred oracles, and has left upon them a marked and distinguishable impress, by which, to a great extent, the whole denomination is affected. Other able and accomplished men, some of them no more in the field of labour, have contributed in their own departments to mould the character of this large section of Scottish Presbyterianism; but there can be no question that its present attitude and bearing in relation to Biblical literature is mainly due to the author of these *Discourses*. If there be a rising standard of scholarship

in the department of Biblical Criticism, he has been the patron and exemplar of this species of lettered lore—if there be a kind of exegetical conscience pretty widely diffused, and more sensitive than in former days both to what is required and to what is forbidden, he has been its chief awakener and mentor—and if there be an increase of devout reverence for the word of revelation, and a growing preference of a Biblical to a symbolical theology, he has led the way in this desirable reformation. When the full cycle of his labours is completed, posterity, we apprehend, will regard him as the greatest interpreter which his Church during the century of its existence has produced, and as worthy to rank with the most distinguished of the age ; and will, we hope, have reason to point to his teaching and writings as marking an era in the Scripture exposition of Scotland.

It is a matter of just lamentation, however unpatriotic it may seem, that for half a century, if not more, our country has contributed little or nothing to the applied interpretation of Scripture. We have had occasional treatises on separate hermeneutical questions, such as Dr. Alexander's "Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," and Mr. Fairbairn's "Scripture Typology ;" and the large volumes of Kitto's Cyclopædia, which is partly Scottish in its authorship, and wholly so in its place of publication, contain a great deal of similar matter ; but as for commentary proper, the country seems almost to have bid farewell to it since the days of Macknight, and has satisfied its scanty demands in that way through the imported stores of "Biblical Cabinets" and "Continental Translation Societies," or through the painful and solid labours of Moses Stuart, or the more rapid and flimsy compilations of Albert Barnes.

It cannot surely but be accounted an extraordinary phenomenon, that in a country which numbers its religious teachers by hundreds and even thousands—which regards the Bible with a veneration not surpassed, if equalled, by any people in the Christian world—and in which the regular exposition of Scripture by the method of lecturing occupies a full half of the time devoted to religious instruction, there should be found so exceeding few who publish their labours to the world, and fewer still who thereby do the public any service. This cannot be attributed to any abatement of the *cacoethes scribendi* on the part of religious authors ; for in other branches of popular theological authorship, such as sermons and doctrinal pamphlets, the supply is still abundant ; indeed, by some mysterious contravention of the economic maxim, larger than the demand. Nor can we doubt, that if valuable exegetical results had been generally obtained by the Scottish clergy in their preparations for the pulpit during the last fifty years, they would have been given to the

world ; and hence our only explanation of their non-appearance is, that they have not been obtained, and that this branch of our theological literature has been all but stationary. We limit the inquiry for convenience' sake to half a century : though we have no evidence that the ratio of contribution was ever much greater than during this last period. How comes it to pass then, that as the result of the whole mental activity of the theologians of this period, we have not half-a-dozen of exegetical works that have continued to be spoken of half-a-dozen of years after their publication ? For this untoward issue some may have one explanatory hypothesis, some another : and it may be as well to glance at some of these in passing.

Many will point to the low state of Greek and Hebrew learning in our country as a sufficient account of the phenomenon, building on the principle that interpretation is but "an applied grammar." And no doubt it must be confessed that this has been a mighty hindrance. Hebrew has been all but dead even to the roots ; and Greek has barely existed on an ungenial soil. If both are reviving it is only by an impulse from without : for our northern authorship has not aspired to any original researches in either language, or attempted any enterprise greater than the preparation of text-books. Only a very small proportion of those on whom the interpretation of Scripture devolved have been able to read Isaiah as readily as Virgil, or to grope their way through the darkness of the Pauline epistles by any other than the reflected light of the English translation. The philological insight which brings fresh meaning out of Scripture—the philological taste which gives an interest to the critical interpretations of others, must in such cases have been altogether wanting ; and thus neither writers nor readers in the higher department of exegesis could be expected among the clergy. For this the Scottish ministry have not been greatly to blame. The stream could not ascend higher than the fountain : and the universities, besides neglecting to supply the philological instruments, omitted to teach the use of them : for the art of interpretation did not enter into the theological curriculum ; and there are even yet Scottish universities without chairs of exegetical theology. All this is true and deeply to be deplored, and we trust the stigma will not rest for another half century on our colleges, and the body of our clergy. But we greatly question if this cause is so adequate, as many imagine, to account for the paucity and unimportance of our expository literature. It may explain the absence of grammatical commentary, but not of logical ; of commentary like that of Fritzsche pursuing every clause through a labyrinth of learning : but not of commentary like that of Olshausen, intent chiefly on the development of the sense

and the catching of the general spirit of the passage. The learning of men like the latter is no doubt great and of immense service. But we believe that even without it altogether, and with nothing but the data of the translated Bible before them, or assisted by the scanty modicum of Scottish scholarship, such minds would not have left the Word of God where they found it, but struck into new and interesting paths. Why then have men of natural power and vigour of intellect, conversant all the while with the body and substance of Scripture, though they have touched and handled it with the gloved hand of ignorance and not with the finer tact of scholarship, left so little the impress of their fingers upon it, and done so little to mould it into shape and order? Why have there not arisen interpreters like Andrew Fuller and Archibald Maclean, whose success in defect of all critical helps must ever excite astonishment, and who were far more unfavourably situated than the great majority of the Scottish clergy, who are chargeable with this defalcation? Besides, if the defect of scholarship in Scotland has been the grand impediment, why has the presence of it not called forth a host of commentaries, both popular and scientific, in England, which is, on all hands, admitted to be superior at least in Greek literature? The poverty of the south is almost as great as that of the north. The most valuable recent contributions are, perhaps, those of Dissenters, such as Dr. Henderson "On Isaiah," and "The Minor Prophets;" and the Church of England, since the days of Magee, whose works are not formally exegetical, has added but little to the common stock. The desideratum of Arnold—a Scripture Commentary, has not been supplied, though his own sermons form interesting fragments; and there is nothing in the present theological horizon in England that looks even like the rising of a little cloud to pour forth in a decade as large a shower of scholia, notes, and expositions as falls every year in Germany. If scholarship were of such paramount influence in this matter, it would not be so; and England would occupy a position much more nearly intermediate between the continental advanced guard and our own rear.

Again, another plausible reason which may be urged in extenuation of our defects, is the busy professional life of our divines, which allows little or nothing of the learned leisure in which great works come to maturity. The round of ecclesiastical duties is great and increasing; and amid the multifarious detail of sacred and sometimes secular business, there is hardly time found for written preparation for the pulpit, much less for independent researches in Scripture criticism and exposition. What first occurs must be first taken. There is no time for weighing and disceptation of various senses. The Sabbath-bell

rising by anticipation on the ear, brings the matter to a speedy close, and rings the knell of scientific commentary. Nor is there a large staff of reserve-theologians posted in our universities, like the host of teachers—ordinary, extraordinary, and *privatim docentes* of the German colleges, who would carry on the whole operation though the working clergy entirely neglected it. We have neither the *otium cum dignitate* of the English system, nor the *otium inquietum* of the German. The one plants some hundreds of fellows of colleges, deans, and prebends in university and cathedral towns, to take their rest: the other scatters a still larger number over the length and breadth of Germany in the seats of its manifold seminaries, to disturb the rest of others by perpetual novelties and alarms of heresy. The one class live first and work afterwards: the others must struggle hard, not only for a position, but for their daily bread, and live like the Balearic children on the produce of their sling, or like Ishmael in the wilderness, on the fruit of their bow. We have dispensed with this class of literary producers and critics almost entirely, and have not a dozen of theological tutors whose studies lie in this department in all Scotland; and even of those some are oppressed besides with the weight of the pastoral office. It is unquestionable that this defect, and the consequent throwing of the burden upon the ordinary Gospel ministry, goes a considerable way in accounting for the backwardness of our exegetical as of all our higher literature; and that neither can greatly flourish until the number who are set apart to it as a business largely increase. Nevertheless, this cause cannot be regarded as adequate; and in other circumstances, the working clergy might be expected to produce far more, and more valuable matter. In past ages they have furnished many a stone to the sacred edifice of interpreted Scripture, and have often equalled the others as master-builders. If Origen wrote many of his commentaries in academic circumstances, as the head of a school in Alexandria; Augustine composed most of his amid the distractions of a turbulent bishopric in the north of Africa. If Jerome pursued his profoundly learned researches in the cave of Bethlehem; Chrysostom contributed not less perhaps to the understanding of the Word by his homilies to the crowds of Constantinople. Calvin, who preached almost without ceasing, did unspeakably more for interpretation than Beza; and Luther's services in this department (though some circumstances may appear to make the contrast unfair) eclipse those of Melancthon. Not to speak of other great names among the non-conformists, Baxter and Owen, who both wrote commentaries, though the former in very unequal proportion to his other works, were both pastors of churches: while it may be added, that Campbell and Macknight, the two great-

est of our countrymen in this department in the last century, occupied the ministerial office, and there laid the foundation of their most important works; and that the men who, in the present day, have done most to uphold our Biblical reputation, and the author of the volumes before us among them, belong to the most faithful of the working ministry. In Germany, indeed, the professorial body occupy the most distinguished place: and no names among the pastoral class can be mentioned beside those of Tholuck, Lücke, Hengstenberg, Harless, and not a few more; but the others vindicate for themselves a very respectable position as contributors to the most scientific of the theological journals; and one of these, and not the least valuable, "*The Studies of the Würtemberg Clergy*," is entirely in their hands. Why, indeed, should professional studies in exposition not tend to generate the taste and give some measure at least of talent for the work, though they may not develop both in the highest degree? Why should the list of authorship among practising commentators be so much scantier, as it unquestionably is, than among practising lawyers and physicians? It seems then that we have hardly reached the true solution of the phenomenon, and that we must venture one guess more before we give it up in despair.

It seems to us then, that the main cause of our little exegetical progress is to be found in the exclusively practical character of our Scottish religion, combined with our veneration for the past. No impartial observer can deny that these qualities prevail in Scotland to a degree in which they exist in no other country in the world. Our religion was decided for us by the Reformation, and consolidated by the Westminster Assembly; and everything still bears the mark of these epochs. The foundation of our dogmatical theology has never since been seriously disturbed; but generation after generation has been contented to accept it, and to build upon it, as already laid. The authenticity of Scripture, and the great outlines of its interpretation, have been handed down together and gratefully received by a believing posterity. The great aim and struggle of the national religion has been to bring the nation really, as it was nominally, under the prevailing system, and to convert theoretical orthodoxy into living faith. The Bible has not been so much studied from fresh and novel points of view, supplied by antagonism to hostile systems, as in one unvarying spirit of tranquil contentment with its first results. The collision of opposing parties has elicited but few and transient flashes of light in the department of interpretation. In the 17th century, the Church constitution was attacked by Episcopacy: in the 18th the Church doctrine by Infidelity, and the Church administration by Moderatism. The three great struggles or re-actions that arose in consequence did

but little to enlarge the topics or increase the stores of interpretation. The contest with Episcopacy added only to the illustration of the *loci classici* of the rival system; and during its continuance, far more books were added to the Presbyterian armory than have been cast ever since into the treasury of exposition. The contest with Infidelity, chiefly under the leadership of Hume, did still less; for his antagonists within the Church—Reid, Campbell, and Beattie—necessarily conducted the defence not on theological but on metaphysical grounds: and Hume, with all his faults, had more modesty than with recent German nihilists to endeavour to entrench himself within the pale of Revelation, and to wrest Scripture to his and its own destruction. The scientific refutation of scepticism was the great and only service of Moderatism to Scottish religion; but it left the Bible where it found it, and raised no discord in the harmony of traditional interpretation. We may except indeed the Arminian tinge given to the Pauline Epistles in the commentaries of Macknight, and in the fashionable expositions of that school; but there was nothing in them which was not borrowed from English or Remonstrant sources; and they gave no impulse to fresh exegetical researches on the orthodox side. Then came the grand struggle with Moderatism, both from within the Establishment and without—a contest which has lasted to our own times; but the light which it has cast on Scripture has respected only questions of discipline and order; and the great body of Scripture is still seen through the medium of the old dogmatic interpretation. It has not been with us as in Germany. The tide of rationalism has not flowed over into the Church. We have had no Semler, Michaelis, Eichorn, and Paulus all the while professing to stand on the footing of positive Christianity, and yet not only discarding the symbolical books, but unsettling the Canon, truncating the word of God, and extorting from the maimed and mutilated volume, by the rack of a false interpretation, a complete recantation of the doctrine of Christ. God, in his mercy, spared our Scottish Church this fearful trial. But then, almost as a necessary consequence, we have not shared in the advantages which such a trial was fitted to evoke. We have not been cast back upon our Bibles, laying the symbolical books for a time aside. We have not been driven to the question of interpretation as one of life and death. We have not replaced our traditional confidence in the Canon by a faith growing out of elaborate researches, and established beyond the power of learned cavils to shake. And we see not our national orthodoxy, like the nascent evangelism of Germany, renewing its youth, and drinking purer and purer draughts from the fountain of Scripture. We cannot have the incompatible fruits of two opposite courses of training. We can-

not have the products of bold and independent inquiry, unless the field has been swept clear by something like a revolution. We cannot have the virgin soil without the previous disintegration of the rock. We cannot have the fresh shoots, unless the tree "*durus ut ilex tonsa bipennibus*," has first been lopped or cut over. It is thus we account for the paucity and monotony of our commentaries in comparison of those of the evangelical school of Germany. Ours has been in many respects a happier lot; unspeakably happier. Instead of defending the Canon, and extricating from the grasp of the spoiler the essence of Scriptural Christianity, we have carried abroad an unchallenged Bible, and sounded in the ears of a nation an equally unchallenged interpretation. But it is plain that our circumstances have been the less favourable of the two for the deep and many-sided study of the word we preached: that we have been in danger of believing our message just because there was none to controvert it; and that we have too much laid up the Bible in an unapproached ark, as having spoken its last word to us, rather than carried it about as the Urim and Thummim, which had still fresh oracles to utter in answer to every friendly prayer, and in defiance of every blasphemy of the enemy! Our Religion has not been centripetal but centrifugal. We have rushed out to the circumference of Christianity, exploring the outlying regions of church polity and organization; and have spent all our strength in seeking to realize the external ideal of a Church as it ought to be, while the interior mysteries of the Gospel have been too much neglected; allowed to lie safe in their hidden shrine, or if contemplated with earnest gaze, seen not so much in the light of their own holy place, as from the outer court of ecclesiastical tradition. But surely we have carried this deference to the authority of our fathers in interpretation too far. Surely there is room for a vigorous bound in an onward direction, which shall leave us still in the narrow way of orthodoxy. There is a fulness in Scripture which no Church, however great its achievements in exposition, has yet exhausted. A firm belief in this, and a humble yet steadfast resolution to do justice to the immensity of the word of God, is the first condition of progress. Let us want this, and no amount of learning, no application on the part of our ministry to those researches can carry us beyond the magic circle of the past. Let us receive this as a gift from on high, worthy of Him who has taught us to call no man master on earth; and our country will again take its place in the development of Protestantism, and hasten forward the advent of the Church of the Future, when a Bible understood and believed shall be all in all.

In the volumes before us, which are chiefly occupied with Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of Peter, we have



the first important accession which has been made for many years to the stock of commentary, in the strict and proper sense. We hail it as a production independent and autochthonal—"a fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself." It is neither Scottish nor German, but sprung from the high and rare union of the best qualities of both schools in a single mind. It has the Scottish clearness, precision, orthodoxy, practicality; the German learning, minuteness of investigation, and disregard of tradition; and for certain qualities—too rare in both—resolute adherence to the very truth of the passage—(*indagatio non divinatio*,)—unforced development of the connexion,—and basing of edification on the right meaning of Scripture, we have not met with anything in either country which surpasses it. The peculiar nature of the author's plan required high qualifications to render it even moderately successful. His aim was not to furnish a body of edifying discussions and reflections, built on selected words and doctrines of Peter, in which department the immortal work of Leighton was sufficient; nor to present a dry and scholastic explication of the sense, in the manner of Steiger; but to lay the foundation in the one style, and to build the superstructure upon it in the other: to bring out the sense, the whole sense, and nothing but the sense, in the manner of a scientific commentary, and then to clothe and vivify this for popular impression and edification. But this was not all. The epistle was not only to be thus expounded with the rigour of the one method, and the richness of the other; Dr. Brown increased his difficulty by resolving to have it broken up into its internal divisions, organically separate; so that however long or short any of its paragraphs, if the subject were one, it must be comprised in a single discourse. There were thus to be combined the unity of sermon-writing with the unfettered textuality of lecturing; and this in addition to the difficulty of harmonizing in the lecture the scientific element and the popular. We give, then, an exact idea of the peculiarities of this Commentary, when we say that it contemplates *four* objects: 1. The fixing of the landmarks of each separate subject in the epistle; 2. The farther subdivision of this subject in such a manner as to unite the style of the sermon and the lecture; 3. The scientific determination of the exact and full sense; 4. The popular expression of this in the form of Christian doctrine or Christian morality. It would not be easy, we think, to form a more just and happy conception of satisfactory and exhaustive commentary writing. And we do not believe we can do a better service to the great cause of Scripture interpretation than to make a few remarks on the peculiarities of this method in the hands of Dr. Brown, with examples from the work before us.

We have been greatly struck with the felicity with which the leading ideas of the Epistle are seized and marked off from each other,—a process analogous to the laying down on a map of the physical boundaries of mountain, river, desert, forest, or estuary, by which a kingdom is partitioned off into provinces. This leading idea is the title and subject of each expository discourse; and there is often more light cast on a paragraph by the title thus prefixed than in pages of ordinary illustration. We may say there is a kind of military eye here apparent, in reconnoitring a passage from a distance, and taking its bearings by the context. This gives a singular degree of precision and distinctness of relief to what, in the eye of the ordinary reader of the apostolic epistles, is too apt to appear a continuous or confused expanse. There is a great deal more, however, than clear definition of boundaries executed in this precognition of a passage. There is often an originality in the view of the subject itself, and that accomplished, not by the minuter criticism, but by the first bird's-eye view. Thus, in the *fourth* paragraph of the epistle, (chap. i. 10-12; and our readers will pardon us for requesting them to turn up the passage,) it is shown by the author that the great subject of discussion is *the final happiness of Christians*, as nothing else than this suits the preceding paragraph, or the design of the apostle to comfort the disciples of the Saviour under trials. He thus discards at the very outset the idea that the *Christian system of salvation*, as a whole, is the subject of discourse, which is the ordinary traditional interpretation; and puts a new and more consistent meaning on the words—"the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow;" explaining them, not as denoting the vicarious sufferings and mediatorial glory of Jesus Christ, which is the common and time-hallowed view, but as expressing the sufferings of Christians for Jesus Christ in this life, together with the succeeding reward.

This general division is in every case followed by the subdivision of the selected paragraph into its minor fragments, as the separate members of a body once broken up are again dissected according to their internal structure. This is generally, in what is called textual preaching, a very easy process,—the clauses of a paragraph being taken up bodily, in the order in which they stand; a procedure which more resembles that of the surgeon, cutting through bone, muscle, and nerve by one rude incision, than that of the anatomist, carefully separating the one from the other, and tracing their entire course and mutual relations. For example, doctrine and duty may run together through a passage, but they must be separated as bone and muscle; or exhortation and motive, but they must be kept clear as muscle and nerve. And even where the system of mere tritication is practicable as a species

of division, there are various degrees of elegance with which it may be executed. Thus, in the analysis of the paragraph above referred to, hardly any blundering could miss the three subdivisions; but few could have expressed them so elegantly as Dr. Brown, in this simple sentence—"The final happiness of Christians the subject of Old Testament prediction, New Testament revelation, and angelic study." It is not, however, on this kind of subdivision that we lay much stress as an exegetical gain. Exegesis is concerned with the discovery of the sense more than the expression of it; just as Mathematics is more concerned with the correctness than the elegance of the demonstration. It is to the innumerable subdivisions in this commentary, conducted in what we have called the anatomical style in contradistinction from the surgical, that we attach the highest value. Of these we extract a most masterly specimen, in the treatment of the long, complex, and, to an ordinary eye, unconnected paragraph, which succeeds that already noticed. Let any one read it over as it stands, (chap. i. 13-21,) and then say whether a flood of light is not cast upon it by the following outline of a division and subdivision:—

"In this admirable paragraph we have a most instructive view—I. Of Christian duty; II. Of the means of performing it; and III. Of the motives to its performance. Of CHRISTIAN DUTY—described first generally, as obedience, Christians being expected to act 'as obedient children,' *i. e.*, rather children of obedience; and then described more particularly—first negatively, 'Not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in your ignorance;' and then positively—'Be holy in all manner of conversation.' Of the MEANS OF PERFORMING CHRISTIAN DUTY; first, determined resolution—'Gird up the loins of your mind;' secondly, moderation in all our estimates, and desires, and pursuit of worldly objects—'Be sober;' thirdly, hope—'Hope to the end,' hope perfectly; fourthly, fear—'Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear.' Of the MOTIVES TO THE PERFORMANCE OF CHRISTIAN DUTY; first, the grandeur and excellence and security of the Christian inheritance, the full possession of which we can attain only by Christian obedience—'Wherefore,' referring to the whole of the preceding description of the final state of happiness which awaits the saints; secondly, the holiness of God—'Be ye holy, for I am holy;' thirdly, the equity of God—'The Father on whom we call, without respect of persons, judgeth every man according to his works;' and fourthly, the wonderful provision which had been made for securing this holiness, in their having been redeemed, or bought back to God, by the blood of his Son—'Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ,' &c.—"Such is the outline I shall attempt to fill up in the subsequent illustrations."—Vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

We cannot too strongly call the attention of readers of this

work to these organic filaments of the structure of the Epistle. They are totally different from the invented plans of ordinary sermon-writing, or the loosely accepted groundwork of ordinary lecturing. These bear too often to their contents the relation of a frame to a picture, or of rows of stakes to a fruitful field. Here, on the contrary, the divisions are the veritable framework of the Epistle, taken down with wonderful tact and penetration; and put up again with equal judgment and skill. We cannot doubt that this part of the work has cost the author the greatest labour; and it has not been bestowed in vain. Whoever does not appreciate these subdivisions, can have little taste for the logic of exegesis. They give indeed to the work somewhat of a scholastic appearance; and the present age abhors scholastic division. But this is just to prefer the vague and popular in conception to the exact and scientific. The infinite multiplicity of Scripture demands a manifold division, as much as that of Nature. All true knowledge proceeds in this direction; and if the division is only just, and is gathered up again under general heads, it cannot be too minute, for this is only to track the footsteps of Him who binds multiformity in unity, both in His works and His word. There is great truth in the remark of Coleridge, in apologizing for the needless articulation of the divines of the 17th century—to which, however, there is here no resemblance. "Show me one error that has arisen from separating the identical, and I will show you ten which have arisen from confounding the diverse."

It is obvious how this preliminary settlement of the subject and its divisions, must pave the way for the bringing of the full and exact sense out of the sacred words. This is, indeed, the great business of exposition; and with it the largest part of these volumes is occupied. The three qualities which are generally regarded as essential to successful interpretation everywhere appear to great advantage. These are the knowledge of history,—for which, in the case of a doctrinal and epistolary part of Scripture, ought rather to be substituted the power of sympathy with the mental idiosyncrasy of the writer,—which in this case is the historical base of his style; the discernment of the scope of the context; and acquaintance with the usage of the words, or *usus loquendi*. While distinguished by all three qualifications, we should say that Dr. Brown is pre-eminent in the second; and that his analytic turn of mind disposes and enables him to pore with searching and patient eye upon the complexities of a paragraph, and especially upon the particles of inference, and other hooks and eyes of sentences, until all becomes connected and transparent. He is a logical interpreter in the highest sense of the term, and we affirm, without fear of

contradiction, that there is no one who more fully realizes this difficult ideal, whether in detecting the drift of an argument, or laying bare the nerve of a demonstration, or tracing out its subsidiary illustrations and applications. In writings so parenthetical and involved and so encumbered with their own richness, as the apostolical epistles, this is the first and leading quality, and the whole procedure of Dr. Brown, resting upon the supposition that there is method in this overflow of matter, is a continued and successful effort to explore and display it. The only one of the evangelists who offers the same field, and perhaps a more difficult one to exegetical sagacity, is John; and we believe that the same qualities which thus bare the linked argument of the apostles, when hidden amid wreaths of eloquence and illustration, would also bring to view the bands and ligaments of the discourses of the beloved disciple, buried though they be like portions of a chain under water. No one can read these discourses, and not feel satisfied that he understands a great deal better the object of the apostle in every paragraph, and the tendency of all that he says to gain this object; which is just to say, that he has acquired a rational comprehension of the whole. This, we take it, is the common sense view of the business of interpretation; and it is here executed chiefly by the above-mentioned gift of discovering, dwelling on, and making prominent the connexion between every one part and every other. We instance a remarkable example in which Dr. Brown, by a rigid application of this principle, seems to us to have set at rest the interpretation of one of the *loci veratissimi* of the New Testament, that respecting the preaching to the spirits in prison, (1 Pet. iii. 18, 19, 20, 22.) Having rejected on philological grounds the common Protestant interpretation, which assigns a preaching by the spirit of Christ in the days of Noah,—and also the Patristic, Romish, and Lutheran view, which fixes this preaching to the period of the Saviour's descent to Hades, he adds these decisive textual objections:—

“And what will weigh much with a judicious student of Scripture is, that it is impossible to perceive how these events, supposing them to have taken place, were, as they are represented by the language to be, the effects of Christ's suffering for sins in the room of sinners, and how these statements at all serve to promote the apostle's practical object, which was to persuade persecuted Christians patiently and cheerfully to submit to sufferings for righteousness' sake, from the consideration exemplified in the case of our Lord, that suffering in a good cause and in a right spirit, however severe, was calculated to lead to the happiest results. No interpretation, we apprehend, can be the right one, which does not correspond with the obvious construction of the passage, and with the avowed design of the writer.”—Vol. ii. p. 349.

He then proceeds to give an interpretation which satisfies these conditions : That the Saviour put to death in the flesh, *i. e.* in the body, was quickened in the spirit ; *i. e.* spiritually quickened, became the reservoir and fountain of a new spiritual life to man ; and in consequence of this spiritual quickening, went and preached to the spirits in prison, *i. e.* went by his apostles to depraved men, who are spirits in prison under the bondage of Satan—the same kind of spirits that had been disobedient in the days of Noah ; but who were now set free, and that in a manner and to a degree of which there had been no previous example. It is easy to see how this interpretation saves the unity of the passage ; for this spiritual deliverance of men is an obvious consequence of the Saviour's sufferings ; and it is an example of suffering not sustained in vain, a proof that damage cannot come to Christians as it did not come to their Master, from death itself in a good cause. Many similar examples might be pointed out of clear and satisfactory light cast even on dubious passages by resolute adherence to the unity and scope of the whole ; and on this, were there no other quality, we would rest the merit of this performance, as something far higher than any collection of historical apparatus, and as better than whole cartloads of musty German learning. There is abundant knowledge, however, of all collateral sources of illustration ; and a very considerable amount of well-digested critical and verbal discussion in the notes which are affixed to the separate discourses. We give this all due praise, since it is far from a common feature in English works of the kind. But the essence of this learning is, as it ought to be, absorbed into the structure of the exposition ; and we thank the author for not having overloaded his treatise with more than the brief scholia which he has given. We are right glad to miss the lumber of the wheels ; the long and useless lists of absurd opinions from the Fathers downwards, which swell so many works of continental growth, and for which it would be better to die than to live. It is hard to say which is more tiresome, the repetition of these or the refutation of them. It is time that many of these senseless interpretations were put in the same category with the hunting Welshmen's hypotheses respecting the moon.

We have only to add here, that while there is the most resolute and pertinacious attempt to determine the very sense of the passage, there is a careful endeavour to bring out the full sense. It is not the first taste of the grapes with which the author is satisfied. All must go impartially through the wine-press ; and the last drop of liquid must be yielded up. Thus the greatest honour is done to Scripture, which is all worthy of thorough investigation ; and there is often a real gain to truth, since the Word of God, like a river, though most rapid in its main stream,

is not always most deep ; but runs often into dark pools and side eddies, which are also worthy of being explored for hidden treasure. Dr. Brown sometimes brings out of a "wherefore" or a "forasmuch," a large store of interesting truth ; and thus teaches that the words of the Lord are pure words, and are more precious than gold or silver, of which the smallest grains are not wont to be cast away.

Without going into tedious details, we may simply remark of the doctrinal and practical portions of the work, which partake more of the character of the *concio ad populum* than the exegetical, that they have the great merit of being elicited from the Epistle itself, and of being nothing more than the full expansion of the apostolic sentiment. There is of necessity the tinge of an individual mind given to the whole ; but of a mind submitting itself to the guidance of Scripture, and careful only to repeat and prolong the notes of inspiration. There is also a ready use of that reference to parallel passages and to the generalized sense of Scripture, commonly called the analogy of faith, which even rigid exegesis and much more popular illustration warrants. But the most independent discussions and largest contributions from the rest of Scripture do not interfere with the thoroughly *Petrine* character of the whole work ; and both these elements are employed to illustrate and bring out into the strongest relief the distinctive theology and ethics of the First of the Apostles. The original finished statue is unrolled limb by limb, rather than melted down and recast in the mould of the author's own mind. This seems to us a proceeding as rare as it is admirable, and contrasts very favourably with that style of illustration of Scripture doctrine and practice which consists simply in reiterating Scripture truth in Scripture forms : and still more with that other style which does nothing more than make Scripture the starting point of its own theorizings or declamations. The one of these leaves the statue swathed up in its original folds ; the other superinduces the trickery of a human dress through which the beauty of the natural outline can hardly be discerned. Indeed, the style of Dr. Brown's thinking and expression partakes very much of a statuesque character,—of the severe simplicity of Scripture itself ; and this, with his total disregard of the technicalities of system and the peculiarities of oratorical preaching, has contributed, in a great degree, to give his views that fresh and interesting character which they wear, as an immediate reflection of the mind of the sacred writers. The only ornament which he seems to covet in his illustration of Scripture truth is, the language of Scripture itself, which fits most gracefully into his own style, and so abundantly and curiously inlays it, that it might seem the work of art, were it not too obvious

that, like the veined strata of rocks, the different materials have been fused together in the very act of conception. There is something very becoming in an interpreter disdaining any other ornament than well-selected Scripture; and in the way in which innumerable sentences from all parts of the Bible are thus set together like rows of brilliants, there are a thousand incidental lights scattered by them upon each other which often disclose unexpected beauties.

It should not be forgotten that these Discourses were written, and are now published, not as exegetical studies, but as expository lectures for a mixed congregation. We may be permitted a word regarding them as pulpit exercises. Their power in this respect, we think, consists in the clearness with which Scripture truth is reproduced, in the pious earnestness with which it is embraced, and in the reverent manner in which a strong and masculine mind is seen to surrender itself with all its energies to the impulse that comes from the spirit of the inspired writers. Nothing, not even the eloquence of creative imagination, has a greater hold over the mind of men than the exhibition of the grand realities of revealed truth in their naked elements as they come from the mind of God; and when this is done with clear sight, strong realization, and impassioned conviction, the effect cannot but be powerful. We do not envy the feelings of the man who can read without profound emotion such discourses as that on "Honouring all men," "On sanctifying the Lord God in the heart," or on the "Devil as a roaring lion." The last especially is most startlingly impressive: and this power of minting afresh defaced truth, and sending it forth with its native image and superscription, runs through the entire work. The simplicity, pathos, and energy of many of the appeals to conscience raise them to a very high rank in this difficult species of pulpit eloquence.

Our remarks would leave a false impression did they seem to imply that there was little of independent effort of mind in these volumes, save in the explication and application of the sense of the Apostle Peter. There is a very considerable amount of theological and moral discussion, which, in strictness of speech, has no exegetical hold in the epistle, and which a rigid enforcement of the law of the marches might exclude. But these materials are not the least interesting: and to some they will be not a little welcome, as bringing out the author's system of theology at greater length than the severe restraints of commentary would have permitted. For example, there are many important fragments of generalization in the introductions: and here and there a lengthened consideration of some vital doctrine, such as the Atonement, on the words, "Christ also suffered for



us ;"—Christian freedom on the words "As free :—" and the connexion between the Atonement and Holiness, on the words, "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." Indeed, the length of many of these discussions is indispensable to their gaining the end of popular teaching ; and there are some, such as the beautiful lectures on Relative Duties, that we would have wished to have seen still farther extended. There is hardly an important position in theology to which the author has not occasion at least to allude : and we have remarked no peculiarities of view, with this exception, that all other views are coloured by that general theory of the relation of Christianity to our mental faculties (if indeed it be a peculiarity in anything but the stress laid upon it), which was first propounded in the work on "Religion, and the Means of its Attainment." This has had the fortune to excite objection in some quarters, as making faith too much an affair of the understanding, and the more unworthy fate of being neglected in others ; and has never yet secured half the attention which its importance and interest demand.

As specimens of the clear and ripe thinking, and terse and luminous style, which pervade these more independent exertations, we subjoin two extracts. The first is on the origin of civil government :—

"Civil government is farther described as an 'ordinance of man,' or a 'human institution' for this purpose. It is indeed the doctrine of the New Testament, that civil government in one sense—and that an important one—is of divine institution, 'an ordinance of God ;' but that doctrine rightly understood is in no way inconsistent with the doctrine that in another sense it is a human institution, the ordinance of man. Civil government is so of God, as to lay a foundation for a divine moral obligation on those subject to it to yield obedience. Some have held that magistracy is of God merely as all things are of God, as the famine and pestilence, as slavery and war are of him. Those who take this view err by defect, for this could lay no foundation for a claim on obedience. Others err by excess, who hold that magistracy is a direct express divine institution. It does not stand on the same foundation as the priesthood under the law, or the Christian ministry under the gospel. The magistracy of the Jews under the law was the result of a direct divine appointment, but not the magistracy of any other people. It does not stand even on the same ground as marriage, which was formally instituted. It occupies similar ground with the social state, agriculture or commerce. It naturally rises out of the constitution of men's minds, which is God's work, and the circumstances of their situation, which are the result of his Providence ; and it is highly conducive to the security and well-being of mankind, which we know must be agreeable to the will of Him, whose nature as well as name is Love, and whose tender mercies are over all his works."—Vol. i. pp. 348, 349.

The other extract refers to a still more important subject,—the connexion of the Atonement with Sanctification. The remarks occur on chap. iv. 1-6, which is a peculiarly difficult and apparently incoherent paragraph of the epistle. The author regards it as an exhortation to holiness, founded on the doctrine of the atonement, and thus translates its leading clause, “Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves with this thought, that he who hath suffered in the flesh hath been made to rest from sin”—a thought which is intended to identify Christ and his people in their dying to sin, or settling their account with it. By this striking and in a great measure original view, he makes this exhortation parallel to the sixth chapter of the Romans; that wonderful apex of Christian theology in which justification and sanctification, like the two sides of a triangle, meet in union to Christ. He then breaks away into this profound and truly philosophical exposition of the whole subject. Its importance must excuse the length of the citation:—

“The superior efficacy of Christianity as an instrument of ameliorating the moral condition of mankind, to every other means employed for this purpose, will not be questioned by any enlightened and unprejudiced thinker; but the true cause of this efficacy, and the manner in which it is put forth, are overlooked by most, misapprehended by many, and rightly understood by comparatively few.

“The efficacy of Christianity, as a transformer of human character, is attributed even by many of its teachers to the purity, extent, and spirituality of its moral requisitions; and to the plainness with which they are stated, and the energy with which they are enforced in the law, and by the example of Christ. It is impossible to speak too highly of the Christian morality, unless you exalt it, as has often been done, to the disparagement of the atoning sacrifice and quickening spirit of its author; and we willingly admit, that, on the formation of Christianly good character, the law of Christ occupies an important though still a subordinate place.

“But he ill understands the principles of human nature who expects that a being such as both revelation and experience tell us that man is, wholly depraved, alienated from the life of God, strongly inclined to forbidden indulgence, equally strongly disinclined to the restraints of religious and moral obligation, should merely by a statement and enforcement of duty, however clear and cogent, be made to undergo a radical change in his principles and habits. Who, indeed, does not know that the attempts to urge on a person a mode of conduct to which he is strongly disinclined, if you do not at the same time employ appropriate and adequate means for altering the inclination, usually ends in increasing the indisposition it was intended to remove, aggravating the disease it was meant to cure? The morality of Christianity far exceeds any other morality the world has ever seen.

Where is to be found anything to be compared with the Sermon on the Mount, or the moral part of the apostolical epistles? Yet the transforming power of the system does not lie here. The morality of Christianity may be useful in convincing a bad man that he is bad, and in helping a good man to become better; but constituted as human nature is, it cannot convert a bad man into a good man.

"Another class of Christian teachers, in much greater harmony with the principles both of the Scriptural revelation and a sound mental philosophy, have held that the power of Christianity to make men new creatures resides in its peculiarities as a doctrinal system: that the clear, well-established disclosures it makes of the grandeur and the grace of the Divine character, of the infinite venerableness, and estimableness, and loveliness, and kindness of the Supreme Being, in the accounts it gives us of the incarnation and sacrifice of His only begotten Son, and of the inappreciably valuable blessings which, through his mediation, are bestowed on mankind, when apprehended in their meaning and evidence, that is, when understood and believed, naturally and necessarily produce such a revolution in man's mode of thinking and feeling in reference to God as naturally and necessarily leads to a revolution in his mode of conduct; and that then, and not till then, the moral or preceptive part of Christianity begins to tell on the amelioration of character.

"These sentiments, especially when connected, as they usually are, with a persuasion of the necessity of supernatural influence, the influence of the Holy Spirit, to bring the mind and keep the mind under the moral influence of evangelical truth, appear to us just, as far as they go; but still they exhibit but an imperfect view of the manner in which Christianity produces, what nothing else can, a radical, permanent, ever-progressive improvement of the human character, leading a man 'to live the rest of his time in the flesh not to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.'

"Fully to understand this most important subject, it is necessary to bear in mind that Christianity, in the most extensive sense of the term, is something more than a revelation either of moral or religious truth. It is the development of a Divine economy, a system of Divine dispensations in reference to a lost world; and it is in these dispensations, the incarnation and sacrifice of the only Begotten of God, dispensations having for their direct object the change of man, the sinner's relation to the Supreme Being as the moral Governor of the world, that the true origin of man's moral transformation is to be found; and it is as a development of these dispensations chiefly that the Christian revelation conduces to the sanctification of man.

"Nothing is more obvious than that a man's state, relations, and circumstances have a powerful influence on the formation of his character. The same individual, if placed in infancy in the state of slavery or in the state of royalty, would in mature life be distinguished by very different and, in many respects, directly opposite dispositions and habits. A certain set of relations and circumstances may be quite incongruous with a certain character; and every species of

moral means may be employed in vain to produce that character till these relations and circumstances be changed. Let a slave receive every advantage of the most accomplished education, if he is not enfranchised, there is little probability of his being formed to the generous character of a freeman. Let me know a man to be my enemy, or even suspect him to be so, and no exhibition of his good qualities, though I should be brought to credit them, which I will be very slow to do, can induce me to put confidence in him. Let the relation of hostility be changed into one of friendship, and let me be persuaded of this, and the same moral means, which were formerly utterly inefficacious, will produce a powerful effect. These plain, common-sense principles, transferred to the subject before us, lead us into the truth respecting the origin of the transforming, sanctifying influence of Christianity.

“The relations of man as a righteously condemned sinner are incompatible with a holy character. While man is condemned, and knows that he is condemned, how can he be holy, how can he become holy? How can God consistently bestow the highest token of his complacent regard on one who is the proper object of his moral disapprobation and judicial displeasure in making him holy; and how can man love or trust or affectionately obey Him whom he knows he has offended, whom he has reason to consider as his omnipotent enemy? It is by meeting and removing these difficulties that Christianity secures the holiness of man. It is in the securing, by a set of Divine arrangements, the change of a state of hostility into a state of friendship, the rendering the pardon and salvation of the guilty consistent with, nay, illustrative of, the perfections of the Divine character and the principles of the Divine government, that Christianity lays broad and deep and sure the foundation of man's deliverance, not only from misery but from sin, not only of his endless happiness but of his moral perfection. In the vicarious sacrifice of the incarnate Son, in His suffering for us in the flesh for sin, the just in the room of the unjust, so suffering as that He found rest from sin, provision is made for a most happy change in our relations. We, united to Him, suffering for sin in our room, are made to rest from sin, and in this change of relations is necessarily implied and indubitably secured a complete change of moral dispositions and habits. It is this which leads to no longer living to the lusts of men, but to the will of God. It is this chief of the works of God that, like the main-spring or moving power of a complicated piece of machinery, gives resistless energy and un-failing efficacy in the case of the saved, to the moral influence of the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel. The better the connexion between the atonement and sanctification is understood, the more firmly it is believed, the more habitually it is meditated on, the greater progress will the individual Christian make in practical godliness; and he who would comply with the apostle's exhortation, to ‘live no longer the rest of his time to the lusts of men, but to the will of God,’ must arm himself with this thought, ‘He that hath suffered in the flesh is made to rest from sin.’”—Vol. ii. pp. 447-451

Before parting company with this Commentary, it may be noticed, that it is preceded by a new translation of the Epistle, intended to embody the results of the author's investigations. This is so clear and pointed, as, while perfectly faithful so far as we have examined it, to serve in a greatly better form the ends of a paraphrase. We can hardly reconcile ourselves, in some cases, to the dismissal of the time-hallowed phraseology of the common version where the sense did not seem absolutely to require it.

Appended to the Discourses on Peter there are several others of a miscellaneous character; two on the "Son of Man and His going," where that Messianic title is handled in a more satisfactory manner than we have ever seen it, and the style rises to the highest eloquence: four on "Keeping ourselves in the Love of God," which are somewhat abstruse and didactic, though solidly instructive; and an Inaugural Theological Lecture on "Our Lord's ministry," in which, among other things, the nexus between the working of a miracle and the proof of a doctrine is laid open with much skill and clearness.

It only remains to notice, with great brevity, the relation which such a work as this holds to the general development of Christianity in our country, especially through the pulpit. The pulpit must ever be the grand instrument of the diffusion of Christianity, and the efforts to supersede it, either by the press or any other agency, proceed on entire ignorance of the social nature of Christianity, and its adaptation to be transmitted not by solitary reading but by public impulse. At the same time it cannot be questioned that there is a general dissatisfaction abroad in the educated mind of the country with the present state of the pulpit. There is a critical temper of uncertainty, which may result either in an entire break with it or a more firm conciliation than before. There is a disposition to cast off the shackles of tradition and to regard the popular Christianity of the pulpit as a system of effete and barren commonplaces, beyond which the literary intellect of the age has shot far a-head. Some well-meaning Christians are disposed to yield too much deference to this feeling. They would accommodate themselves to the educated taste by fraternizing to the utmost with the philosophy, science, literature, or politics to which the antagonists of the pulpit all point as casting it into the shade, and by struggling to import into the pulpit the more interesting products of these several fields of living thought and speculation. Thus, one is all for christianized transcendentalism, another for spiritualized astronomy or geology, a third for the gospel in its bearing on social questions, and the progress of the people. This seems to us a mere weakness on the part of these innovators; a going down to Egypt for help, not because there is a famine in the

land, but because their own husbandry is bad and unproductive. The attitude which the pulpit should assume towards other living and self-developing forces of thought in the country, is neither that of obeisance nor defiance. It should ignore their existence as objects either of attack or homage, and leave them to the sober and equitable criticism of the Christian press. The pulpit has work enough in the proclamation of the grand positive doctrines of Christianity. To push these aside, and to look to other topics either as substitutes or important auxiliaries, is virtually to give up Christianity as an antiquated dispensation, and to place the Bible beneath the records of science and the philosophy of history. The stem of Christianity, we fear, is much decayed in the Church or individual whose preaching displays a profusion of such parasitical ornaments. The true remedy is not to cast aside positive Christianity, but to bring it forth again in its own majesty. This, it appears to us, can best be done by applying to it the same methods of illustration which have given all their interest and fascination to philosophy and science. The perpetual freshness and life of these circles of speculation, consists in a constant return to their original fields of observation, in order to make new researches and experiments. If the Christianity of the pulpit is to compete with them and bear off the palm, it must stand in living communication with the Bible, and eternally renew its youth from its ancient spring. It must divest itself of the hard and unbending dogmatic shape by which the class of educated minds are repelled, and catch more of that spontaneity, freshness, and variety, in which Scripture itself so wonderfully abounds. It is the great service of Dr. Brown to have accomplished this in one important book of Scripture, and to have set the example of discarding that repetition of dogmatic commonplace which is the weakness of the pulpit, and returning to that near dependence upon the very mind of the Spirit which is its strength. How much is thus found to re-attach the educated and reflecting to the pulpit;—the keen intellectual interest of tracing the very sense of the word of God; and the surprise and gratification of finding how comprehensible a thing Christianity is; how full of order and coherence the epistolary parts of the New Testament, which appear to many so irregular and rhapsodical; how grand, novel, and affecting their disclosures; and above all, how powerful the contagion of direct intercourse with them for devout and holy impression, when the middle wall of partition is, by the successful interpreter, broken down! We hope very much then, in the way of reconquering the speculating minds of the community to allegiance to the pulpit, from such labours; partly, because God will honour his own word more than all the inventions of human

eloquence; and partly, because from the very nature of things, truth from the fountain-head is likely to be more powerful and salutary than from the lower streams. And hence we deliberately think that no well-wisher of the progress of Christianity among the educated classes can do better than help on the multiplication of such books, and the gradual shifting of popular religious instruction from a dogmatic to an exegetical basis.

What is thus the best means of retaining or recovering the educated classes, is likely to be most effectual also with the great mass of the population. The testimony of all ministers of the Gospel is, that the word of God has been more successful in their history than any words of their own. To expect the opposite would be almost a libel on the form in which it has pleased the all-wise God to give his Revelation to the world. But this is just to admit that the exposition of Scripture has more of the power of God unto salvation, than any other mode of exhibiting truth. There may not be, as the result of this style, the same immediate temporary impression; though we do not see why a Christian minister may not be as fervent and earnest in bringing out and enforcing the mind of the Spirit in a particular passage, as in using a more free and discursive method of teaching: but the ultimate issue must be to elevate the tone of Christian intelligence, and to promote a deeper and juster appreciation of the truths of the Bible. If it be said, as is often said, that the tendency of exegetical studies is to cramp the free course of pious thought, to fetter the eloquence of the pulpit, and to give birth to a dry, rigid, and pedantic style of preaching, it is easy to reply, that this proceeds on a mistaken view of the range allowed to interpretation as a pulpit auxiliary. The day it is to be hoped is far distant, when grammatical comments or philological processes, or logical outlines, shall usurp the place of Christian teaching. This were to convert the ministers of the sanctuary, whose business it is to offer sacrifice, into mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, with no fire, but only heaps of fagots; no water, but only store of buckets to draw with. We are far enough from any such danger. The most exegetical nation in the world does not find this spirit at all threaten to infest the pulpit. On the contrary, the German evangelical pulpit is more lax and rhetorical than the British. This is not more true of a great preacher like Krummacher, who is a child in exegesis, than of a great preacher like Tholuck, who is a master. Everything will depend on the good sense and discrimination of those who occupy the sacred place; and since we cannot regard ourselves as inferior to our continental neighbours in these qualities, we do not think the temptation will be more formidable in our case than in theirs. In truth, to affirm that a complete familiarity

with the sense of Scripture, and with all the technical processes that have led to its discovery, must tend to fetter the eloquence of the pulpit, and to denude it of its popular character, is not more absurd than it would be to assert that a thorough acquaintance with all the legal points of a case, and a command of all the terminology of law, would impair the eloquence of an advocate in addressing a jury, or divest his speaking of popular attractions. If men will be found hammering and sharpening their weapons when they should be using them to smite the enemy, the fault is their own; but let not the anvil and the grindstone bear the blame. Earnest and zealous combatants will still know when to strike; and the blow will come with none the less force surely that every measure has been previously taken to give the sword of the Spirit its native edge. What we want is a ministry more studious of the sense of Scripture, and not less, but, if possible, more devout and fervent than now; and then we need not fear that the simplicity that is in Christ will suffer from any such scholastic parade, or that the stream of religious zeal will lose itself in the sandy desert of verbal criticism. Let us add here, that while by such an exegetical style, at once exact and popular, both the literary and uneducated classes would be interested and attracted, by no other style could such a double good be achieved. Great genius, like that of Chalmers, might awaken a transient interest for astronomy even in the hands of inferior men. But how soon must the educated recoil from the tameness of such repetitions; and how little could they lay hold of the Christian masses! It would be a still less hopeful experiment with any other scientific or philosophical application of Christianity. But it is quite otherwise with the expository preaching of the fundamental principles of the Gospel, according to the boundlessly varied groundwork of Scripture. Moderate talents are competent to reproduce the annotations of master-intellec<sup>t</sup>s in a way which shall be pleasing and profitable to all classes; and thus the Divine word in its prolonged and dispersed echoes, shall be equally the power of God to the Jew and to the Greek, to the wise and to the unwise.

We do not sympathize in the gloomy forebodings of some worthy theologians respecting an importation and wide diffusion in this country of German heresy. We have had already sufficient introduction of it to abate the fascination of novelty; and our British Christianity is still unpetrified by the Gorgon head, dreadful though it be. We have faith under God in two things; our veneration for the Bible, and that experimental sense of the divinity of the Gospel system, which is the result of our living piety. It is by the latter of these influences chiefly that Germany has begun to recover from the wounds of philosophy and



vulgar rationalism,—a reaction commenced but not completed by Schleiermacher ; and now a returning veneration for Scripture is we trust perfecting the cure. Our country is unspeakably better provided with both of these safeguards ; and hence, with far less than the learning and intellectual panoply of Germany, we may expect to stand in the evil day. It is of immense importance, however, that our veneration for Scripture should be enlightened, and that our impression of the self-evidencing power of Christianity should be quickened by just exhibitions of its pristine loveliness, strength, and grandeur. It is the rare merit of such works as those of Dr. Brown to accomplish these ends, and thus to strengthen the foundations of our national orthodoxy. That theology alone is safe which is based on the Bible ; that Church alone is putting herself in a posture of defence against heresy, which returns to the Bible determined to stand or fall beneath its shadow. *In hoc signo vinces.* If a struggle with philosophical infidelity awaits us, our dogmatic systems, even those which like the Calvinism of Scotland, rank among the most just and philosophical, will avail us little ; and the combat must be fought as it has been on the Continent on the field of the Gospels and the Epistles. May we hope that the distinguished author of these volumes, though he speaks with affecting tone of the close of his labours, and as one already ἐν γῆρας ὄνδρ, will not permit himself to claim a discharge from the office of girding up the loins of the Church for this contest, but will help us to prepare for it by a series of similar commentaries, which shall equally prove the Gospel its own witness. If not required for warfare, they may serve as well for peace. The defences of the Church in a revolutionary age become again, like the barricades of a great metropolis, the materials and ornaments of its daily life ; and never so easily as after the conflict which Truth has waged with Scripture-arms in her own defence, does the sword become a ploughshare and the spear a pruning-hook, when men learn war no more.

ART. III.—*The Physical Atlas—a Series of Maps and Notes, illustrating the Geographical Distribution of Natural Phenomena.* By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Geographer at Edinburgh in ordinary to Her Majesty; Honorary Member of the Geographical Society, Berlin; F.G.S., Paris; Editor of the National Atlas, &c.; based on the *Physikalischer Atlas* of Professor H. Berghaus, with the co-operation, in their several departments, of Sir David Brewster, K.H., &c., Professors J. D. Forbes, Edward Forbes, and J. P. Nichol, Dr. Ami Boué, G. R. Waterhouse, Esq., J. Scott Russell, Esq., and Dr. Gustav Kombst. Edinburgh, 1848.

THE construction of an Atlas exhibiting to the eye in a series of maps the geographical distribution of the principal phenomena of Physical Geography, was first suggested by the illustrious Baron Alexander von Humboldt, whose profound and varied researches have contributed, more than those of any other individual, to the advancement of this interesting department of knowledge. Availing himself of this happy suggestion, Professor Berghaus of Potsdam undertook, in 1827, the construction of a Physical Atlas, and, with the advice and assistance of Baron Humboldt, he produced a work of very great merit, which had an extensive circulation wherever the German language was known. In Great Britain, whose ships of war and of commerce navigated every sea, and were exposed to all the hazards of wind and tide, and to all the convulsions of the elements, a work of this kind was pre-eminently wanted, and Mr. A. K. Johnston, Geographer to the Queen in Edinburgh, undertook to supply the defect. His first idea was to republish the Atlas of Berghaus in an English dress; and in order to ascertain how far such a work would receive encouragement from the public, he inserted, at the end of his NATIONAL ATLAS, four of Berghaus's maps, namely, a map of the isothermal lines of Humboldt,—a map showing the distribution of the currents of air,—a map showing the distribution and cultivation of the most important plants used for the food of man,—a map of the mountain chains in Asia and Europe, and an ethnological map of Europe by Dr. Kombst. These five maps, which were described and explained in several sheets of letterpress, excited such an interest as to induce Mr. Johnston to undertake a complete Physical Atlas on a large scale.

Having learned that Baron Humboldt had expressed a desire to see an English Physical Atlas executed in a style suited to the taste of the British public, and on a scale admitting of details of

physical phenomena which could not be introduced into the small maps of the German work, Mr. Johnston visited Germany in the summer of 1842, and made arrangements with Professor Berghaus for the publication of an English edition of his *Physical Atlas*, in conformity with the views of so competent a judge.

In entering upon this Herculean task, involving a large outlay of capital, Mr. Johnston has spared neither expense nor labour in giving to his *Atlas* the character of a new work, not merely by enlarging and improving the maps and letterpress, which were communicated to him by the Prussian Professor, but by engaging competent persons to supply materials for new maps, illustrating new departments of Physical Geography, and exhibiting to the eye new phenomena, which had never previously been graphically represented. In this manner, he has succeeded in completing a new *Physical Atlas*, based on the previous work of Berghaus, which reflects honour upon Scotland, and is highly creditable to his own talents and enterprise.

It is scarcely necessary for us to point out the value and utility of such a work, or to recommend it to the especial patronage of our readers. In our Review of Mrs. Somerville's "*Physical Geography*," we have afforded them the means of estimating the importance of this branch of knowledge, and those who have neither patience nor leisure to read and study the interesting details which that work contains, may acquire a general knowledge of them by the mere inspection of the maps in which they are graphically exhibited. The eye thus becomes our instructor. It communicates knowledge without any mental effort. It exhibits to us individual facts which, without the exercise of memory, every fresh glance will fix more and more in our mind; and it combines them all together in one vivid panorama, embodying principles and laws which, without laborious study, could not otherwise become portions of our knowledge. In this manner the ignorant may become wise, almost against their will,—the indolent may be allured to habits of study by the *sight* of truths which may perchance please or interest them;—and the intellectually idle, who seldom open a book, or open it but for amusement, may receive in their manhood, or even in their old age, some impression of those wonderful arrangements of Divine wisdom which may lead them to the knowledge of truths that still more nearly concern them.

The *Physical Atlas* embraces four classes of phenomena, namely, GEOLOGY, HYDROGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, and NATURAL HISTORY.

I. The *Geological* division contains *ten* maps, and thirty-four closely printed folio pages of descriptive and explanatory letterpress. .

In one of these maps is exhibited the *Geological structure of the Globe*, according to Dr. Ami Boué, who submitted it to the reunion of the Savans at Grätz in September 1844. The map, as now published, contains the corrections and additions made by its author up to September 1846. On the same map there is exhibited separately Elie de Beaumont's chart of the elevation of mountains,\* and a very interesting delineation of the principal mountains of the globe, arranged according to geographical longitude, with their elevations and latitudes annexed. In the principal map, "revised afresh by Dr. Boué," he has indicated by different colours the distribution and arrangement of "six grand formations or groups of rocks, including in each formation a long series of products or changes, connected by artificial if not natural relations."

1. The crystalline schistus formation, comprehending all the granitoid rocks.

2. The primary stratifications, or the transition series, including the carboniferous formation.

3. The secondary formation, extending from the close of the carboniferous series to the close of the cretaceous.

4. The tertiary formation.

5. The alluvial or modern detritus.

6. Volcanocs; — igneous rocks of the tertiary and alluvial epochs; and some extra-European porphyries and diorites.

The *eight folio* pages of letterpress, descriptive of this map, have been drawn up by Professor Nichol, and embrace explanations of the map itself, explanations of the elevation of mountains, and of the contemporaneity of parallel chains, together with theoretical considerations relative to the elevation of mountains. The details which they contain are of a highly popular and interesting nature, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the general reader.

In the Palæontological map of the British Isles, occupying two separate sheets, and beautifully coloured, the author has exhibited the geology of Britain, which, from its varied nature, has been regarded as a type of the geology of the earth. The geology of Britain presents almost all the rocks characteristic of the successive geological epochs; and from its having been more minutely investigated than that of any other equal portion of the earth's surface, the nomenclature of descriptive geognosy is, to a great extent, constituted out of terms locally applied in Great Britain. The descriptive letterpress of this valuable map has been ably drawn up by Professor Edward Forbes. It contains an extensive account of the fossiliferous formations in the British islands, and their relations to those of other countries, together with a system-

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\* This chart, or rather the researches which it illustrates, has been fully described in this *Journal*, vol. vi., pp. 249-254.

atic outline of the distribution and development of the various classes of organized being during the successive geological periods.

The plan of the map differs essentially from that of any published geological map of Great Britain and Ireland. The names of places on the map are important geological localities. Places very productive in fossils are marked with asterisks, or signs indicating the nature of the organic remains. The more remarkable phenomena of the distribution of life during the pleistocene or glacial epoch, are indicated in the places where they occur. Lines showing the different zones of depth are traced round the coast. Figures of the most remarkable fossils, especially those of vertebrate animals, are engraven on the upper margin of the map, and types of the groups of Ammonites on the lower margin;—and the whole map is elucidated by extensive tables in the letterpress, and by notes upon the maps themselves.

In other two maps, exhibiting the phenomena of volcanic action, and comparative views of remarkable geological phenomena, with their description, we find a mass of interesting information, which we should seek for in vain in any published work. The *first* of these maps exhibits the regions of earthquakes, and the distribution of active and extinct volcanoes, and the letterpress contains extensive tables of volcanoes, and notes on the rising and sinking of continents, &c. The *second*, with its letterpress, represents and describes the island of Teneriffe, the volcanoes of Pichincha and Antisana, the craters and sections of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, the singular coral island of South Keeling,\* a plan and view of Graham's Island, a plan of Arthur's Seat, and other interesting objects.

In connexion with the geological structure of the earth,† Mr. Johnston has given an interesting map, entitled "Illustrations of the glacier systems of the Alps, and of glacial phenomena in general, from the surveys and sketches of Professor Forbes, and the maps of Raymond and Wiess," including "a map of the limits of the erratic deposit of the valley of the Rhone, by Charpentier;" and in explanation of this map we have a valuable chapter of letterpress by Professor Forbes, embracing an account of his own ingenious theory of the motion of glaciers.

The other three maps in the Geological department represent the mountain chains of Asia‡ and Europe, and also those of North and South America; and in a separate map we have exhibited the mountain systems of Europe from the drawings of Berghaus, constructed on the ingenious plan of contour lines,

\* See this *Journal*, vol. vi. p. 247.

† See this *Journal*, vol. i. pp. 31-34.

‡ See our Review of Humboldt's *Central Asia*, vol. v. p. 454.

each of which represents an elevation of 1000 feet. The map of the European and Asiatic chains contains likewise a geological map of Java, a map of the volcanic kingdom of Luzon, and also a representation of the upheaving of the island of Reguain, and is accompanied with explanatory notes, and with Baron Humboldt's essay on the mean height of continents.\*

II. The *Hydrographical* department of the Physical Atlas, or that which relates to the waters of the globe, contains *seven* maps and sixteen folio pages of letterpress.

Three of these maps, or physical charts of the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans, are full of the most interesting details. That of the Atlantic shows the form and direction of its ocean currents,—the distribution of heat at its surface,—its fucus banks,—the appearances of volcanic eruptions,—its icebergs and doubtful islands, and all the tracks of ships from Europe to North and South America, and backwards. The section of the letterpress, entitled, "*Line and Steam Packet Navigation*," contains some curious facts which cannot fail to interest the reader.

In the Line Packet Navigation from Liverpool to New York, the average length of passage along the different lines was 33½, 30½, and 35 days; the longest being 48, and the shortest 22 days, while from New York to Liverpool the lines were 22½, 20½, 24, and 22½, the longest being 36, and the shortest 17 days.

In the Steam Ship Navigation, from different English ports to New York, the following were the lengths in days of the outward and homeward voyages:—

|                              | Outward. |           |          | Homeward. |           |          |
|------------------------------|----------|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
|                              | Longest. | Shortest. | Average. | Longest.  | Shortest. | Average. |
| Great Western from Bristol,  | 21½      | 13        | 16       | 15        | 12        | 13½      |
| Royal William ... Liverpool, | 21½      | 18½       | 20       | 17½       | 14½       | 15½      |
| Liverpool ... Liverpool,     | 18½      | 16        | 17       | 17½       | 13½       | 15       |
| British Queen ... Portsmouth | 20½      | 14        | 17½      | 22½       | 13½       | 16       |

The comparative safety of Steam Navigation is well exhibited in the following interesting details furnished by Mr. Redfield of New York, and relating to the voyages of steamers connected with the port of that city:—

| Periods of 5 Years.    | Miles Navigated. | No. of Passengers. | No. of Accidents. | Lives Lost. | Proportion of lives lost to No. of Passengers. |
|------------------------|------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------|--|
| Ending 31st Dec. 1824, | 2,827,750        | 4,796,600          | 12                | 38          | 1 in 126,211                                   |
| ... „ Dec. 1833,       | 4,216,200        | 9,419,700          | 5                 | 62          | 1 in 151,931                                   |
| ... „ Dec. 1838,       | 5,467,450        | 15,886,300         | 2                 | 81          | 1 in 1,985,787                                 |

\* See our Review of Humboldt's Central Asia, vol. v. p. 466.

The average number of miles to each explosion was, for the 1st period, 235,646 when the pressure of steam was 7 inches; for the 2d, 843,240 when the pressure of steam was 14 inches; and for the third period, 2,733,725 when the pressure of steam was 18 inches. Hence it follows from the average results in this table, that during even the first period of *five* years after the navigation was thrown open to public competition, such a degree of safety was attained for passengers by *steam*, that the number of accidents was only 1 for 20,000 trips or passages; and that the average loss of life was only 1 out of 126,000 passengers that were exposed; while in the last period only *one life was lost out of nearly two millions of passengers!*

The Physical chart of the Indian Ocean exhibits the temperature of the sea, the currents of the air and ocean, the northern, southern, and eastern limits of the typhoons, the trade winds and the monsoons; the districts and movements of the most important revolving hurricanes, and the trade routes round the Cape to India and China, with the principal routes of navigators, and of vessels employed in trade.

In the letterpress descriptive of this map, we find the following interesting information respecting the Mail Packet Steam Navigation on the Indian Ocean:—

|   | Nautical<br>Miles. | Average<br>No. of<br>Days. |
|---|--------------------|----------------------------|
| London to Marseilles <i>via</i> Paris, . . . . .      | 646                | 5                          |
| Marseilles to Malta by the Post Office Packets,       | 660                | 4                          |
| Malta to Alexandria, . . . . .                        | 856                | 4                          |
| Alexandria to Suez, (including stoppages,) . . . . .  | 216                | 3                          |
| Suez to Aden, (2 days' detention included,) . . . . . | 1350               | 8                          |
| Aden to Bombay, . . . . .                             | 1650               | 10                         |
| <hr/>   |                    | <hr/>                      |
| London to Bombay, . . . . .                           | 5378               | 34                         |

The distance from Southampton to Bombay by Egypt is 6254 miles; the average time is from 2 to 8 days longer than by the mail route. The route to India by Trieste is 300 miles shorter than that by Marseilles, with the advantage of several hundred miles of railway.

The following are the distances to Madras and Calcutta:—

|  | Nautical<br>Miles. | Average<br>No. of<br>Days. |
|--|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Southampton to Aden, . . . . .                               | 4604               | 24                         |
| Aden to P. de Galle, (2 days' detention included,) . . . . . | 2150               | 11½                        |
| P. de Galle to Madras, . . . . .                             | 540                | 3                          |
| Madras to Calcutta, . . . . .                                | 730                | 4                          |
| <hr/>  |                    | <hr/>                      |
| Southampton to Calcutta, . . . . .                           | 8024               | 42½                        |

|                                     | Nautical<br>Miles. | Average<br>No. of<br>Days. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Southampton to P. de Galle, . . . . | 6754               | 35½                        |
| P. de Galle to Pulo-Penang, . . . . | 1200               | 7                          |
| Pulo-Penang to Singapore, . . . .   | 380                | 2½                         |
| Singapore to Hong Kong, . . . .     | 1440               | 10                         |
|                                     | 9774               | 55                         |

In reference to the Steam Packet route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, our author observes:—

“That the route by the Cape offers many advantages peculiar to itself, among which may be specified the freedom from interruption by pestilence or political change, and the direct benefit that will thereby be conferred on the Colonies, on the West Coast of Africa, the Cape, and the Mauritius. And it appears that by this route passengers and letters may reach the Presidencies of Calcutta and Madras nearly as soon as by the other, letters by the *Hindustan* direct from England (without stoppages) having arrived at the former place in 39, and at the latter place in 45 days. The distance from Falmouth to Calcutta by the Cape is calculated at 11,250 miles, and it is expected that the voyage, including stoppages, will be performed in from 60 to 65 days. The average passage of the fastest sailing ships between England and Calcutta, is, according to Mr. Little's analysis, between 95 and 100 days.”

The Physical chart of the Pacific Ocean, with its descriptive letterpress, contains the same interesting details as that of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and exhibits the *nine* different currents which flow through that mighty extent of waters. The description of the first of these currents, called the Peruvian coast, or Humboldt's current, which sometimes runs 18 miles in 24 hours; is described from a manuscript memoir on the subject, communicated by Baron Humboldt, the discoverer of its thermic properties. The great Equatorial current, which flows from the Antarctic ocean to the coast of America, and then turns in the 20th degree of south latitude back into the Equatorial region, moves westerly over a space of 50°. The other seven currents are, the Mexican coast current, Fleurien's whirlpool, the Carolinian Monsoon current, the Penschink current, the North Equatorial Counter Current, the ship Mentor's Counter Drift, and Admiral Rossel's Drift. The greatest ocean temperature of the Pacific is 84° 76'.

The tidal chart of the British seas, by John Scott Russell, Esq., showing the progress of the wave of high water through the English and Irish channels and round the British islands,



is a very interesting map. A tidal chart of the whole globe, on a smaller scale, is given in the letterpress.

These four maps, with the meteorological one, exhibiting the currents of air, have been bound up separately for the convenience of mariners. They have received the approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty, and having been ordered by them for use in the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, we cannot doubt their immediate adoption by every vessel in the merchant service.

The two remaining hydrographical maps represent the river systems of Europe, Asia, and America. The river basins are divided by lines, and the declivities of the countries are so coloured as to show the different seas and basins into which they deliver their waters. In our last Number,\* we have already given a tabular view of the most important river systems taken from the letterpress of these maps.

III. The *Meteorological* department of the Physical Atlas, or that which relates to the phenomena of the atmosphere, contains *five* maps, and 10 folio pages of letterpress.

The *first* of these is a map of what is called the *isothermal lines* or *curves*, showing the distribution of heat over the globe, and exhibiting also the curves† of equal barometric pressure, a subject upon which much light has been recently thrown.

In another map is exhibited the geographical distribution of the currents of air, defining by colours the regions of the globe within which the constant or trade winds, and the periodical winds or monsoons, and local winds, prevail. The regions visited by hurricanes in the West Indies and in the Indian Ocean, and the Typhoon districts of the China sea, are also indicated, and in the descriptive letterpress are given notes and tables explanatory of the whole subject of aerial currents.

The *third* and *fourth* maps of this department are Hyetographic, or rain maps of the world and of Europe, which display by different degrees of shading the distribution of rain over the earth, the zone which bounds the fall of periodical rains, the desert regions on which no rain falls, and the equatorial limits of the fall of snow. In the rain map of Europe and in the descriptive letterpress, the different phenomena of rain and snow are more minutely detailed.‡

The last map of this department is one altogether new, exhibiting the polarising structure of the atmosphere. It has been constructed by Sir David Brewster, from his own observations on the polarisation of the sky, carried on for four successive years at

\* See this *Journal*, vol. ix. pp. 178-180.

† These curves have been fully explained in this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 235.

‡ See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 250.

St. Andrews. The lines or curves of equal polarisation represented in these maps are related to what are called *neutral points*, or poles of no-polarisation. The neutral point most easily seen is situated about  $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  above the point of the sky directly opposite to the sun. It was discovered by M. Arago, and at St. Andrews, it is above the horizon all the day from the middle of November till the end of January, never rising in the rest of the year till the sun is within  $11^{\circ}$  or  $12^{\circ}$  of the horizon, and never setting till the sun is  $11^{\circ}$  or  $12^{\circ}$  above the horizon. A secondary neutral point, accompanying this neutral point, was discovered by Sir David Brewster. Another neutral point, about  $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  above the sun, was discovered by M. Babinet, and is of course always visible when the sun is seen, though sometimes within the arctic circle when the sun is not seen. A third neutral point, and one very difficult to be seen, was discovered by Sir David Brewster in 1841. It is situated about  $12^{\circ}$  or  $13^{\circ}$  at an average beneath the sun. When the sun is in the zenith, this neutral point, and that of M. Babinet, coincide in the sun's centre. After treating in the letterpress of these three neutral points, and of the secondary neutral point, the author discusses in three sections the subject of the *maximum* polarisation of the sky, and the form of the lines of equal polarisation, which are lemniscates, and of the construction of the map.

IV. The *Natural History* department of the Physical Atlas, contains *nine* maps and thirty-three folio pages of letterpress, illustrative of the geographical distribution of plants, animals, and the different races of men.

The *first* map presents to us two separate charts, in one of which the globe is divided into twenty-five regions, each of which is inhabited by different classes of plants, according to Humboldt and Schouw, while in the others are given the profiles of the great mountain chains in five different zones, showing the distribution of plants in a perpendicular direction.

The *second* map exhibits the distribution and cultivation of the most important plants which are used as food for man, including the sugar-cane, the tea and coffee plants, and spices; and in the letterpress we have a description of the species which have their origin in the old world, and also those which have their origin in the new world. On this map the author has inscribed the curves of equal summer and of equal winter temperature, to which Humboldt has given the names of Isothermal and Isocheimal lines.

The *five* maps which exhibit the geographical distribution of mammiferous animals, of the orders Quodrumana and carnivorous animals, of animals of the orders Rodentia and Ruminantia, of birds and reptiles, convey to us much curious information

respecting their predominance in different regions of the globe, as indicated by the number of species,—each class of animals having its appropriate climate suitable for their full development. The perpendicular distribution of many of these animals is also given, and the margins of the maps are occupied with fine engravings of the more interesting species. The copious letter-press which illustrates these maps, abounds in the most interesting zoological details, and cannot fail to gratify every general reader.

The *two* Ethnographic maps, representing the distribution of different races of men in Europe and in the British Islands, present us with many curious and instructive details respecting the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of our species.\*

Although we have thus endeavoured to give our readers a general idea of the valuable contents of the *Physical Atlas*, yet we are persuaded that it is only by an examination and study of the work itself, that they can form anything like an accurate estimate of the amount of instruction and even amusement which it affords. In public libraries and reading-rooms the *Physical Atlas* will be of inestimable value, and in our public, and even private schools, the teacher can scarcely perform his duties to the youth under his charge, unless he gives them the advantage of studying the phenomena of the material universe through the medium of their graphic representation.

He who studies the phenomena of nature and their physical laws, as deduced from observation, by means of graphic delineations, is somewhat in the threefold position—of the mariner who circumnavigates the globe, running into its estuaries and harbours, driven by its gales, and drifted by its currents;—of the traveller climbing its mountains, threading its forests, gazing over its deserts, now in dread of the savage, now of the brute;—and of the aeronaut floating in his magical balloon, surveying the aerial domains, taking a bird's eye view of his terraqueous footstool, and occasionally descending in his parachute, to sound the depths of the gaseous ocean, and ponder on the wonders over which he has passed. He occupies, moreover, the position of the philosopher, for he sees at one glance the combined results obtained by all the navigators and travellers that have surveyed the scenes he has been contemplating, and by all the sages who have reduced and generalized their observations. In such a survey of nature, clouds and vapours disperse in order to shew him the loftiest mountains with their roofs of snow, and their

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. ix. p. 162.

mouths of fire. The ocean becomes calm and transparent to display its mysterious depths—its coral palaces and its leviathan kings; and the opaque earth itself throws off its verdant drape, and casts even its epidermis of clay, to exhibit its gigantic osteology—its heart of granite—its limbs of basalt—and its abdominal stores of mineral wealth, held in bond for man.

By devoting, therefore, a single hour to the contemplation of our globe in the diorama of a Physical Atlas, the student will witness the grandeur of the tenement in which he dwells, and will not fail to appreciate the beautiful conception of Humboldt, when he speaks of the "Life of the Earth." He sees the mighty ocean in peaceful slumber upon its shores. The daily tide rolls over its breast. Currents hot and cold circulate through the aqueous mass, now rising and falling, now advancing and receding, now uniting and contending. The sunbeam lifts its waters in wreaths of vapour—the whirlwind sucks them upward into waterspouts. Here is its surface, variegated with vegetable life, growing and dying among its waves,\*—there it swarms with animalculæ, marking the ship's path with their phosphoric light;—and elsewhere it is ploughed by the polar icebergs—freighted with mineral, vegetable, and even animal existence. He looks at the earth, with its upheaved mountain chains—its erupted lavas and its rising plains—its disintegrating rocks, returning to their elements—and its thousand rills carrying back to the ocean the spoils which the ocean gave. He looks at the azure vault, now black with tempest, now red with the lightning's glare, now raging with the hurricane, now rattling with the thunder. He looks at Nature's bounties, scattered about in profuse supply, springing and flowering and decaying around him. He looks at life in its mortal and most restless phase—at the rational and irrational tyrants—possessing all—disturbing all—devouring all; and looking thus at the picture of Nature, all is alive—all in commotion—*matter* convulsed and agitated—*mind* hoping—fearing—trembling; while the Great Globe itself, thus instinct with life and motion, is the only object in the universe that seems in absolute repose.

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. iv. p. 248.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.*  
By his Son. London.

THIS is a thoroughly good book—good in every sense of the word. There are many things which conspire to make it so. It is well and judiciously written. It contains the life of a man of great talents, great energy and ceaseless activity, who devoted himself with enthusiastic zeal to the most interesting and ennobling pursuits that can occupy the human mind. He was a successful competitor with the foremost men of his age on what he himself justly called “the greatest arena that ever existed.” He brought to that arena none of the arts by which politicians generally rise to eminence. He entered it, praying that he might be preserved from the snares that surrounded him, “from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, prejudice or ambition.” His prayer was answered; he kept himself pure, guided in his arduous course by truth and integrity, labouring with a rare singleness of heart for the glory of God and the good of man. He was the chief instrument in winning one of the greatest victories for humanity which history has recorded, and to its achievement he devoted an amount of labour seldom paralleled. Yet so well regulated, so admirably balanced was his mind, that all the duties which devolved upon him as a member of society—as a brother, a husband, a father, an employer, a neighbour, were fulfilled with exemplary propriety, with a careful attention to the wants and feelings of others, and a sympathy in their concerns, which made him the object of universal esteem and of the strongest affection. We have here the Christian citizen and the Christian statesman combined in a manner so attractive as to make this book one of the very best a father can put into the hands of his son whom he wishes to be distinguished as the benefactor of mankind, while doing at the same time what is best for himself and his family.

It is instructive to mark the elements and influences which contributed to the formation of such a character. We can discern them in his childhood; for here, as in many other cases, the remark holds good—“the boy is the father of the man.” And the character of the boy, as has so often happened in the case of eminent men, was greatly influenced by the character of his mother.

Thomas Fowell Buxton, the subject of this memoir, was born on the first of April 1786, at Castle Hedingham. His father was descended from an honourable family, and was High Sheriff of the county of Essex. Being of a gentle and kindly disposi-

tion, devoted to field sports, and given to liberal hospitality, he was highly popular in his neighbourhood. He died at Earls' Colne in 1792, leaving his widow with three sons and two daughters, the eldest, Thomas Fowell, being at that time but six years old.

Mrs. Buxton's character has been thus briefly described by her son:—"My mother," he says, "was a woman of a very vigorous mind, and possessing many of the generous virtues in a very high degree. She was large-minded about everything—disinterested almost to an excess, careless of difficulty, labour, danger or expense, in the prosecution of any great object. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections which belong to that species of ardent and resolute character."

She belonged to the Society of Friends; but her husband being a member of the Church of England, the children were all baptized in infancy, nor did she strive to alienate them from that communion. "She was more anxious to give them a deep regard for the Holy Scriptures, and a lofty moral standard, than to quicken their zeal about the distinctive differences of religious opinion." While maintaining an absolute authority over her children she was not always threatening to enforce it. There was in her system of education little indulgence, but much liberty. She early left them to their own judgment, and encouraged them to form the invaluable habit of self-government, so necessary to strength of character, and so rarely acquired if neglected in youth. Her eldest son was allowed to assume almost the position of a master in the house. One who knew him well when a boy said of him—"He never was a child; he was a man when in petticoats."

No doubt this precocious manhood was calculated to inspire wilfulness; and he described himself in more than one of his papers as having been in his boyhood "of a daring, violent, domineering temper." But this did not trouble his strong-minded mother:—"Never mind," she would say, "he is self-willed now, you will see it turn out well in the end."

Long afterwards, when actively employed in London, her son wrote to her:—"I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind." She treated him as an equal, and led him to form and express his opinions without reserve. Hence his habitual decision, and his custom of thinking and acting for himself.—Those parents who dictate to their children in every trifle, and allow them to have no mind or will of their own, are little aware that they are thus destroying the foundation of stability of character and success in life.

Mr. Buxton acknowledged himself much indebted to a man in

humble life, Abraham Plaiston, the gamekeeper. He was entirely illiterate, but his memory was well stored with various rustic knowledge. He had much natural good sense, an inexhaustible flow of mother-wit, integrity and courage of the first order, and a strong love of truth.

"He always," says Mr. Buxton, "held up the highest standard of integrity, and filled our youthful minds with sentiments as pure as could be found in the writings of Seneca or Cicero. Such was my first instructor, and, I may add, my best; for I think I have profited more by the recollection of his remarks and admonitions than by the more learned and elaborate discourses of all my other tutors. He was our playfellow and tutor; he rode with us, fished with us, shot with us upon all occasions."

Mr. Buxton was not very fortunate in his early scholastic tutors. At the age of only four and a half years, he was sent to a school at Kingston, where he suffered severely from ill-treatment, and the want of sufficient food! He was then removed to the school of Dr. Charles Burney at Greenwich. There he found a kind master, but hardly a "judicious" one, if we may judge from the custom of compelling the boys "to learn the collect, epistle, and gospel as a punishment."—The association of the Word of God and prayer with punishment, was not the best mode of making the youthful mind love either the one or the other.

At the age of fifteen, after spending eight years at Dr. Burney's without any great advances in learning, he persuaded his mother to allow him to reside at home, where he remained for many months, devoting his time chiefly to sporting, desultory reading, and rambles in the country. At this time, the boyish roughness of his manners exposed him to annoying ridicule. This might have driven him to low company, to the companionship of the stable, the animalism of his nature might have become predominant—and in that case the best thing that might be written on his tomb would be, that he was a kind-hearted country gentleman, and an enthusiastic sportsman, familiar with the genealogy and merits of horses and dogs.

"It was, indeed," says his biographer, "a critical time for his character; but the germ of nobler qualities lay below—a genial influence was alone wanting to develop it; and through the kindness of Providence, as he used emphatically to acknowledge, that influence was at hand. Before this period, he had become acquainted with John the eldest son of Mr. Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich, with whose family his own was distantly connected; and in the autumn of 1801, he paid his friend a visit at his father's house."

This was the turning point in his destiny. He found here a family circle possessing the charms of intellect and goodness in an extraordinary degree, which fascinated, assimilated, and en-

nobled all congenial minds that came within the sphere of its influence—an influence which has been widely extended, which has in fact reached to the ends of the earth, and is felt now, and will be felt to the end of time, in the freedom and happiness of distant tribes of mankind. Mr. Gurney had then been several years a widower, and his family consisted of eleven children, seven girls and four boys. Mr. Fowell Buxton was then in his 16th year, and was

“ charmed with the lively and kindly spirit which pervaded the whole party, while he was surprised at finding them all, even the youngest portion of the family, zealously occupied in self-education, and full of energy in every pursuit, whether of amusement or of knowledge. They received him as one of themselves, easily appreciating his masterly, though still uncultivated mind; while on his side their cordial and encouraging welcome seemed to draw out all his latent powers. He at once joined with them in reading and study, and from this visit may be dated a remarkable change in the whole tone of his character; he received a stimulus, not merely in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the formation of studious habits and intellectual tastes; nor could the same influence fail of extending to the refinement of his disposition and manners.”—P. 9.

How many gifted youths are lost for want of the inestimable advantages of such society—of the purifying and preserving influence of such a holy and happy home!—Who will not concur in Mr. Buxton’s own reflections upon the subject?

“ I know no blessing of a temporal nature (and it is not only temporal) for which I ought to render so many thanks, as my connexion with the Earham family. It has given a colour to my life. They were eager for improvement—I caught the infection. I was resolved to please them; and in the College of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends and all control, their influence, and the desire to please them, kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained at College, (little valuable as distinctions—but valuable because habits of industry, perseverance, and reflection were necessary to obtain them,) these boyish distinctions were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win.”—P. 13.

As there were reasons for expecting that her son would inherit considerable property in Ireland, Mrs. Buxton deemed it advisable that he should finish his education in Dublin; and accordingly, in the winter of 1802, he was placed in the family of Mr. Moore, of Donnybrook, who prepared pupils for the University. There he describes himself as studying morning, noon, and night. He gave up desultory reading, never looked into a novel or a newspaper. He had the liberty of going when he



pleased to a capital shooting-place; he only went twice during the five years he was in Ireland. "I had," he says in a letter to his son, "been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading books of unprofitable entertainment—I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application and irresistible resolution."

In October 1803, he entered the Dublin University as a Fellow Commoner. So successfully had he prosecuted his studies, that he obtained the second place at the entrance examination, and at the next he got the premium; and he exulted in the fact that he was the first Englishman that had been so honoured. Soon after he won the Certificate from "tremendous antagonists," among whom was Mr. John Henry North, afterwards distinguished at the Irish Bar and in the House of Commons. Mr. Buxton, who formed a friendship for him that lasted through life, described him as a man of cheerful temper, elegant taste, and captivating manners. He was a Conservative, and fell a victim to his exertions in Parliament to prevent the passing of the Reform Bill. In 1805, he and his friend North became members of the "Historical Society," an institution connected with the University, in which the most exciting public questions were then seriously debated, and in which Plunket, Bushe, and other distinguished men cultivated the art of public speaking. Here Mr. Buxton succeeded so well, that he not only carried off several premiums, but the Silver Medal of the Society was awarded him. At College nothing but good fortune attended him. His industry and perseverance enabled him to win every prize for which he contended. He got the Certificate, and "*Valde in Omnibus.*"

All this he ascribed to his Earlham visit and nothing else, and especially to one member of that happy circle, to whom he was engaged. At her feet he laid his thirteen premiums, and the gold medal, the highest honour of Trinity College, together with four silver medals from the Historical Society.

In the spring of 1807, when he had taken out his degree, he received the highest possible proof of esteem from his fellow-students. He was invited to represent the University in Parliament. This honour he declined, for reasons which are thus stated by himself:—

"On May 13, 1807, I obtained the object of my long attachment, [Hannah, fifth daughter of Mr. Gurney,] having refused, in consequence of the prospect of this marriage, a most honourable token of the esteem of the University of Dublin. The prospect was indeed flattering to youthful ambition—to become a member of Parliament, and my constituents men of thought and education, and honour and principle—my companions, my competitors—those who had known me and observed me for years."

fields, to whose preaching he attributed his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity. He himself says—"It was much, and that of vast moment, that I here learned from Mr. Pratt." He wrote to that excellent clergyman thirty years afterwards—"Whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler Street Chapel."

Those seeds found in his mind a congenial soil. His strong love of truth, his susceptibility, his conscientiousness, his integrity, his dislike of show and pomp, and empty forms, his decided turn for the substantial, the practical, and the useful, his whole-hearted devotion to whatever cause he took up, and his power of vividly realizing the grand results of present labour in the distant future, all gave assurance that neither the "wayside," nor the "stony ground," nor the ground overrun with briars and weeds, would furnish a fit emblem of his heart—but rather the good ground where truth brought forth a hundred-fold. We are everywhere struck in these memoirs with the deeply religious feeling, the strong faith and fervent prayerfulness, which animated him in all his public labours. Whatever he did, he did earnestly as unto God. He acted throughout on his own motto—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." A portion of another text expresses his habit of *concentrating* his energies on one object—bringing them with burning power to a focus—"This one thing I do." But when this one thing was done, he was ready to take up another, and pursue it with an all-absorbing zeal till it was finished. And then he was prompt, with the humility of a child, to ascribe all the glory to God; and to give more than the due share of honour to his fellow-labourers.

Let the reader who never saw Mr. Buxton imagine these principles—this noble character—embodied in a commanding person, [he was six feet four inches in height, with a powerful frame, and broad chest,] with a benevolent and highly intellectual expression of countenance, a full-toned voice, a manly and playful eloquence, carrying away with its current of earnest thought the most fastidious of audiences, and he will have before him the illustrious Emancipator of the Negroes.

In November 1816, Mr. Buxton made his first speech in public, in behalf of the Spitalfields weavers, who were then in great distress. It was at a meeting in the Mansion House. The statistics of misery, and the forcible appeals which it contained, produced a great impression. "By this one meeting at the Mansion House," says the Report of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, "£43,369 were raised." The Prince of Wales was so pleased with the spirit of the meeting, that he sent £5000.

Mr. Buxton was now "launched upon that stream of labour

Mr. Buxton's expectations in regard to the Irish property were disappointed, and he found that his fortunes must depend on his own exertions. After deliberate consideration, he relinquished the idea of following the profession of the law, and entered into negotiations in different quarters, with a view to establishing himself in business. In after life, when referring to this period, he said—"I longed for any employment that would produce me a hundred a-year, if I had to work twelve hours a-day for it."

After a year spent in anxiety, he was offered a situation in Truman's Brewery, with the prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation. This offer he joyfully accepted, and devoted himself with great ardour to his new occupation. At the close of the year he succeeded Mr. Hanbury in the occupation of a house connected with the brewery in Spitalfields, where he resided for several years, and where, by his energy and talent for business, he greatly improved the establishment with which his name has been ever since connected. In 1811 he was admitted as a partner; and during the ensuing seven years, he was almost wholly devoted to his business. The success which crowned his exertions materially paved his way to public life. He was gradually relieved from the necessity of attending in person to the details of the management, but continued to take a part in the general superintendence of the concern.

His mother used to set before him the idea of *taking up some great cause*, by which he might promote the happiness of man. He did not forget her lessons; and he was now reminded of them by an acquaintance, which ripened into friendship, with the Quaker philosopher and philanthropist, William Allen, who initiated him into some of those questions to which his after life was so usefully devoted. Among these the Bible Society, and the condition of the poor weavers of Spitalfields, first occupied his attention.

Before entering on the consideration of his public labours, we may briefly advert to Mr. Buxton's religious character, that the reader may see with what principles and spirit he assumed his mission of philanthropy, for which he was so well fitted by temperament and education.

His reverence for the Word of God was imbibed from his mother, and he retained it in a remarkable degree through life. He read it habitually and prayerfully, and bowed implicitly to its authority. Indeed his Church friends complained that he was led by this feeling to disparage human teaching unduly, calling it "the Bible and water." His views of religion had not become decided and clear till 1811, when he began to attend the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt in Wheeler Chapel, Spital-

for the good of others, along which his course lay for the remainder of his life."

In 1817 he went over to France to assist in establishing a branch of the Bible Society at Paris. In the passage from Dover to Calais, he reflected on the enormous sums of money spent on fortifications by the two greatest nations in Europe, "not to promote civilisation or happiness, but for purposes of mutual hostility, defiance, aggression, and bloodshed." He wondered that the respective rulers should have found it expedient to keep the people for twenty-three years cutting each other's throats, and that we should so often have illuminated at the joyful intelligence that 10,000 of our lively neighbours were killed, and 20,000 wounded. He found religion in a low state in France—the Protestants sadly indifferent, and the Catholics either "quite philosophically careless, or thoroughly bigoted." The difficulties which the restraints of Government interposed in the establishment of the Bible Society, made him feel with Baxter, "how great a sin tyranny is."

About this time he published a work on *Prison discipline*, containing a painful exposure of the barbarous treatment of criminals in our jails; a subject to which his attention was more earnestly directed by the labours of his sister-in-law Mrs. Fry. The book went through six editions the first year, and gave a considerable impulse to the public feeling on the subject. It was praised in very strong terms in the House of Commons by Sir James Mackintosh, and called forth a congratulatory letter from Mr. Wilberforce. It was translated into French; it led to reformation in the wretchedly conditioned jails of Madras—and found its way even to Turkey.

At the general election in 1818, Mr. Buxton was returned for Weymouth, which he continued to represent for many years. On entering Parliament, Mr. J. J. Gurney wrote to him, and recommended him to stick to "*sound Whiggism*," to aid the great work of education and reform which was going on in the world, and to take special care to avoid "*the spirit of Toryism*,"—"which bears the worst things with endless apathy, because they are old; and with which reason and even humanity are nothing, and the authority of creatures as fallible as ourselves every thing."

He gives an interesting account of the first debate of importance at which he was present. The subject was the conduct of the Manchester Magistrates on the occasion of the riot at Peterloo.—

"We have had a wonderful debate. Really it has raised my idea of the capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. All the leaders spoke, and almost all outdid themselves. But Burdett stands first;

his speech was absolutely the first, and the clearest, and the finest display of masterly understanding that I ever heard; and with shame, I ought to confess it, he did not utter a sentence with which I could not agree. Canning was second; if there be any difference between eloquence and sense, this was the difference between him and Burdett. He was exquisitely elegant, and kept the tide of reason and argument, irony, joke, invective, and declamation flowing, without abatement, for nearly three hours. Plunkett was third: he took hold of poor M'Intosh's argument, and griped it to death, ingenious, subtle, yet clear and bold, and putting with the most logical distinctness to the House, the errors of his antagonist. Next came Brougham—and what do you think of a speech, in which the fourth man could keep alive the attention of the House from three till five in the morning, after a twelve hours' debate? Now what was the impression made on my mind, you will ask. First, I voted with Ministers, because I cannot bring myself to subject the Manchester Magistrates to a Parliamentary inquiry; but nothing has shaken my convictions that the Magistrates, Ministers, and all have done exceedingly wrong. I am clear I voted right; and indeed I never need have any doubts when I vote with Ministers, the bias being on the other side."—P. 81.

He further expresses his opinion on this subject in a letter to his uncle, C. Buxton, Esq. :—

"I quite agree with you in reprobating the Radicals. I am persuaded that their object is the subversion of religion and the constitution, and I shall be happy to vote for any measure by which the exertions of their leaders may be suppressed; but I fear we shall much differ as to the nature of those measures. I most strongly condemn the conduct of the Magistrates at Manchester; and I equally condemn the conduct of the Ministers, in giving them public thanks; and I think in future as well as in common prudence, that wretched affair ought to be strictly scrutinized, and it will be very awkward if these Magistrates, having been thanked, deserve to be punished."

These avowals seem hardly consistent with the vote for Ministers, and it is the only passage in his parliamentary course which needs explanation.

In the year 1819 he took up the question of the Criminal Code, having seconded a motion for a committee on the criminal laws made by Sir James Mackintosh. His speech on that occasion was very effective; and at the conclusion of it, many of the most distinguished members of the House came up and introduced themselves to him. His sterling sense, his good language, his strong facts and earnest manner, gave universal satisfaction, and greatly prepossessed the House in his favour.

"His speeches were not sparkling or splendid; their end was utility; their ornaments clearness, force, and earnest feeling. He

usually bestowed much care in preparation ; not in embellishing the style, but in bringing together supplies of facts, and marshalling them in one strong line of argument. Speaking as he did from the heart, and for the most part on subjects which appealed to the feelings as well as to the judgment, he sometimes rose into passages of impassioned declamation ; but the usual character of his oratory was the succinct and business-like statement of the matter in hand."—P. 86.

Sir Fowell Buxton voted for the abolition of capital punishments in all cases except murder. During the preceding age the Legislature had been peculiarly blood-thirsty.

"There are persons living," he said, "at whose birth the criminal code contained less than sixty capital offences, and who have seen that number quadrupled ; who have seen an act pass making offences capital by the dozen and by the score ; and what is worse, bundling up together offences trivial and atrocious—some nothing short of murder in malignity of intention, and others nothing beyond a civil trespass ; I say bundling together this ill-assorted and incongruous package, and stamping upon it, 'death without benefit of clergy.' The law, by declaring that 'certain crimes should be punished with death,' had declared that they should not be punished at all. The bow had been bent till it had snapped asunder. The Acts which were intended to prevent evil had proved Acts of indemnity, and free pardon to the fraudulent and the thief, and Acts of ruin and destruction to many a fair trader."

The following year the Committee brought in its report, and the result was a bill to abolish capital punishment in cases of forgery. A speech of Mr. Buxton's on this bill excited great interest at the time.

"The drift of it was to prove that the law as it stood was at once inhuman and ineffective ; that the severity of the punishment induced judges and jurors to strive for an acquittal, and that the uncertainty of the greater penalty was therefore more readily incurred than the certainty of the lesser one.

"'Kill your father,' he exclaimed, 'or a rabbit in a warren, the penalty is the same ! Destroy three Kingdoms or a hop-vine, the penalty is the same ! Meet a gipsy on the high-road, keep company with him or kill him, the penalty is the same !'"

The result of this system was that in twelve years crime had increased fourfold. In 1811 the punishment of death for stealing from bleaching-greens was abolished, rather as a concession to the folly of the bleachers than as a dictate of the wisdom of Parliament. By the result, however, that wisdom was confounded ; for, whereas before the mitigation of the law this offence had been as rife as other capital offences, since that mitigation all the

capital offences had increased prodigiously (some elevenfold)—while this offence had *decreased two-thirds*.—(P. 110.)

The reason is obvious. When the penalty was not *life*, the injured were ready to prosecute, witnesses did not hesitate to certify what they had seen, juries brought in verdicts according to the evidence, mindful of their oath—and judges did not listen to the technical quibbles by which the guilty might escape. It is surprising what an effect a small degree of uncertainty has in increasing crime; and uncertainty must always be the result of too much severity. Henry the VIII. hanged 72,000 persons for robbery alone; yet Sir Thomas More wonders that “while so many thieves were daily hanged, so many still remained in the country, robbing in all places.”

“Queen Elizabeth hanged 500 criminals a-year, yet complains bitterly that the people will not carry out her laws: and was obliged to appoint stipendiary magistrates to inflict these penalties. We find from Strype that the people would not prosecute, and the magistrates would not act.”—P. 111.

“‘It is a fact,’ says Mr. Buxton, ‘that 600 men were condemned to death last year upon statutes passed within the last century.’ One of the worst effects of the sanguinary system of punishment was the prevalence of perjury among jurymen. The following passage is not without importance at the present time, as throwing light on some recent discussions on our jury system:—After giving a number of instances where juries had clearly perjured themselves in order to save the lives of prisoners, he adds, ‘I hold in my hand 1200 cases of a similar description. Is it then policy or prudence—I say nothing of its wickedness—to tamper with what is so very delicate, or even to permit the reputation of that oath to be impaired, or any stain to be cast upon its purity? But when the public see twelve respectable men in open court, in the face of day, in the presence of a Judge, calling God to witness that they will give their verdict according to the evidence, and then declaring their belief in things, not merely very strange or uncommon, but actual physical impossibilities—absolute miracles, wilder than the wildest legends of monkish superstition—what impression on the public mind must be made, if not this, that there are occasions in which it is not only lawful, but commendable, to ask God to witness a palpable and egregious falsehood?’”—P. 113.

In spite of facts and reasonings like these, and at a time when 230 offences were punishable with death, the bill for exempting forgery from the number was lost in the House of Commons. In 1822, Sir J. Mackintosh brought forward the question again, and proposed certain resolutions on the criminal code, which were rejected in 1823; and he and his friends were still struggling against superior force, when Sir R. Peel, on his accession to office in 1826, undertook the momentous task of remodelling the whole penal code.

Mr. Buxton gives an interesting account of the impressions the House had made upon him, and his position and pursuits there, in a letter to his friend Mr. North, whom he wished to join him.

"I do not," he says, "wonder why so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which is called *Philippian*. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated. All attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling plain sense is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm gives Brougham his station. Canning is an exception to this rule; his reasoning is seldom above mediocrity; but then it is recommended by language so wonderfully happy, by a manner so exquisitely elegant, and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated, that he continues to beguile the House of its austerity. Tierney has never exerted himself much in my hearing. Wilberforce has more native eloquence than any of them; but he takes no pains, and allows himself to wander from his subject: he holds a very high rank in the estimation of the House. And now let me tell you a secret. These great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition. Come among us, and I shall be greatly deceived if you do not hold a foremost place. My line is distinctly drawn. I care but little about party politics; I vote as I like, sometimes *pro* and sometimes *con*; but I feel the greatest interest in such subjects as the slave-trade, the condition of the poor, prisons and criminal law. To these I devote myself, and I should be quite content never to give another vote upon a party question."—P. 89.

The slavery question obtained most of his attention, and he devoted himself to it with an ardour which soon made him the recognised leader of the Abolitionists in Parliament. To this "*blessed service*," he was earnestly invited, in an impressive letter from the venerable Wilberforce in 1821. After thirty-three years' labour in the cause, that veteran philanthropist felt he was no longer able to bear the burden and heat of the day, and that a successor was needed. That cause he bequeathed to Mr. Buxton as his "Parliamentary heir-at-law." Several causes had been concurring to prepare the latter gentleman for this "holy enterprise"—the horror of slavery, instilled by his mother in boyhood—his connexion with the African Institution—the dying charge of his sister-in-law, the beautiful, the eloquent, the spiritual Priscilla Gurney, who, with her last pulse and last breath, pressed his hand and said,—"*The poor, dear slaves!*" His most zealous fellow-labourers in this work were the two Gurneys, another brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, a noble-minded philanthropist, and a prodigy for information,—Dr.



Lushington, whose sound judgment and sagacity were of the greatest value, and Lord Suffield, who laboured almost alone in the Upper House.

In 1823 the Anti-Slavery Society was established, Mr. Buxton being one of the vice-presidents; and the committee engaged warmly in the task of collating evidence, and spreading information throughout the country.

“Public feeling was soon roused into activity, and petitions began to flow in—the lead was taken by the Society of Friends; and it was determined that the presentation of their appeal by the hands of Mr. Wilberforce should be the opening of the Parliamentary campaign.”

Mr. Buxton then gave notice, that on the 15th of May he would move, That the House should take into consideration the state of Slavery in the British Colonies. He made his motion accordingly, and an animated debate ensued. Mr. Canning proposed and carried certain resolutions as an amendment. Their object was to adopt measures for the progressive improvement of the slave population, so as to prepare them for the enjoyment of civil rights and privileges; and this was to be accomplished “at the earliest period compatible with the wellbeing of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the Colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of *private property*.”

Mr. Buxton replied in a bold and powerful vindication of the rights of mankind for the enslaved negroes.

In pursuance of the Ministerial resolutions, circulars were sent to all the planters, requiring them to do the most reasonable things that could be imagined, namely, to provide the means of religious instruction and Christian education for their slaves—to put an end to Sunday markets and Sunday labour—to allow slaves to have property by law—to legalize their marriages—to restrain the power of arbitrary punishment—to abolish the corporal punishment of females—to admit the testimony of slaves in courts of justice—to abolish the use of the driving-whip in the field, &c.

These demands produced the fiercest excitement in the West Indians.

“Thoughts were openly entertained of resisting the innovations of the Government by force of arms. It was even proposed to throw off the yoke of the mother country, and place themselves under the protection of America. They could find no language sufficiently bitter to express their rancour; and the Colonial Legislatures unanimously refused submission to the recommendations of the Government.”—P. 137.

When the Order in Council reached Demarara, an attempt was made to conceal the intelligence from the black population. But exaggerated rumours got abroad; the negroes found the “great

king of England" had set them free, and they refused to work. Compulsion provoked some outrages on person and property ;—martial law was proclaimed. Not a soldier was killed, but more than 100 negroes were shot, 47 were subsequently tried and executed, and in a week ten were torn to pieces by the lash, some being condemned to 600 or 700 stripes. Smith, the Independent missionary, though perfectly innocent, was illegally tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be hanged, and the Abolitionists at home were loaded with abuse. The Government were intimidated, Canning forfeited his pledge to *enforce* the orders, and would do nothing. In February 1824, Mr. Buxton wrote thus :—

"The degree of—I will not call it opposition, but virulence against me—is quite surprising. I much question whether there is a more unpopular individual than myself in the House just at this moment. For this I do not care.

"The slavery question looks wretchedly. I begin to think that, opposed as we are by the West Indians, deserted by the Government, and deemed enthusiasts by the public, we shall be able to do little or nothing; however I rejoice that we have tried."—P. 143.

The small anti-slavery party were attacked on all sides, and vituperated as "enthusiasts" and "saints." Canning resolved to make them scape-goats, and some timid counsellors advised that his attack should be received in silence. Mr. J. J. Gurney, ever confident of truth and freedom, suggested words of encouragement, and Mr. Buxton came forward nobly in defence of a good but odious cause. He held the minister to his pledge, and said—

"I know how reproaches have rung in my ears since that pledge was given, and how they will ring with tenfold fury now that I call for its fulfilment. Let them ring! I will not purchase for myself a base indemnity with such a sting as this on my conscience."

Amidst these discouraging circumstances he devoted himself unremittingly to the task of procuring digested proofs of the cruelty with which the slaves were treated, and the rapid decrease of the black population, though they multiplied fast wherever they were free. In February 1824 he writes—

"The weight of business, and worse still, of thought, which overhangs me at this time, is greater than I ever experienced before. I am fatigued, I am distressed with fatigue."

The tide of public opinion ran high against the Abolitionists; none but far-seeing men of sterling principle could or did withstand it. It was when the enemy thus came in like a flood that Mr. Buxton again lifted up his standard in the House of Com-

mons, where he laid bare the atrocious cruelty of the planters and their agents. He was well supported by Dr. Lushington, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Wilberforce.

On the 1st June 1824, Mr. Brougham brought forward the case of the missionary Smith, in a brilliant and powerful speech of four hours' length. It produced a great effect on the public mind, especially the portion in which he dwelt upon the extraordinary forbearance of the rebel negroes, in the midst of provocations too exasperating for human nature to endure.

This debate changed the current of public opinion. The people had taken part with the oppressors through ignorance. The West Indian interest then, as now, could command the services of an unscrupulous and powerful press.

"The nation, which before had partaken of the consternation of the Government, began to awaken to the truth, and from henceforth the religious public of England was strongly enlisted on behalf of the oppressed missionaries and their persecuted followers."

By the impartiality of this persecution, the planters managed to excite the abhorrence of all Evangelical denominations in this country. The authorities of Barbadoes condemned to death a Wesleyan missionary, Mr. Shrewsbury, for the imaginary crime of corresponding with Mr. Buxton, who said in the House—"I never received from, or wrote to him, a single letter; nor did I know that such a man existed, till I happened to take up a newspaper, and there read, with some astonishment, that he was going to be hanged for corresponding with me."

A tyranny so sanguinary, and so blind in its fury, aroused the public conscience as soon as its deeds were known; and the state of feeling was such, that even the House of Commons could not long resist—made up, as it then was, of "West Indians, Government men, a few partisans, and a few sturdy Abolitionists." On the 1st March 1826, Mr. Buxton presented the London petition, signed by 72,000 persons.

During the following year he occupied himself much in collecting and arranging evidence on the Slave-trade in its connexion with the Mauritius. The atrocities that were brought before him in this inquiry—the cruel rending of family ties—the horrors of the middle passage—the frightful mortality—produced an effect on his benevolent heart which was very near proving fatal. He was so completely overwhelmed with anguish and indignation, that he several times left his papers, and paced rapidly up and down the lawn, entirely overcome by his feelings, and exclaiming aloud, "Oh, it's too bad; it's too bad!—I can't bear it." On the next day, which was Sunday, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and remained unconscious till Wednesday, when he began to shew symptoms of recovery.

"I am glad," said he, "that the first object I noticed was my dear wife. I well remember the expression of deep anxiety upon her countenance. To her delight I spoke to her, and the words I used were those which expressed my unbounded affection towards her."—P. 192.

This alarming seizure produced a profound sensation among all his friends; and the Abolitionists, in the greatest solicitude, made hourly inquiries about his health, till he was pronounced convalescent.

It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Buxton's labours in connexion with the Mauritius case were crowned with complete success.

"Long unnoticed and unchecked by the Government at home, the evil had grown up and flourished; but it withered in a day. Those who had readily joined in it while veiled from sight, now shrunk from the light which fell upon their doings."

In this good work Mr. Buxton derived great assistance from Mr. Jeremie, a gentleman singularly devoted to the truth and the right, without any selfish regard to consequences, who had held a public office in St. Lucia, but had there ruined his prospects by the boldness with which he struggled against the ill-treatment of the slaves.

For three years the question of Colonial Slavery was suffered to rest; but public opinion was gaining strength, and the agitation was becoming more popular. If, said Mr. Buxton, in 1827, "a man had a large share of reputation, he would lose the greater part of it by espousing the cause of the slaves; if he had a moderate share, he would lose all." But it was not so in 1830. The Anti-Slavery feeling had gained ground, and the planters had lost the public sympathy.

"They had hurled back the quiet suggestions of Government with every expression of defiance and contempt—they had punished the rebel negroes with a severity which shocked every feeling of humanity—they had condemned Smith to the gallows, and thus turned the Independents against them—they forced Shrewsbury to fly for his life, and the Wesleyans were aroused—the Baptist chapels were razed to the ground, and the Baptists became their enemies."—P. 243.

It was now felt that the idea of mitigating slavery was hopeless. It was useless to think any more of lopping off the branches. There was a fixed determination to root out the abomination thoroughly and at once. This determination was greatly strengthened by a meeting held in Edinburgh, in which Mr. (now Lord) Jeffrey made an eloquent speech, urging the meeting to aim at nothing short of "abolishing slavery at the earliest practicable period." But Dr. Andrew Thomson broke in with a vehement protest against any further pretexts for delay, ex-

claiming—"We ought to tell the Legislature plainly and strongly that no man has a right to property in man—that there are 800,000 individuals sighing in bondage under the intolerable evils of West Indian slavery, who have as good a right to be free as we ourselves have—that they ought to be free—and that they *must* be made free."

This bold expression of Christian and manly sentiment caused the meeting to separate in confusion, but only to reassemble a few days later, "when a most eloquent speech having been made by Dr. Andrew Thomson, a petition for immediate emancipation was adopted, to which 22,000 signatures were rapidly subscribed."—P. 248.

But Government was still for using gentle treatment with the planters, for humouring their prejudices, and trusting to their good intentions, as if they had any. "If patience be a virtue, then was the administration most virtuous, with such fortitude did they submit to the suffering of the slaves." They knew that the slaves were cruelly ill-treated—having no legal redress for any wrongs inflicted on them, and being compelled to work, in Jamaica, for example, *nineteen* hours a-day during crop-time, and fourteen and a half at other seasons, with intervals for rest and food amounting to two hours and a half.—Still in the charitable eye of Government, the masters were humane and honourable men, from whom all desirable ameliorations might be, in due time, expected. They might as well have waited for the negro's skin to turn white!

In the four "Crown colonies," Demerara, Berbice, Trinidad, and St. Lucia, where slavery was mildest, and where some mitigations had been enforced, the registered punishments inflicted by the *magistrates* in the two years 1828-9 amounted to 68,921, of which 25,094 were inflicted upon females. Allowing the legal number of 25 stripes for each punishment, we have an aggregate of 1,350,000 stripes inflicted by the magistrates in these four colonies alone, and this on the sworn testimony of the planters themselves.—(P. 253.)

Captain S. Hodgson, in his "Truths from the West Indies," shows what slavery was, and at the same time reveals the true secret of "West Indian distress," about which we hear so much at present.

"There are few *bona fide* proprietors resident on the spot; the greater part of the estates are mortgaged to nearly their full value, and are superintended by some of the mortgagees or their agents. These people have no idea beyond grinding out of the property the largest possible sum in the shortest possible period, perfectly indifferent to the eventual ruin they must entail by the overworking of the soil; and having no sympathy for the slaves, whom they literally regard as cattle, they think alone of the present gain to themselves.

Where the proprietor resides, I have generally observed him kind, and his people happy and contented."

No wonder then that the population decreased with awful rapidity. During ten years, the slaves of the fourteen sugar-growing colonies diminished to the number of 45,800 persons, while the *free* black population in Demerara had (exclusive of manumissions) doubled in fourteen years; and the free negroes of Hayti had increased 520,000 in twenty years: *i. e.*, their numbers had more than doubled. In 1831, Mr. Buxton dwelt upon this fact in a powerful speech. He showed that the law of nature, which is too strong for climate, for war, for savage life, for vice and misery, yields at once to the cultivation of sugar by slaves.

"Where the blacks are free they increase. But let there be a change in only one circumstance, let the population be the same in every respect, only let them be slaves instead of freemen, and the current is immediately stopped."

His Biographer adds—

"The appalling fact was never denied, that at the time of the abolition of the slave-trade, the number of slaves in the West Indies was 800,000: in 1830 it was 700,000; that is to say, in twenty-three years it had diminished by 100,000. In 1831, when emancipation took place, the law of nature resumed its force, the population began to increase, and the census of 1844 proves that in the twelve previous years the black population in fourteen of the islands had *increased* by 54,000."—P. 261.

Up to the hour of Abolition, the cruelties of the planters increased, and also their rancour against the religious instruction of the negroes, as, to adopt their own words, "incompatible with the existence of slavery." At length it became evident that in a very short time there would be a general revolt of the negroes, the consequences of which would be fearful. A partial insurrection in Jamaica brought on the crisis, and made the wrath of the planters overflow all bounds. They were resolved to extinguish Christianity in the island; accordingly, they destroyed seventeen chapels, and inflicted on the pastors and their flocks every species of cruelty and insult.

"I stake my character," said Mr. Buxton, "on the accuracy of the fact, that negroes have been scourged to the borders of the grave, uncharged with any crime, save that of worshipping their God."

The Rev. Messrs. Knibb and Burchell were banished, and arrived in England at the very juncture when their evidence before the Parliamentary Committees, then sitting in both Houses, was of the utmost value. The Committees reported:—Two points seemed established—1. That there was no remedy for slavery

but extirpation ; 2. That its abolition was safe. The Reform Bill had passed—a Reform Ministry were in Downing Street, and they undertook and accomplished the great work of emancipation ; but it required the most strenuous and determined efforts of the Anti-Slavery party in the House, and out of doors, to procure a satisfactory measure. Mr. Buxton's firmness and fidelity were tried more by the entreaties of ministerial friends, than by all the fury of the West Indians. On the day that Mr. Stanley brought in his bill, July 6, 1833, he wrote :—

“ It retains the apprenticeship for twelve years, which makes me very indignant, and would make me very unhappy, if I did not indulge the hope, that we shall be able to beat them out of it in committee.”

He moved an amendment on this point, and suggested one year as a sufficient apprenticeship. The amendment was lost by a minority of only seven. Mr. Howley then consented to reduce the term to seven years. Mr. Buxton voted for the grant of £20,000,000 to the planters ; but persevered, as an amendment, that half the sum should be retained till the termination of the apprenticeship. On the 7th August 1833, the Bill passed the Lower House, and went, with little delay, through the Lords.

“ I would,” writes Miss Buxton, “ that Mr. Wilberforce had lived one fortnight longer, that my father might have taken back to him *fulfilled*, the task he gave him ten years ago !”

The effect of the news in the West Indies was most gratifying. All evil prognostications were falsified by the admirable conduct of the negroes. The 1st of August 1834 was spent by them in religious exercises. There was the profoundest joy and gratitude, but not an act of impropriety.

Mr. Buxton refused at first to join in the subsequent movement against the apprenticeship ; but he was constrained, by the undeniable abuses perpetrated by the masters, to admit the necessity of abolishing it. They broke their bargain. They took the twenty millions, but laboured to retain slavery under another name. They had no excuse for this. The negroes acted admirably—not an instance of provocation did they afford.

“ My expectations,” says Mr. Buxton, “ are surpassed. God's blessing has been on this perilous work of humanity.”

He greatly rejoiced when the apprenticeship was abolished, and candidly confessed that he had been quite wrong on this point. While Joseph Sturge and the Anti-Slavery party had been quite right on this score, the planters have no right to complain. • Had they honestly stood by their contract, they might have enjoyed the full benefit of the apprenticeship.

Subsequently Mr. Buxton devoted himself with great zeal to the question of the Slave Trade, which he laboured to abolish, by establishing trade and commerce and Christian Missions in Africa. The Aborigines in that continent had been brought under his notice by the Rev. Dr. Philip, with whom he co-operated in protecting the Hottentots. It was with the view of more effectually destroying the traffic in slaves, that he took such an active part in getting up the Niger Expedition, which he watched with the liveliest and most prayerful interest, and whose melancholy failure overwhelmed him with sorrow. Yet it was the climate alone that dashed his hopes. In every other respect his expectations were fully realized.

He felt deeply for the wrongs inflicted upon our fellow-men in connexion with European colonization. The spirit that has more or less actuated those who have promoted it, was curiously exemplified by the Dutch. In 1652 the first Dutch settlement was formed, and "the curse of Christian neighbours" fell upon the helpless owners of the land, now known as "Cape Colony." Van Kiebeeck the governor, was vexed to see so many fine head of cattle with the savages, and he writes in his journal, that if it had been allowed, he might in one day have deprived them of 10,000 head. With 150 men it might have been done, as the natives came unarmed, not having the least suspicion that white men and Christians could be dishonest or treacherous. A day or two later, this philosophic governor "wondered at the ways of Providence, which permitted such noble animals to remain in the possession of heathens."

They were not long suffered to retain them. Their rich lands and herds became the spoiler's prey. This peasantry, once so industrious, so frugal, so wealthy in flocks and herds—so honest and confiding—were gradually subjected to the capricious tyranny of the Dutch boors, who brought down their hearts by the heaviest labours, and the most revolting punishments.—

"Beneath this grinding misery their numbers had dwindled, their persons had become dwarfed, and their minds brutalized, till the very Negro Slaves looked down on them as lower and baser drudges, far below the level of mankind."—P. 209.

It is this degradation of manhood that is the chief curse of tyranny, and that makes it so great a sin. Mr. Buxton had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the Hottentots liberated by our Government, through his instrumentality. A resolution of the House of Commons, which he regarded as their Magna Charta, was carried unanimously in July 1828. Mr. Buxton expected that a thousand blessings would accompany liberty, and he was right. So early as 1832, we find the following testimony borne to the conduct of the Hottentots in the Kat River



settlement:—"By patient labour, with manly moderation and Christian temperance, they have converted the desert into a fruitful field."

Colonel Bell, the Government Secretary of the Colony, says that as free labourers and small farmers, they have made "a very surprising progress. A large portion of them, from being an indolent, intemperate, and improvident class, have, since a field was opened for virtuous ambition, become industrious, sober and prudent in their conduct." Colonel Wade bears similar testimony. The Rev. Dr. Philip, to whom this people is under the deepest obligation for his zeal on their behalf, thus contrasts the condition of the bondsmen with that of the free, and the pictures are very suggestive, and tell us that we should never despair of any tribe of mankind however degraded, and that vices and defects which we are accustomed to ascribe to blood, or colour, or malformation of the skull and other causes, are really the faults of oppression and maltreatment:—

"Regarded by the Negro Slaves as only fit to be their drudges; despised by the Caffres, and by all the natives in a state of freedom; and represented by traders as scarcely possessing the human form, as the most sildly stupid beings in the world, as scarcely to be considered belonging to the human race, the Kat River now presents a scene of industry, sobriety, decency, not surpassed by the peasantry of any country in Europe. They are building themselves good houses, they are very decently clothed, their industry is admitted even by their enemies."

They travel considerable distances to attend worship—profiting much by their religious instruction; and their children, who are acute and intelligent, they send regularly to the mission schools.

With all his zeal for Protestantism, Mr. Buxton never swerved from the principles of religious liberty in regard to the Roman Catholics: he voted for Emancipation in 1829. And though sincerely attached to the Church of England, and anxious for its influence and stability, he voted for the Appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill of the Whigs. In regard to the Established Church of Ireland, he gave eloquent expression to sentiments which are not even now without their importance and significance:—

"How has it been," he asked, "that truth itself, backed by a Protestant establishment, by a Protestant king, a Protestant army, a Protestant parliament—that truth itself, so far from advancing, has not kept her ground against error? My solution of the question is, that we have resorted to force where reason alone could prevail. We have forgotten that though the sword may do its work—mow down armies, and subdue nations—it cannot carry conviction to the understanding of men; nay, the very use of force tends to create a barrier to the

reception of that truth which it intends to promote. We have forgotten that there is something in the human breast—no base or sordid feeling, the same which makes a generous mind cleave with double affection to a distressed and injured friend, and which makes men cleave with tenfold fondness—deaf to reason, deaf to remonstrance, reckless of interest, prodigal of life—to a persecuted religion. I charge the failure of Protestant truth in converting the Irish, upon the head of Protestant ascendancy. \* \* \* \*

“I like the bill, and shall vote for it: first because tithe is adjusted; secondly, because stipend is to be measured by duty; thirdly, because education is to be granted. I like, and shall vote for the bill, lastly, because it bears no affinity to the old, overbearing system of Protestant ascendancy; and because, as I have so often said, it gives my faith fair play; because, at last, the Protestant religion will do herself justice. Stripped of her odious disguise, she will appear to the Irish what we know she is. She will appear in her natural, her peaceful, her charitable, her attractive character.”—P. 391.

In the same enlightened spirit he advocated the new system of National Education. By doing so he gave great offence to his Church friends, who ascribed to him the wish to destroy the Establishment; but had his views prevailed—had the Appropriation Clause not been weakly abandoned, not only would the Irish Church now rest upon a firmer foundation, not only would Protestantism have flourished more; but most of the difficulty which has since beset Irish Government would have been obviated; and particularly the serious embarrassments arising out of the Poor Law might have been avoided. What a long train of calamitous consequences may follow a single act of expediency imposed by the exigencies of party!

Though death had more than once made breaches in Mr. Buxton's family circle, and his parental affection, which was unusually strong, had to endure heavy shocks, yet no man could be happier in his domestic relations, or in the friends that surrounded him. Frequently in his private meditations and prayers, and in his correspondence, he breaks forth in earnest expressions of gratitude to God for the peculiar blessings thus conferred on him. Like other great men of simple character and genial spirit, he loved to unbend with little children, to mingle in their sports, and accommodate himself to their capacities; and accordingly he secured their confidence and love.

In 1837, he lost his election at Weymouth, because he refused to open public-houses, and “lend” money to the extent of £1000. This event caused much regret to his former supporters, who presented him with a gratifying testimonial.

From no less than twenty-seven different places were proposals made to him to stand as a candidate, but he felt at liberty to take advantage of the opportune repose afforded him, and accordingly declined them all. In 1839 and 1840, he made a journey through

France and Italy, during which he wrote a number of interesting letters, describing the scenes he passed through. At Rome he visited the prisons, and made valuable suggestions to the Pope and his ministers as to their improvement, which was greatly needed.

He returned to England in tolerable health, impatient to resume his African labours. A meeting to promote the civilisation of that continent was held on the 1st June, 1840, in Exeter Hall, Prince Albert in the chair. There was a great array of the nobility present, and the papers described it as a "most grand and magnificent display of national feeling." Mr. Buxton moved the first resolution.

Shortly after this meeting of the African Civilisation Society, Her Majesty conferred upon him the rank of a baronet, without any suggestion to that effect from his friends. No man was better entitled to such an honour. Though no longer in Parliament, he was still busy with his schemes for the good of mankind. But his health began to decline, and it was found necessary to restrain the activity of his temperament, in order to preserve his valuable life. His time, however, was come—he had fulfilled his course and done his work. His last days were spent in exercises of ardent devotion. His confessions of unworthiness and repentance were emphatic and often repeated, his trust in redeeming love unwavering, and his prayers most fervent. On its being remarked to him, when near his departure, that he had a firm hold on Christ, he replied in a clear and emphatic manner, "Yes, indeed I have! *unto eternal life.*"

"On the 19th February, 1844, he was very much exhausted, but tranquil in body and mind. Towards the afternoon, symptoms of increasing oppression returned; and as the evening advanced it was evident he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. He sank into a quiet sleep, his family collected round his bed—but no longer to be recognised by their honoured head: it was only to watch the peaceful departure of the spirit. He lay perfectly still, and about a quarter before ten o'clock, fell asleep in his Lord."—P. 589.

His remains were deposited in the ruined chancel of the little church of Overstrand. A few weeks after the death of Sir Fowell Buxton, a committee was formed for erecting a testimonial to his memory. The project was warmly approved. H.R.H. Prince Albert subscribed £50, and the sum of £2000 was raised. Of this the sable children of Africa, whom his labours had so greatly blessed, eagerly contributed £450, chiefly in pence and half-pence. The testimonial is to be a full-length statue, (executed by Mr. F. Thrupp,) to be placed between the monuments of Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce, in Westminster Abbey.

- ART. V.—1. *Die Seherin von Prevorst, etc.* Mitgetheilt von JUSTINUS KERNER. 3te Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1838.
2. *Arcanes de la Vie Future dévoilés, etc.* Par M. ALPH. CAHAGNET. Paris, 1848.
3. *The Night Side of Nature.* By CATHERINE CROWE. In 2 volumes. London, 1848.

IN all ages and in every country, mankind, when alike unguided and untrammelled by a definite method of investigation, has exhibited the tendency to believe in the existence of unembodied spirits in general, and in that of disembodied human ones in particular. Nor has this belief or half-belief always been dissociated from the supposition that such spirits occasionally visit or revisit the earth, making themselves sensible to people yet in the flesh. It is upon the records of such apparitions, indeed, that it rests its claims as a part of the popular creed of the world. It appears that, according to the curious works now under review, both ghosts and ghost-seers are as plentiful and incontrovertible as ever. We are told that the force of public opinion, fashioned by the positive or rationalizing spirit of the ignorant present time, renders some of the seers and believers in ghosts afraid, and others of them ashamed to confess their experiences and convictions; but that there are multitudes of both these sorts of spiritualists in the society, of every grade and kind, of the miserable and sense-beclouded age in which we live! Moreover not only did Plato, Pliny, Henry More, Doune, Matthew Hale, Samuel Johnson, Addison and a host of other worthies believe in such appearances, but there is actually a band of living authors on the subject. Among 'the Germans,' Passavant and Eschenmayer and Ennemoser, to say nothing of Stilling and Kerner and Schubert, have all investigated this shadowy question in the character of believers; and no one, who knows anything of the former three of those men, will deny the great ability and vast erudition they bring to the discussion of their theories, whatever may be said of the weak-eyed mysticism of Schubert, Kerner and Jung-Stilling. Such is a brief statement of the most important fact of the existence of ghost-seers and ghost-believers, implying that of ghosts to see and believe in. • Let us now take a glance at the other side of the subject.

There have always been Sadducees in the world, as well as in Jewry. There have everywhere existed Empirics, or men for experience, and not only in the schools of ancient Greece. It is these men who have ever been the bitterest enemies of the poor

ghost. True to the sensuous instinct, which shapes their purely phenomenal science, they have impetuously rejected the conception of unincorporated finite spirits, as at once nonentities and impossibilities. Admitting only phenomena, as observed by the healthy sensation and the healthy consciousness of the race; admitting only such phenomena, together with generalizations drawn from such phenomena, into their schemes of the universe, the appearance of incorporeal spirits to the sensibility of the human nervous system has infallibly and necessarily been excluded from their systems. This merely scientific generation of thinkers ignores the very evidence on the other side of the question as corrupted and useless; ghost-seeing being nothing but a disease, ghost-seers are incapable of stating their own case in a trustworthy manner. There is so much of truth in this way of thinking, that we find the ingenuous authoress of the *Night Side of Nature* confessing that, after all that has been experienced and written about ghosts and ghost-seeing, there is nothing like scientific evidence of the facts yet forthcoming. Full of faith and enthusiasm in the cause of apparitions though she is, she candidly allows that, so far as a scientific or empirical judgment is concerned, the whole subject still remains 'in the region of opinion.' Now the Sadduceic spirit gained the decided and all but supreme ascendancy over the mind of Europe in the course of the last century. Even those faithful souls who continued to hold by the mysteries of Christianity, and still more those who only thought they did or pretended to do so, acquired the habit of calling everything to the bar of concrete experience. Rationalism became the spirit of all criticism. Positivism was the exclusive methodology of the age. Wonders ceased, for everything was to be explained on natural principles. Miracles, witchcrafts, philosopher's stones, elixirs of life, powders of attraction, oracles and ghosts had been only dreams of the black night, or mirages of the grey morning; and they were now banished for ever from the horizon of life by the ascending sun of civilisation. This bringing down of every asserted thing to the measure of the sensuous experience of the age was easily put in execution upon ghostly apparitions. They were spectral illusions, they were coincidences, they were peculiar dreams, they were this and they were that. One thing was certain, at least, they were not ghosts. In fine, it became a mark of vulgarity to suppose for a moment they could be spirits. Accordingly it is true that, to the present hour, very few people can find courage enough even to raise the question!

In the meantime, however, a change has begun to come over the spirit of the time. The positive, experiential philosophy of the eighteenth century has been questioned. Both its methodo-

logy and its results have been being weighed in the balance and, in the sincere judgment of the ablest men of the now time, found miserably wanting. Accordingly all the pristine beliefs and objects of inquiry, which it had rejected with disdain, are now come in for re-examination. All its negative judgments are to be revised, ghost-seeing among the rest. Thoughtful men are no longer content with denial: they begin to see that the limited experiences of an individual, or of an individual age, constitute no criterion for those of another individual or another age. The best thinkers of the nineteenth century are becoming sceptics, in the sense of being considerers not deniers. The whole of society is as usual sharing the movement. There is a danger of the inmethodical mind, indeed, swinging to the opposite extreme of unreflective credulity. Rash and incapable writers are showing the example of unlearning the lesson of the positive school or epoch, and going right back into the younger age, the more elementary school that preceded it. It is clear that the reconsideration of the ghost question is not now to be settled exactly as our grandfathers did it, and the views of our fathers to be left altogether out of the question, as if they, forsooth, had lived in vain. That were nothing less than a kind of dotage or second childhood of the human mind; a second childhood wanting the beauty, innocence and boundless promise of the first. Nobody that understands the government of God, or perceives the on-growing evolution of the destiny of mankind, can fail to perceive that positive science must be at least one of our guides in the renewed investigation of all this difficult and mysterious class of subjects. Not a step must be taken without it. It is because we lament to see this great principle wholly misunderstood among the mesmerists, oneirologists and pneumatologists of Germany, France, America and Great Britain, that we propose to devote a few pages to the discussion of the subject of ghosts and ghost-seers. It will furnish the reader with a clue to the method in which alone all such researches must be carried on, if they are to lead to satisfactory results; and it may also forewarn and forearm his mind against the rambling and unprincipled speculations of scientific fanatics.

Since, then, the inquiry is to be inexorably conducted on the inductive principle, let us begin with the facts of the case. Here it is once for all to be premised that the accurate and sufficient observation of the constituent facts of the universe is a most difficult, as it is an all-important department of science. Few people are aware of the extreme difficulty of the art of simple observation. That art consists not only in the ability to perceive the phenomena of nature through uncoloured eyes, but also of the talent to describe them in unobstructed and trans-

parent words. "To observe properly in the very simplest of the physical sciences requires a long and severe training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer. Faraday once said that he always doubts his own observations. Mitscherlich, on one occasion, remarked to a man of science of our acquaintance that it takes fourteen years to discover and establish a single new fact in chemistry. An enthusiastic student one day betook himself to Baron Cuvier with the exhibition of a new organ, we think it was a muscle, which he supposed himself to have discovered in the body of some living creature or other; but the experienced and sagacious naturalist kindly bade the young man return to him with the same discovery in six months. The Baron would not even listen to the student's demonstration, nor examine his dissection, till the eager and youthful discoverer had hung over the object of inquiry for half-a-year; and yet that object was a mere thing of the senses! In a word, the records of physical science are full of instances in which genuine researchers, men formed by nature and trained by toil for the life of observation, have misstated the least complicated phenomena. Nor would the intelligent public not be amused, as well as astonished, if they only knew how very few of the noisy host of professing men of science, in even this matter-of-fact country, ever discover a single new fact; ever describe with irreversible fidelity a new phenomenon of any significance; ever add one true word to the written science of the world.

If, however, it be one of the hardest of problems to make observations with unbiassed simplicity, and useful accuracy on inorganic nature, the difficulty is greatly enhanced when there are superadded the phenomena of vitality to those of chemical affinity, mechanical cohesion and celestial gravitation, as is the case in the science of physiology. Mechanics is the science which was first brought to something like perfection; and the reason is obvious, for the phenomena with which it is conversant are not only the nearest to the senses of the observer, but they are the least complicated ones in creation. Then followed astronomy in the process of time; and then chemistry, the phenomena of which are still more complicated than those of the science of stars; and it is clear to every thoughtful and competent mind that physiology is now awaiting the consummation of chemistry. When the vast complexity of the science of physiology is considered with thoughtfulness, and when it is remembered that chemistry is still so far from perfection that the chemist cannot construct a particle of sugar, or any other organic substance, although he knows the exact quantities of charcoal and water of which it is composed, the reader will not be astonished to find that M. Comte, the amplest yet the most severe representative

of positive science that European influences have yet produced, speaks of the former department of knowledge as hardly yet within the bounds of positive science. He characterizes it as just emerging into that sphere.

But there is a science more intricate still than the physiology of organization. The phenomena of thought, emotion and passion fall within the reach of positive observation in the direct proportion in which these phenomena are connected with the nervous system, or cerebro-spinal axis, of those organisms in which they transpire. Not to intermeddle with the question of phrenology, and to unite the most diverse systems, we shall for the meantime call this possible science by the name of physio-psychology. Its object is, or shall be to investigate psychological or spiritual phenomena, in so far as such phenomena are dependent on the physiological condition of the brain, spinal cord and nervous systems. Something has already been done in this fifth or five-fold science already, something in the way of facts by the medical psychologists, something by the phrenologists, and something in the way of formulæ by the metaphysicians; but very little after all. Still more than mere physiology, it is a science of the future. It is the most inextricable of all the physical departments; for not only are its phenomena complicated with those of all the other physical sciences,—physiology, chemistry, astronomy and mechanics; but it also stretches towards, and lies in the light of another world than that of atoms. To make accurate and profitable observations in this sphere of inquiry must be the most difficult of all earthly tasks of the sort. If the observer in chemistry or botany requires to be a man of long experience, great patience, precision and freedom, the observer in this high domain must be one of extraordinary extent and profundity of knowledge, entirely liberated from the dominion of hypothesis and opinion, calm, clear and belonging to the present day. It must be evident that this last requisite is essential. The names of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon or Newton are of no authority in this region, for it actually did not exist to the scientific consciousness of the times in which they lived. In fact, every past observation or narrative that may seem to belong to this science, but which cannot be repeated to-day, must go for nothing. This is the rule in all the other sciences; or rather they have needed no rule about it, but the heroes of these sciences have instinctively begun anew, as soon as these sciences have become the definite objects of conscious methodical inquiry. Now, it is precisely in this elevated and exceedingly complicated province of investigation that the question of ghosts and ghost-seers is involved. It is in this shadowy border-land betwixt physiology proper and pure psychology that apparitions wander, be these



apparitions what they may. This is the sole haunt and region of all such questionable shapes. The amount of acquaintance with all the inferior strata of science, and the degree of skill in the disentangling of scientific intricacies, which are absolutely indispensable for anything like a successful inquiry in these perilous shades of nature, must be equally rare and extraordinary. It was quite impossible even to enter this field of research till the present age, in the course of which the inferior sciences, as they may be denominated for the moment, have reached something like a consummation. Indeed it is probable, if not certain, that the physiology of the nervous system is not yet sufficiently advanced for the purpose under discussion; although it may be time to be collecting instances, and classifying them for ulterior methodization, just as physiology was begun long before chemistry approached perfection. The tenor of the foregoing observations is at any rate utterly to destroy the value of all former observations, that is of all old ghost-stories, in so far as anything like science is concerned. It is highly creditable to the author of the third of those works, which have suggested these remarks, that this principle is distinctly recognised in it; and that even in connexion with the contemporaneous cases which are there related. Nor was this confession unnecessary, for this large and interesting collection of physio-psychological wonders is not a whit better than its predecessors in this particular respect. Its merit consists in the vivid, forcible, idiomatic and memorable way in which it is written. It contains a fund of lively and somewhat impressive reading, and it will be very extensively read. But its scientific value is nothing. It wants dates, names, medical observations, circumstances, analyses of the physical and spiritual characters of the seers, as well as those of the narrators, and all those searching details which are necessary to a methodical comparison of instances. There is not a single point of solidity for the man of induction to plant his foot upon for the purpose of taking his first step. The whole fabric sinks away from him like clouds.

It is not to be concluded, however, that books of this sort are totally without value of any kind, although they are possessed of no utility whatever in relation to science. They may conduce to make the unscientific but profound impression on the mind of the reader, that there is some actual basis in nature for such things as they record; such things as presentiments, warning-dreams, wraith-seeing and ghost-seeing. The multitude of the cases narrated, their constant recurrence in all times and places, their extreme similarity in all sorts of local and temporary circumstances, and the fact published in the works now under review that enormities of the kind are quite as rife in our own

days, and in our own houses, and among our own friends, as ever they were, combine to indicate the great, broad, common under-ground of some vast and complicated order of neglected and misunderstood phenomena.

Although our rigour concerning the collecting of facts in this ambiguous science of physio-psychology cannot well be exceeded, and although as men of science we cannot relax our demands an iota in that respect, we are willing, with the help of faith and fancy as well as clarity, to suppose that every word in such ghost-books is not only morally, but also scientifically true: we shall voluntarily labour under this illusion, until we shall have said whatever else is necessary to the understanding of the question that lies beyond the so-called facts. The reader will observe, upon the very threshold of this second department of the subject, that the mere fact of all these seemings or phenomena does by no means imply the theory either of spectral illusions or of ghosts. The conception of spectral illusions on one hand, and that of ghosts on the other, are devices of the human mind, contrived for the purpose of explaining the appearances in question. The vast majority of those who read such books as the *Invisible World Displayed*, are no doubt accustomed to think that, if the truth of the stories be established, there is no longer any room to doubt the visitation of spirits. They leap at once from the wonder to the ghost, not observing that the ghost is only one way among many possible ones of explaining the wonder. The medical mind of this age, again, being acquainted with the fact of sensuous illusions in deliriums and other cerebral disorders, refers it as instinctively and as instantaneously to the illusion of the senses. The ghost of the vulgar and the spectre of the medical theorist are equally hypothetical. Neither of them is in the phenomena; they are both inventions of the mind perplexed by extraordinary appearances; they are rival hypotheses of the same fact. Two night wanderers see a high and glimmering light in the distance; one of them thinks it is on the top of a tower at sea, the other that it is upon the summit of an inland hill; the tower and the hill are the things they severally put under the flame in order to hold it up; by his separate supposition the mind of each understands the remote appearance, and he may guide himself accordingly. Both of them, however, may be wrong. It may be neither a lighthouse nor a beacon-fire; it may be one of many other things. It is precisely the same with the unusual appearances at present under supposititious discussion. They may be neither popular ghosts nor medical spectres. In these circumstances it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to question both of these opinions somewhat closely; it will at least amuse the spirits, and exercise the speculative intel-

lect of our patient readers. In deference to the science of the day, and courteously presuming that they are the more likely to be near the truth, the medical spectres fall to be examined first.

In the healthy condition of the eye, the optic nerve and the brain, the phenomenon of sight may be represented in parts. There is first the visible object, say a tree, sending green and other rays of light to the surface of the cornea or first glass of the eyeball; there is then that light so refracted within the eye, by its glasses, humours and lenses, as to form an image of the tree upon the retina, precisely like that which is caught upon the white table of a camera obscura; and, in the third place, this image is invariably followed by the perception of a tree. It is particularly to be observed that we do not see the image; we do not suspect its existence till science discovers it; and even after it is found out by anatomists and opticians, it is in vain that we endeavour to deservy its tiny form. It is the tall pine, or the enormous oak alone that we behold. It can only be stated as an ultimate fact, that such a picture in miniature of a great tree upon the sound retina of an eye is the cause of the perception of the tree by the creature that owns the eye. To borrow from Hartley, and accept a hint from all the physical sciences of which anything is known, the process by which this stupendous result is effected, may meanwhile be formulated as a vibratory movement instituted among the fibrils of the optic nerve and brain by the image on the retina, propagated from without inwards. This is not an explanation. It is not meant even as a hypothesis. It is employed solely as a formula, as a symbol, as  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$  is used in algebra. All that is positive in it is contained in the words *propagated from without inwards*; that phrase resembles the little figure two or three in  $x^2$  or  $y^3$ ; and no one can object to it, for certainly, be the image's influence on the retina what it may, it is at least shed inwards.

Nor will this be thought a useless commonplace, when it is remembered that memory can reproduce the perception of the tree as well as light; memory whether voluntary or associative. The eye shut, one can see the tree a second time. That second sight of anything formerly seen with the help of light is, in some circumstances, so vivid and lifelike as to puzzle the will. In the case of painters, and such as are possessed of delicate optical organizations, the lucidity of these secondary images is one of the inferior secrets of power. In truth, the second-seeing sensibility, of which this is a species, is the bodily essential of every kind of artist, from the poet round to the sculptor; and indeed of the man of genius in general. Now, as little is known of the mechanism of this wonderful pro-

cess as of that of the first sight of things. Yet it seems very clear that it consists in part of the inversion of the latter one. It depends, in its physical contingency, on a vibratory motion (to speak algebraically again) *propagated from within outwards*: and, in the instance of any one object, first seen then remembered, on the *same* vibratory motion, that is the same  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$ . The condition which seems to limit these images of the memory, at least among men as we find them, is a degree of clearness much inferior to that of direct sight. The tree of memory, the tree of the association of ideas, is generally but a faint reflection of that which the eye saw. The nearer they come to one another, there is the more of one element of the artist, for the poet is the 'lightly moved' as well as the 'all-conceiving' man. In following out these hints concerning the physical nature of the poet, the reader must generalize for himself; for the present argument does not permit a digression from the organs of sense, and the remembrance or reproduction of their products. In Blake, the painter and mystic poet, this propagation from within outwards was so intense as to paint the absent and the dead visibly before him. Whatever images he remembered in whole, or constructed out of parts drawn from memory, reached the retina from within with lines so clear, light and shade so unmistakable, and colours so true that he could not but believe that he saw them face to face. ~~Thus~~ in this way that Sir William Wallace, King Robert Bruce, and several of the heroes of antiquity stood before him while he painted their portraits with equal innocence, enthusiasm and poetical fidelity. There is a poet in Edinburgh, who not unfrequently awakes with the remanent image of some scene from dreamland in his eye, and it is some time till it evanesces. In fact, everybody has experienced this sort of thing, if not in health, at least in delirium; if not awake, at least asleep. There is a state of nervous system brought on by the long and inordinate use of alcohol, in which the unfortunate victim cannot disentangle himself from these images of the associative principle or the involuntary memory. He cannot distinguish between the real objects around him and those second-sights of his; and he is actually more loyal to the latter, as might be expected in a morbidly self-sensitive frame of body. The case of the maniac needs scarcely be added to these illustrations of the inverted identity of second and first sensations of things in their purely physical contingencies; for it is only of these contingencies that there is any question at present. Lastly, there is that peculiar condition of the system, in which a person apparently in good health, but in reality disordered, however obscurely, is visited by what are more ordinarily called spectral illusions. There are innumerable cases of this sort on

**record.** Abercrombie and Hibbert, Ferriar and Macnish, Feuchterleben and Combe, and in fact the medical psychologists of every age and country are full of them. Every reader is familiar with them. Suffice it in this place, then, that these illusions are different in no essential respect from those of mania, delirium tremens, common delirium and dream. Nor do any of them differ materially from the landscapes of the Edinburgh poet, or the unwearied sitters of the happy Blako. There is in reality no difference in kind between all of them together, on one hand, and the dimmest instance of second sight or remembered sensation that ever transpired in the brain of a clodpole on the other. The latter could be converted into the like of any one of the former by the modification or intensification, in this degree and in that, of the  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$ , *propagated from within outwards*. In a word, let  $x$ ,  $y$  or  $z$  be exalted in tension to such a degree as to equal the vividness of an actual image in an ordinary and healthy man, and there is furnished the physical condition of a sensuous hallucination; and that whether the intensification be produced by the abatement of other influences, as in dreams; or by actual inflammation, as in *mania* or delirium; or by compositions of these two, as is likely in all the other examples. Such, in fine, is the fact and the theory of the medical spectre, and it is now time to see how it confronts the popular ghost.

It is evident that the employment of this well-known fact and principle of the sensuous illusion, for the purpose of explaining away the innumerable narratives concerning spiritual apparitions that are current in the world, is both feasible and ingenious. It is the first thing that occurs to the scientific mind indeed; and there is no doubt that the more a physician or a psychologist is acquainted with the boundless variety of disease in general, and of morbid nervous manifestations in particular, the more will he cling to this solution of ghost stories. It is at once his instinct and his habit to hold by analogy, and to render the unknown intelligible by union with the known. The popular mind perceives, or reads about an apparition, and at once concludes it is a ghost, without reflection worthy of the name, without definition, and therefore without intelligibility. The medical denier has a great advantage over the credulous layman. His opinion is pronounced with some reflection at least, even if it eventually prove to have been too little; it contains a well-defined conception, and it is perfectly intelligible. But although it is clear and considered, it is quite possible that it may be wrong; and that either in the way of being altogether irrelevant, or in that of being only a part of the whole truth of the case. This can be determined only by a rigorous induction of instances; but we have already expressed

our opinion, along with good reasons for it, that there is yet no set of observed facts in this region of inquiry worth a single straw in the estimation of inflexible science. Accordingly our task as critics is properly speaking at an end, for no more can be said upon the subject till some one compear before the public with an orderly and definite edifice of new observations. But we are to suppose that ghost stories are not only founded in truth, as they undoubtedly are, but that the popular accounts of them are circumstantially correct; a thing which nobody who knows anything of the history of the scientific statement of the facts of nature will ever believe. Be it supposed, however, for the sake of the discussion.

The simplest, and perhaps the most beautiful kind of the narratives under review, is that of wraiths. Can the medical spectre explain the wraith? The ordinary manner in which the wraith is said to be seen is very affecting. One dies, or is killed by accident, or is murdered; and at the very hour in which his dissolution is transpiring, an image of him flits before some absent friend in another city, in another country, or even in another quarter of the globe, who knows absolutely nothing of the circumstances of extremity under which the sufferer succumbs.

"Very lately," says our modern lady-patroness of the world of spirits, "a gentleman living in Edinburgh, whilst sitting with his wife, suddenly arose from his seat, and advanced towards the door with his hand extended, as if about to welcome a visitor. On his wife's inquiring what he was about, he answered that he had seen so-and-so enter the room. She had seen nobody. A day or two afterwards the post brought a letter announcing the death of the person seen."—Vol. i. p. 240.

"Mr. H., an eminent artist, was walking arm in arm with a friend in Edinburgh, when he suddenly left him, saying, 'Oh, there's my brother!' He had seen him with the utmost distinctness, but was confounded by losing sight of him, without being able to ascertain whither he had vanished. News came, ere long, that at that precise period his brother had died."—Vol. i. p. 237.

"A Scotch minister went to visit a friend, who was dangerously ill. After sitting with the invalid for some time, he left him to take some rest, and went below. He had been reading in the library some little time, when on looking up, he saw the sick man standing at the door. 'God bless me,' he cried, starting up, 'how can you be so imprudent?' The figure disappeared; and hastening up stairs he found his friend had expired."—P. 238.

Such are the appearances called wraiths. They seem to steal along the streets, and into the freestone houses of Edinburgh, as numerous as they glide up Highland glens, and hover around

Highland sheilings. It is said that there is a venerable man of science in Great Britain, a man of European reputation, who never loses a friend, or even an intimate acquaintance, but he sees a "fetch." We never saw such a thing, nor did we ever hear anybody say he had ever seen one; but everybody seems to know somebody who knows that somebody else has done so. In fact, the examples of this sort of thing which have been published are not few, and those which are withheld from publicity by the fear of enlightened opinion are quite innumerable, it would appear. It is upon the number of cases in truth, and on the complete similarity of them all, that belief in them can be most securely grounded. If there were only a few instances, they might be attributable by the doctrine of chances, to coincidence. It is with the aid of the conception of coincidence, indeed, that Hibbert and the medical theorists explain them away. Nor can it be denied that, until it be known how many unsubstantial images of absent friends are not coincident with the deaths of these friends, it cannot be demonstrated that the number of coincidences is too great for the doctrine of chances. The synchronism of the apparition with the hour of death is the important point here, and it is the only one. Yet no man is in a condition to settle it scientifically: and it never will be settled until all the apparitions of absent friends, occurring during a given time throughout a given population, shall be collected, and until the number of these which were coincident with deaths be thereafter eliminated. The proportion of the coincidences to the negations will show whether the former can be comprehended under the doctrine of chances. Until this vast and difficult collection and comparison of instances be undertaken and completed, no scientific judgment can be pronounced. Does this seem to be too great a demand of evidence? Let the reader consider the enormous schemes of observation which are necessary to determine astronomical results. Let him remember how many long years of toilsome experimentation is necessary to the establishment of some central fact in chemistry. Yet these are physical subjects, and not once to be compared in intricacy with the occult phenomena of that manifold epitome of nature, the body of man. Nor would such an enterprise be hopeless if it were an attainable one, for the positive number of coincident cases (while nothing is known concerning their comparative number) is apparently so great as to insinuate the suspicion that the apparitions are actually connected with the deaths of those who appear. This is all that can be claimed indeed; but we are quite forgetting that we have agreed to consider everything in these narratives as if it were already proved.

It is clear, then, that the present theory of sensuous illusion

cannot explain, for it does not embrace, the connexion of the decease of the absent, and sometimes very far distant person, with the appearance of an image of him at that very time. If the apparition of Mr. H.'s brother was a spectral illusion, why did that illusion come upon the survivor at that particular time? This is generally thought a triumphant question by the believers in ghosts. But it is not so. It only shows that, on the gratuitous supposition that the coincidence is not mere coincidence—a supposition which has been made for the sake of the argument—sensuous illusion is not the whole of the phenomenon. It may still be a part of it; and we shall return to this conception in the sequel; the conception, namely, that wraiths, doubles and ghosts are all spectral illusions, *combined with something else*. But it is necessary first to discuss the popular theory of all these things, or rather the imaginative solvent of them, which pretends to be a theory in certain high places; for it is by no means confined to the vulgar, as has already been hinted. It is even beginning to swagger like a young science: it is learning the use of big resounding words: it is arming itself with something like a technical terminology: and in a word we must fight it.

The popular conception of a spirit then, as it has been more artistically, if not more scientifically figured by people of refinement, is the following; or rather something like it, for it is not easy to describe the vague and indefinite image now under consideration. It seems to be essentially dependent on the division of a man into three parts; body, soul and spirit. This analysis is almost universally made by the popular mind, and it is very ancient. Professor Bush has made an elaborate induction of all the anthropological language of the Old and New Testaments, and has come to the conclusion that it is implied in the Bible. Guided by that induction, considering that it is the part of the Scriptures to teach the true view of the constitution of man, although astronomy, geology and medicine are beyond their province, and availing himself of some of the questionable results of modern science, that fanciful orientalist has fashioned the popular notion of a human being into a proposition. He represents the shapeless spirit as embodied in the soul, an ethereal entity affecting the form of the body; and that soul, with its indwelling spirit, as incarnated in the body. Proceeding from without inwards, there is the body first, then the etheriform soul, and lastly the spirit. When the earthly house of this tabernacle, the body, is dissolved by death, we have a house with God, the soul of ether, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. This un-fleshed, psychical frame is invisible to the ordinary eye; but it is visible to some peculiar individuals, or to some peculiar individuals when in a peculiar state of nervous system; or it is percep-



tible by a supposed universal sense in them, and thence translated into the visible species of that general sense : for there are endless refinements and subtleties among those adventurous men who, in a thing of sheer concrete science, if ever such thing were, abandon the method of positive observation, and give themselves over to system building.

This view, if it could only be admitted with all its suppositions within suppositions, 'laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,' would of course explain the whole night side of nature at once. It is the popular one invested with the pomp and circumstance of technicality. It is that which is implied in the pneumatology of Swedenborg, that greatest, purest, most accomplished and most philosophical of hallucinators. It is that of the somnambulists of Mesmer and his disciples. It is also that of the poets. English literature, to say nothing of the ancient and foreign muse, abounds in descriptions of this psychical configuration ; for we will not call it a spiritual body, simply because it does not seem to find any countenance whatever in the prophecy of St. Paul. It is the legitimate child of poetry, and lying in the bosom of its mother, it is not without its beauty. Take Shelley's graceful picture of the soul of Ianthe,—

Sudden arose  
 Ianthe's soul ; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away ; it re-assumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.  
 \* \* \* 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and the soul.  
 The selfsame lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there ;  
 Yet, oh how different !

It is painful to disturb this fair image, and torment it with all the vulgar and inexorable tests of physical science. Nor shall we do so. Let it live for ever in the consecrated home of the imagination. It is not this fine ethereal creation of the poet that is to be questioned ; it is the thin etheriform fabrication of those who believe in ghosts. It will be interesting to all, and useful to some minds to see how all the conceivable modifications of this view can stand the scrutiny of physical and psychical science.

It is very obvious then, that if these so-called ghosts or psychical

bodies be anything at all, they must be either material or spiritual, unless some third kind of existence can be demonstrated to be actually in the universe. If they be material, they must be solid, liquid or gasiform ; or at least one of the modifications or combinations of these forms of matter. In truth, it is subsumed even by the ghost-mongers, as they are called by Archdeacon Hare, that they are neither solid nor liquid, so that the gaseous or vaporiform shapes are the only ones that remain for them. Now vapours or gases they cannot be, for these simple and irresistible reasons. Neither a gas nor a vapour can permanently bound a figure, even of the most irregular or cloudlike species, within our atmosphere. There is a principle of diffusion which forbids it. Two masses of aeriform matter cannot remain in contact. Instantly one such sensible form is brought into contact with another, they begin to melt away into each other. Dalton discovered many years ago that one gas acts as a vacuum to another, and Mr. Graham has eliminated the rate of that kind of mutual dissolution with his wonted precision. There is no exception to the law ; and a most beautiful and beneficent one it is, for it is in virtue of it that the carbonic acid of the atmosphere does not sink below the oxygen and nitrogen, like water below oil, and suffocate the organic kingdoms of nature. A man made of air could not consist in integrity one moment in an atmosphere of any sort whatever ; and the more ethereal the thin substance, which such a figure might be supposed to be composed of, the more rapidly would it vanish. Nor would the incoherent speculator improve his position by insinuating that there may be, or even that there probably is, a finer kind of matter than even hydrogen, the lightest of the gases, for the etheriform body thus invented were only still more stringently subject to this great ordinance of the Creator. If, on the other hand, it were to be surmised by ' those of the opposite faction,' that the force of vital affinity may possibly raise their favourite images above the control of a physical rule, just as the vital force of the body of flesh renders it not amenable to the apparent laws of chemical decomposition, the new defence would be no better than ' a weak invention of the enemy.' Organization does not defy chemical affinity at all. It only unites with it in the production of proximate principles, which do not indeed exist in the mineral world, but the composition and constitution of which are strictly regulated by chemical forces and proportions. Does its vitality hinder a plant or an animal from being burnt to ashes ? Do not oil of vitriol and caustic proceed at once to destroy the stoutest organization in the world ? Can the power of life interfere with a man's falling with accumulating velocity to the ground, if he trip himself upon the edge of a precipice ? In one word, the vital

forces operate always in consentaneity with, never in opposition to the laws of chemistry and mechanics.

Supposing these 'erring and extravagant spirits' to be composed of spiritual substance, to use the correct phraseology of the Westminster Divines, the difficulty of the ghost-lover is only enhanced. A part of the essential definition of spirit is the simple negation that it is insensible. It cannot be literally seen, else it is not spiritual. But our ingenious English authoress seems to conjecture that the spirits of the dead have the power of investing themselves with an ethereal body of some kind, which they cannot maintain for any length of time, and so it speedily vanishes. She appears to think that a supposition of this sort is necessary in order to explain the dress of the poor soul who visits the pale glimpses of the moon most usually, if not always, 'in his habit as he lived,' the ghost of a robe, or of a scroll of paper being too much of a good thing even for the eye of an enthusiast. If we have understood our authoress in this, it must be said at once that it is nothing short of enduing a finite creature with an infinite or divine power; but the opinions in the work under review are so shadowy and intangible, except when daily human nature is the subject of them, that we cannot be confident of having seized the meaning of our interesting opinionist in this instance. Perhaps there is meant to be expressed, in the passages referred to, another conjecture, which we remember to have seen in an article on the Seeress of Prevorst some years ago. That hypothesis was to the effect that a departed spirit may have the power of communicating an impulse to the spirit of a living man, not through his senses, but without any bodily mediation at all, and that such an impulse, acting from within outwards on the brain and nerves of sense, might fashion a spectral illusion, which would in this way have its foundation in reality, although, so far as the eye were concerned, a sensuous illusion. This is the only clear thought we have ever met on the ghostly side of the question. The Christian and the disciples of that school of theanthropists, of which Emerson is an excellent example, as well as all poets, entertain the assured belief that God works upon man while yet in the flesh otherwise than through the senses, and without any corporeal mediation whatever. With all the force of that great truth in its favour, the difficulties in the way of accepting this view, even as a just conception, are quite overwhelming. In the first place, God can mould and change the creatures of his might as he wills; almighty power, and almighty power alone, exalts the possessor above law. The poor ghost must work in sweet consent with the laws of God, or else not work at all. In the second place, God never operates through the spirit of man in the way of producing sensuous illusions, excepting of

course in the sense in which every illusion, as well as every reality, is the work of the Divine Being; so that the analogy is only the ghost of one after all. Again, a finite spirit has no part in space. God is everywhere, or rather everything is always present to Him; but everything is not present to the finite spirit. The finite spirit is not everywhere. Place cannot be predicated of it, till it be re-embodied; and it has been shown that it is not re-embodied within our atmosphere. Yet the ghosts of Kerner, Cahagnet, and all the authors on their side of the question, infest particular places, as well as come at particular hours, and frighten particular people; the people being generally either in a visibly morbid condition, or the members of ghost-seeing families, the hours twilight and the witching time of night, and the places being houses where terrible things have some time or other transpired. Accordingly the subtle supposition we are now contesting can find neither the support of a single analogy in the domain of ascending science, nor the countenance of one definite idea in philosophy. Experience in the other regions of human inquiry, the understanding of the individual, and the common reason of the race, combine to disown it. Nor must it be forgotten, in addition to these irreversible considerations, that the burden of proving all the fantastic conjectures, which have just been examined, lies with those very inventive people who construct them, and those very easily contented ones who give them welcome to their minds.

There has been only one other view of these ghosts referred to. It is possible, or rather it is probable, that such analysts of man into three elements, as Professor Bush, may maintain the opinion that there are three kinds of substance in the universe. It may be suggested that there exist not only matter and spirit, but a substance which is neither of them. It is almost implied in the partition of human nature into body, soul and spirit, that there is such an entity as psychical substance, the substance of which the supposed soul is made; using the word substance in its philosophical sense, of course, and not in its popular one. No one, however, has been careful to define such a substance; for it is no definition to say that a thing is not matter and not spirit. As the definition of matter is not that it is the negative of spirit, and as that of spirit is not that it is the negative of matter; but as each of these two substances has its positive qualities in addition to those which inhere in it as the opposite of the other, so we await the affirmative definition of this hypothetical thing. The question cannot be entertained till a positive definition be forthcoming. Yet it is needless to hold the willing disciples of these discoverers in suspense; for it is as evident as anything can be that, be it eventually defined and qualified as it may, the very

same objections as apply to the supposition of a spirit's direct or indirect appearance to a bodily man, withstand that of this conjectural frame, composed of any conjectural psychical substance whatever. It may be just as well perhaps to suggest to the young or untrained inquirer our own belief—it would sound uncharitably to say our certain knowledge—that the psychical body, or nerve-spirit, or whatever else these new scholars may choose to name it, is nothing but the abstract conception of the phenomenal unity or *tertium-quid*, which results from the combination of the body and the spirit, and that solidified for the understanding by the fancy. It is like the phlogiston of the old chemists, a fictitious thing endowed with incredible no-properties; it is like the caloric of the new ones, a supposititious substance invested with qualities the most unsubstantial. Nascent science is prone to the suffiction of entities where entities are not required; but popular opinion is incomparably more so, and especially the opinion of people possessed of more sensibility than judgment. It is particularly to the purpose, also, in the present instance, to observe that the most judicious are apt to be bribed into in consequence when the heart is retained on the side of nonsense in the Court of Common Pleas. Our English writer, for example, is enamoured of her revenants and restants, because they convey the dear assurance of a world to come to her soul: The purpose of the Night Side of Nature is the conveyance of that blessed conviction to other minds. The motive principle of all her sedulity and eloquence is a highly honourable one, but it is mistaken. He who spake as never man spake teaches in another way: 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' We trust, however, that our interesting enthusiast is really accustomed to rest her hope of immortality on grounds which are deeper and more immovable than these phenomenal and outward shows. Many people, and especially women, believe the great doctrines of humanity in the right way, while they argue for their belief in a wrong one. Like children, soft and true, they stand as firmly on the ground as they need to do, although they know nothing of the law of gravitation.

What then is to be said about all these strange stories, drawn from the three greatest countries in Europe? Rejecting the spectre-theory as insufficient, always assuming for the sake of discussion that there are no fallacies of narration about them; and dismissing the ghost-theory as incoherent, where shall one find a clue to the perplexity? Wisdom unites with the past history of science to warn the investigator against premature hypothesis. The facts must first be determined with experimental severity, and then co-ordinated with the slow care of the naturalist, before

the dynamics of the inquiry can be approached with hope. The world must learn to wait. It waited four thousand years for Kepler and Bacon, and still longer for Dalton and Kant; and neither the scientific nor the philosophical spirit of the present age is nearly ready to eliminate the secret process of these wonderful phenomena. We are serious, for it is a grave subject. There are things related simply, soberly, and with great show of evidence, in the three works now before us, which the ingenuous mind cannot dismiss with either a smile or a sneer; which the man of science can neither explain, nor explain away; which the philosopher can no more deduce from his ideas than he can assimilate them with his system.

The *Seeress of Prevorst* has been long before the German public, and is written by Justinus Kerner, a painstaking physician, a lyric poet, somewhat of an idealist in philosophy, and a pious Christian of the evangelical school. It was introduced to the British reader a few years ago by an English gentlewoman, widely reputed for her novels of remorselessly real life, at that time a thorough realist in philosophy, and a person whose goodness has never assumed the form which is ordinarily called piety at all. Kerner is a good, honest, learned soul; of a considerably attenuated constitution of mind, but possessed of a heart overflowing with love and courage. His translator, on the other hand, is one of the shrewdest of women, remarkable for common sense in common things, and prone to naturalism, even now that she has donned a little mysticism, and become the authoress of the *Night Side of Nature*. Yet the lyrical physician of Weinsberg and the English novelist do touch one another at several points of their respective characters. They are both independent of every earthly consideration but their convictions of the truth. They are equally eager for the investigation of any new facts, in how questionable a guise soever they may come, which may perhaps let in some more light upon the darkness by which they both feel, although standing in such different points of view, the mystery of life to be encompassed. In fine, they both love the wonderful. As for the work itself it is by no means an easy task to give an account of its contents. It is the detail of a multitude of singular phenomena displayed during years of suffering, evidently from some radical derangement of the whole nervous system, by Frederica Hauffe, a native of Prevorst in the Highlands of Wirtemberg. It is beaded with numerous citations from Plato, Van Helmont, Schelling, Ennemoser, Eschenmayer, Böhm, Swedenborg and other distinguished mystics in philosophy and theology. The story of the poor creature appears at first sight to countenance the reality of many things, which the positive science of modern times has

either swept away, or explained upon well known natural principles. The seeress was visited by presentiments which seemed to be subsequently verified; she had dreams which were apparently fulfilled; she saw into the human frame, describing the nerves of the body, and prescribing for herself and others with something like success; and she drew without instruments the most accurate and complicated of spherical diagrams in order to express some of her unique experiences. She was attended by a guardian spirit, who solaced, guided and protected her; having ministered so particularly to the down-smitten patient as to withdraw hurtful objects from her neighbourhood. The law of gravity was suspended in her favour, and it was in vain that her attendants attempted to keep her under water. In addition to all these marvels she sang extempore hymns and spoke in unknown tongues. In a word, the whole case as stated by Kerner, involves the reality of prophetic dreams, amulets, the swimming of witches, the apparition of departed spirits, a possible communion on the part of men with the innermost secrets of inorganic nature, and the gift of tongues. But above all, the seeress revealed, and Kerner believes, that the world of spirits is inter-diffused through the one we inhabit. She conferred with angels, saints and woful spirits face to face.

Our readers will smile at all this; and so do we, but it is not with disdain. It is with eager curiosity to know the real meaning of such things. This is not the first nor the fiftieth instance of this sort of narration. M. Cahagnet's *Arcanes* is a work of the same kind; and he seems to be an ingenuous creature too, belonging to the French or rather the Parisian school of scientific mystics, as Kerner is a disciple of the German school of philosophical ones; using the substantive term not in its old Greek meaning, but in its new sinister signification. The authoress of the *Night Side* is a great accession to the cause of Kerner and Cahagnet. She has furnished the most readable book of the three. Although all the speculative portions of the work are simply incoherent, the religious and moral observations in it are frequently excellent, and all the narrative is first-rate. Its merits in the last respect will secure it a very large number of readers. Such is this segment of the literature of angelology. There has been no need of making extracts from it, for really everybody knows the sort of things which are woven into stories of ghosts, doubles and haunted houses, so that these books will replenish the memory quite as much as they will occupy the attention.

Although, however, it is not easy, nor perhaps possible to propose a rationale, which should reduce the chaos of this physiological department of inquiry to order and intelligibility,

it may not be so difficult to indicate the directions in which light is likely to arise upon it. As the subject is distinctly of a two-fold character, and lies in the twilight rather than in the night of nature, there are two quarters on which the investigator must bend his cautious eye. There is the fact of sensuous illusion, not necessarily confined to the sense of sight, but extended to those of hearing, and even of touch, which is manifestly never absent in these phenomena; and there is the unknown fact or process, which initiates such more than ordinary illusions, and renders them so specific and determinate that they are sometimes presentimental, sometimes representative, and sometimes retrospective of actual future, distant or past persons. It is not impossible that the unknown quantity in the equation is to be found in the region of nervous sympathy. The doctrine of sympathy and antipathy has fallen into too much neglect among the regulars of science. It feels too mystical for the sensuous and numerical spirit of the present stage of positive research, a spirit so statical and even gross, that it is remarkable to find that no one has proposed the supposition that the force of gravitation is a new imponderable! 'This too, too solid flesh,' is impeding the development of those more dynamical notions of nature, which have notwithstanding begun to germinate within the more logical minds of the time. The notion of one nervous system acting upon another one at a distance, or otherwise than through the five senses, is hardly admitted in these days. Yet Bacon not only believed in such a thing, but proposed experiments to limit and determine its results. That great clear-seer, we remember, suggests among other things that two lovers should record all the critical movements transpiring within them during a time of separation, and afterwards compare their notes and dates with the view of discovering whether they seemed to have been affected by one another. It is unfortunate for this proposal that the fact of conscious observation of one's self is the death of true emotion; and it is little short of monstrous to think of a soft spontaneous woman, her heart almost in pain with budding hopes, with her note-book on the pillow beside her wakeful little head, to write down the minute, hour and day of this tender agitation, and of that, in the radiance of a rush-light! But the Baconian or scientific apprehension of the physio-psychological relation between absent friends is not necessarily absurd.

If some great catastrophe were to take place within the limit of the sun, the shock would be communicated to the earth, which would answer the appeal to its gravitative and other cosmical sympathies. But what if sun and earth had been a pair of palpitating, mobile, vibrant nervous systems, the organs of sensations that stretch through countless solar systems and many a firmament,



the ministers of 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' the vehicles of emotions that embrace Almighty God?—Nor is the application of this illustration to the wraith, to take the least complicated case of ghost-seeing, very far-fetched. The brother of Mr. H. is dying, the last great change is passing over his frame, it is being shaken into the dust again. The excellent painter, a man of the most tremulous sensibility, unweeting of the dire catastrophe that is rocking the fraternal nervous system to the centre, is yet interiorly and secretly commoved by the event; but he does not understand or even observe the latent trouble of his marrow, until it throw itself down upon the eye as a spectre, and he exclaims, 'There's my brother!' It is more difficult indeed to put this construction upon the stories of haunted houses, and some of the other curiosities of literature, which are faithfully narrated by our German, French and English authors. Nor is it either necessary or advisable to do so, for we have no theory to support; even in the instance of the wraith we are but sceptics in the sense of being considerers; and it was our present purpose to do no more than offer a hint to minds more inquisitive than our own. As to the ultimate solution of the question, it is at all events our assured belief that it will never be effected until some great and comprehensive medical psychologist, not of the merely phrenological, not of the purely psychological, but of the physio-psychological school, shall devote a lifetime to its investigation. A lucid thinker like Feuchterleben, with equally vast stores of information, equally Catholic canons of criticism, and equally enormous learning, but with more originality of spirit, with more of that poetic quality by which all great discoverers have been notoriously distinguished from the erudite artisans and the busy dilettants of science, with more imaginative insight, would find this sphere of research full of noble results. So extensive and perplexed indeed is the whole subject, that the union of two energetic researchers, one of them a physiologist, the other a philosopher, and both psychologists, a pair of men like Reil and Hoffbauer, would render us still more sanguine of the speedy clearing up of the mystery. At all events, it is with students like these alone that we are willing to leave the inquiry; and we do so with hope.

There is one conclusion, however, to which the wisely sceptical student of ghosts, spectres, prophetic dreams, presentiments, clear-seeing, and the like, may come without waiting a single day longer; and it is one of such urgent importance, in our opinion, as to demand immediate attention. If morbid sensibility renders the connexion between a human nervous system and nature, as well as betwixt one nervous system and another, so delicate, searching and far-extending, what would be the results to the

individual, and the race, if there prevailed throughout society a pure, wholesome and natural susceptibility to every kind of physical impressions? For surely no one will deny that man is still very far from the realization of his ideal condition. He does not fulfil the law of his nature. He is nowhere perfect in his kind, in the manner and degree in which, for example, the wing-footed red-deer of the Scottish Highlands, or those whirlwinds of unmounted cavalry that sweep the plains of South America, or the self-relying lion of Zakhara is perfect, each in its kind. Even the daisy, or our still more favourite flower, the blue-eyed speedwell, is enabled to show forth all its little capabilities, and it is complete; but man is neither what he should be, nor what he shall become. To speak only of the lower ingredient of his constitution, it appears that his very nervous system does not habitually attain to anything like a free and a full manifestation of the wondrous properties lying latent within its round. All men, considered merely as so many cerebro-spinal axes, are maimed and defective. They all want something that belongs to them. Like Harry Bertram in the *Romance of Guy Mannerling*, they do not know the fields that are their own, their ancestral rights, nor yet the small voice of nature that stirs their hearts into remembrance. Nor is there any room for wonder! Think of the enormous amount of hereditary, chronic, and lurking disease in the world. Consider the vast consumption of tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco and opium; remembering that the taste for all of these drugs has actually to be acquired, even by otherwise unnatural creatures like the men and women of the present day, and that taste is therefore not congenial with the paradisaic instincts of ideal man. Examine the very meats which the flaccid genius of dyspepsy has invented. Count the hundred spices and impurities by which the fine edge of ordinary sensibility is blunted and torn. Recollect the extent to which night is universally turned into day. Take particular notice of the excessive and exclusive cultivation of the mere muscle of the body in one class of people, of the mere stomach and lungs in another, of the mere nerves of superficial and sentimental sensibility in a third, and of the mere miserable brain in a fourth one, and so forth. Think, in fine, of everything in the daily life of Europe that is calculated, if not intended, to thrust man out of harmony with all the finer movements of nature on the one side, and of his own unfathomable soul on the other. Nor can anybody claim exemption from the rule. Be one ever so wholesome in physical living, ever so virtuous in moral conduct, and ever so generally cultivated in mind, it will avail him only a little; but that excellent little is worth a world of self-denial. The disorder, the dulness, and the perversion of the native sen-

sibilities of the frame are distributed through the whole race by marriage, as well as by example and consent. Civilized language contains at least one significant indication of the fact. When there appears among men a person of extraordinary sensibility to the more sacred influences of that temple of nature, in which they are changing money more than serving like priests, they call him a genius, leave him to shift as he can, and let posterity discover that he was the most genuine man of them all. Aye, and so bad is the horrid imbroglio of custom, that no sooner does a soul come into the world in such an organization, than he is entangled in the habits of society, and, falling from a greater height, he frequently sinks lower than the lowest.

Everybody knows, of course, that a more penetrating and better tuned sensibility is only one of the co-efficients of genius; it is the immeasurably, and even the incalculably inferior of the two; but it is the only circumstance of creative power over which anybody has daily control. Let it then be seen to. There is no saying what a few ages of simplicity and equable culture may effect. That eloquent analyst Isaac Taylor has shown how greatly the mere exaltation of the present qualities of the nervous system of man would add to the felicities of the intellectual and emotional life in Heaven. It is more to the purpose to assert it will do the same on earth. It will bring him closer to the heart of nature. It will extend, deepen and ennoble his whole being. It will gradually restore him to his abdicated sovereignty over creation. It is therefore the duty of all men to work, individually and together, towards this consummation among others—namely, the immediate attainment of as high a strain as possible of physical purity. There are indeed things of higher value, but this is at once the most substantial and the most becoming of foundations, for the erection of every grace that is more excellent still. Nor are we unwilling to avow our conviction that a far-spreading and thorough reformation of this sort, is destined to approve itself as one of the signs of a thorough and far-spreading millennium.

- ART. VI.—1. *Vie et Portrait de Pie IX.* Par FÉLIX CLAVÉ. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1848.  
 2. *Rome et Pie IX.* Par ALPHONSE BALLEYDIÉ. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1847.  
 3. *Notizie per l'anno MDCCCXLVII.* 1 vol. 12mo. Roma, 1847.

ON no spot of earth has so much been written as on Rome. Republican, imperial, pontifical Rome, has ever been a centre of interest to the nations of the civilized world. An object of affection or of hatred, of veneration or of fear, she has at no time ceased to occupy a large share of the thoughts and speculations of mankind. Nor, though long since fallen from her high estate, does she even yet fail to command an extraordinary portion of interest and attention. From the midst of the busy life of active and vigorous northern cities, men have found leisure to look out at the ancient mother of civilisation, as she has sat in these latter days in drivelling dotage on her seven hills, amid the silence and immobility of desolation. But so entirely has she appeared to appertain to a past order of things—so wholly severed from the progressive movement of the nations, whose life is the life of this nineteenth century—so remote from them in ideas, manners, and habits, that the world seems long since to have ceased to regard her as a society of living men—a body politic, possessed in some sort of establishments, interests, institutions, government, and all that makes one social system an object of interesting observation and inquiry to another. Our travellers and tourists, whose name is Legion, throng thither, and return to tell what they have seen, and to write books upon books, ever fresh books, on Rome. But none ever dream of telling us aught of the social and economical condition of the hundred and eighty thousand human beings who, somehow or other, do breathe and live amid the squalor and wretchedness of those crumbling old walls. Our countrymen visit Rome, look at it, and write of it, as if it were only a museum. It is for them a collection of antiquities and objects of art merely. They discuss its ruins, rapturize over its statues, bask in its sunshine, criticise its pictures, stare a little at its Church ceremonies—and this is all.

But the mighty sound of the onward movement of the nations, rushing ever faster and faster along their path of civilisation, has at length startled the aged mother from her slumbers. Effete old Rome has essayed to raise her palsied head, has gazed forth once more into the world, and has shaken herself from her drowsy rest. Ay, and powerless, fallen as she is, the rustling of that once mighty form has stirred the still atmos-

phere of Italian life from the Alps to Calabria, and waked an echo audible in the remotest recesses of the civilized world. Mankind has been startled at the unexpected phenomenon. It is as if a skeleton had rattled its dry bones against its coffin planks. Historians had closed the volume of her story—had written their “*finis*,” and spoke of her in the past tense. Singers had sung that she “*never should rise!*” And lo ! Rome is still alive, is striving to arise, and would fain essay to walk.

Surely a spectacle strange and interesting ! Men, looking more closely, see that in truth it is a living city. Crawling about in unquiet, suffering restlessness its thousands may be descried amid the fetid heap of squalid ruins which once were Rome. Nay, they seem to begin to try to express thoughts and utter words, which they must have overheard us use, even while we thought that they were all gone dead. Assuredly a most interesting and curious subject of observation ! Henceforward other matters than Coliseum, Belvedere Apollo, and fresco paintings, will be heard of at Rome and from Rome. Let us endeavour, then, to shape forth for English readers some sort of general idea of what this poor old venerable Rome is doing and trying to do—and yet more, what will have to be done there, if, indeed, she is ever to arise and march on the path of civilisation.


What Rome, her ruler and her people have recently been striving to do does not indeed need to be now told by us. But for the just appreciation and comprehension of this, and far more notably for the appreciation of the work that yet lies before her to do, and of the means and difficulties of doing it, some knowledge of what Rome *is* becomes necessary. Some more or less definite notion of the social and economical condition of those hundred and eighty thousand individuals, and of themselves, their qualities and capabilities, would seem desirable to such as take an interest in the resuscitation of that wonderful old city. And this is precisely what none have ever supplied, and none apparently have ever demanded. Both a cause and a consequence of this neglect and apathy is to be found in the exceeding difficulty of obtaining any such adequate information. For many years publicity of any sort has been most carefully shunned by the rulers of the eternal city. Every administration, every institution, every branch of the public service has been scrupulously veiled from the scrutiny of the vulgar eye. The broad light of day has been excluded with the utmost jealousy from the secret chambers, where those lovers of darkness who held in their feeble and trembling hands the thread of Roman destinies conducted the operations of their rule.

And in some sense they were wise in their generation, these children of darkness. Successive generations of childless old

men, each personally needing the duration of the crazy edifice but for a few years at most, *have* contrived to preserve the roof over their heads, and to keep the worn-out machine at work longer than those who observed the outward manifestations of its internal rottenness could have supposed possible. For such outward manifestations have been many, unmistakable, and ever-increasing. Great were the efforts of old Mother Church to conceal the cancerous sores which were consuming the vitals of that temporal dominion which constitutes her body. Of those which afflict her spiritual existence—the soul of that body—we have no intention of speaking now, except as it may be necessary to refer to them as influencing the temporal condition of her people. Carefully has the old soiled threadbare and torn mantle of outward decency been patched, and pulled, and pinned, and even readjusted with new dizening of cheap coarse lace over its most ragged parts, in the hope of hiding from all eyes the hopeless state of incurable disease within. For hopeless it must surely have long since appeared to any who might have cared to hope more than that their own end might arrive before that of the system under which they had grown old.

And yet one has at length come who does hope something more than this. A ruler has ascended the Papal throne who has dared to look steadfastly at the ruinous state of the crumbling edifice around him; nay more, who has dared to let in the light and the gazing of profane eyes on the secret wretchedness so long concealed; and, greatest daring of all, who has absolutely ventured to put forth his hand to the tottering fabric—who has thought of repairing instead of propping, of renewing instead of patching, of cleansing the accumulated filth instead of thrusting it out of sight.—Yes, greatest daring of all, assuredly! for there is a stage in the progress of ruin at which the attempt to repair is fraught with greater, or at least with more immediate danger than the undisturbed operation of decay. Many an ancient wall, or mere mass of crumbling dust, will for years retain its form and coherence by the inert force of its own weight, and bound together by the ramifications of that very same abusive ivy whose growth has ruined it, when the slightest touch of the mason's repairing hand would bring the whole mass to the ground.

That such and so dangerous is the work of repair on which the Ninth Pius is now engaged, none, who have even a superficial knowledge of Rome and its government, will be inclined to doubt. It is the attempt of a courageous man, and of, we would hope, an upright ruler. It is a well-nigh desperate effort, the generous nobleness of which all must admire and applaud, and which must to a certain point command all good men's wishes for its success.



And now to attempt some appreciation of the chances of success which may attend this arduous undertaking, it must be, in the first place, remembered that in all such cases of reparation the principal difficulty presented to the judgment lies in the question—What of the old shall be abandoned, destroyed, removed—and what preserved? Herein lies the difficulty and the danger; for we know how dangerous is the attempt to mend old garments with new cloth; we know the result that is likely to come about. What portion, then, of the once mighty system of the Papal Government, the progressive work of so many centuries of well-sustained endeavour, and the labours of so many pontiffs—of that system constructed to grasp a world, but now strangling an enfeebled province by the unexpanding narrowness of its clutch,—what portion of this may Rome's reforming ruler venture to retain? Truly, no simple or easy question to the most unshackled mind; but to a true priest of Rome's Church, born beneath her wing, bred under her teaching—to a Pope honestly conscientious to do a Pope's duty, what a question! How fearful! how tremendous!

And such a Pope we believe, not without good grounds for our conviction, Pius the Ninth to be. We believe him to be a true priest and sincere pontiff. It has been often asserted, not only by his enemies but by his admirers, that he is otherwise. It has been believed and hoped by some friends to the progressive movement in Italy—lovers of expediency rather than of truth—that Pius is no sincere well-wisher to the Papacy; that he speaks a small portion of his thought only; that he intends the destruction of the fabric he pretends to repair; and that he well knows that such must be the ultimate effect of the steps he has already taken. We are well convinced that such is not the case. We are thoroughly persuaded that those who think thus are as mistaken in fact as they are, in our opinion, wrong in principle. Whatever hopes or wishes we may nourish with regard to the future fate of Italy and of Rome, we would far rather that her destinies should be entrusted to honest hands. We have the strong conviction that no good thing can be produced by an acted or spoken falsehood. As long, then, as it must needs be that the same hand should grasp the crozier and the sceptre, we prefer that the priest-king should be at least an honest man. And if the incompatibilities of his position should bring about that other events than such as he professes to look for as the result of his acts should arise from them, we may rejoice in the fallaciousness of the politician's provisions, while we can still respect and esteem the man.

We must conceive him, then, coming to the decision of the momentous question above stated, as a true and earnest Pope,

father and protector of the Catholic Church in its spiritualities and its temporalities. It is a genuine successor of the best of the Gregories and Innocents who has now to judge what portions of their work *can* be preserved, and what, for the sake of the vital preservation of the whole, *must* be replaced by new constructions.

With a view of enabling our readers to form some notion of what *their* judgment on such a question must be, and of the issue which events are likely to shape for themselves, we will endeavour to picture to them some of the more manifest results of Papal Government, as they exhibit themselves to every observer.

On crossing the frontier line between Tuscany and the Roman States, near Aquapendente, the change in the general aspect of the people, the villages, and the entire country, is such as to strike the most unobservant traveller. A general air of careless negligence and ill-conditioned dilapidation prevails. The fields look ill-cultivated, the inhabitants ragged, and their habitations on the verge of ruin. The traveller's carriage is stopped in front of a wretched tumble-down hovel some few hundred yards beyond the bridgeless stream which forms the boundary of the two States. It is the Papal Custom-house and Police-station, the first visible manifestation to the northern traveller of the working of that system whose "*magni nominis umbra*" has overshadowed Europe for so many centuries. "*Ex pede Herculem!*" The genuine characteristics of Papal rule are visible enough in this extremity of the abortion. A number of soldiers—dirty, slovenly, and listless—are lounging in front of a dilapidated building, whose broken brick-wall bears a shield with the Papal arms, and the words "*Carabinieri Pontificii*." Some are smoking, some sleeping, some basking in the sun, without energy sufficient even to converse with each other. Adjoining the lair of these Pontifical Carabineers is that of another horde of officials, the Custom-house officers—like their military neighbours, dirty, lazy, preposterously numerous, corrupt, and inefficient. The former are useless for the repression of crime, and the latter equally valueless for the prevention of contraband trading. Either set of drones feed like parasitical vermin on the vitals of the wretched country whose substance they exhaust, and serve but to increase the monstrous amount of unproductive population which throughout the Roman States crushes the productive classes beneath its weight.

But the frontier is not left behind without still further illustrations of the effects of Papal rule. The regime of privilege is shown in full action. A peasant arrives at the barrier with his yoke of oxen and a load of produce. His time is his only possession, and the hour which he will have to lose at the "*dogan*"



is, one would have thought, already grievous enough. But immediately after him a "*vetturino*," with a carriage full of travellers, drives up. Forthwith the first comer—the peasant—is put on one side ; and the examination of the travellers' baggage—another hour's work—is about to commence, when the cracking of postilion's whips is heard, and a carriage, drawn by post-horses, makes its appearance. The *vetturino* travellers must now yield in their turn, and the poor peasant's may be considered indefinitely postponed ; for it is likely enough that before the posting-carriage and the *vetturino* have been disposed of, (though the first by means of a bribe will not be detained long,) some other vehicle privileged to pass before him may come up. One great evil of injustice is the rage and heartburning it produces in the victim of it ; but this, it must be owned, does not exist in the case under our consideration. Wrong done to the moral sense, like injury done to the physical frame, becomes by continuance less poignantly felt. The one and the other alike become callous. Nature finds in insensibility an alleviation for that which would otherwise be intolerable. But not the less is the victim in either case injured and degraded, and the amount of his insensibility to the injury will be the measure of the permanent mischief inflicted on the corporal or moral organization. The peasant in the above case feels no indignation, no impatience, no ill-temper. The course of things described is that which he has been used to all his life. It is to him as the order of nature ; and he would as soon think of complaining of the wind or the rain. But on all occasions an Italian is the most patient creature in the world ; he is never in a hurry, never objects to wait any given time, and never scruples to ask another to wait an hour or two, as easily as an Englishman would beg for a minute. They set no value on time, simply because it is of little use to them.

Well ! the frontier is at last passed, and after traversing a few miles of road very strikingly worse than that on the Tuscan side of the boundary, the traveller with much difficulty and some danger, is dragged up the hill of Aquapendente. A worse hill in a great high road it is hardly possible to conceive. So it was constructed ages ago ; and so has all the traffic between Florence and Rome passed over it for many generations. That it might easily be *improved* appears never to have entered into the head of any one during all this time. The Diligence, which travels this road—the sole and *privileged* one of course—takes about 48 hours to accomplish the journey of less than 200 miles, and is drawn by from two to fourteen horses or oxen, according to the exigencies of the road. The mail, which traverses the same road, is constantly several hours behindhand ; but nobody dreams of complaining, and still less does anybody dream of mending the road.

The top of the hill, however, is at length reached, and the traveller enters the first town of the Papal States. Let him come from what country he may, unless it be from Ireland, he must, we think, be astonished and dismayed at the squalid misery, dilapidation, ruin and filth, which presents itself to his eyes on all sides. The appearance of the streets, the buildings, the shops—if such they can be called—the population of all ages and classes, all speak the same tale of wretchedness and degradation. The remainder of the journey repeats the same eloquent lesson at every mile of its course. The moral aspect of things—(which may however be always inferred with tolerable accuracy from the external manifestations of physical wellbeing or the reverse)—as far as may be judged from the few little indications which fall under the notice of an observant traveller, is in complete accordance with the rest of the picture. Fraud, falsehood, and mendacity force themselves on the notice of the least observant.

At length the stranger stands before the gate of Rome. It is an epoch in the life of the most unimaginative—that first entrance into the ancient mother of so much civilisation and of so much barbarism—that eternal city which mankind has so much cause to bless and so much to curse! And here we must quit the course of the ordinary traveller, if we would form any idea of the real condition of Rome. The tourist, wrapped in an ecstasy of imaginative pleasure, full of all the mighty host of classical and medieval recollections and associations, passes through the handsome and tolerably clean, because almost uninhabited, Piazza del Popolo, gazes up at the magnificent terrace of the Pincian on his left hand, and reaches his splendid hotel in the Via Babuino, charmed with his first impressions of “the eternal city,” and disappointed in nothing save in not having heard a picturesque group of peasants singing under the walls, “*Roma, Roma, Roma, non è più come era prima.*”

Let us, however, not confine ourselves to those parts of the town frequented ordinarily by the English and other strangers. Let us penetrate the mass of buildings between Santa Maria Maggiore and the Coliseum; let us visit the Trastevere; above all, let us venture into the reeking mass of abomination situated between the capitol, the Farnese Palace, and the Tiber. The constant state of the streets is such as to make it marvellous that typhus and an hundred other forms of filth-bred disease do not sweep off the miserable population. Drainage appears to be unknown. The very commonest decencies of life are wholly disregarded. The stench is insupportable. It has occurred to ourselves, incredible as the statement may appear, to have observed the remains of a dead sheep suffered to lie in the same spot in one of the streets of Rome, and to poison all the surrounding atmosphere with

its decay and putridity for more than ten days. We have also, and that frequently, observed the dead bodies of cats and dogs lying in the same spots for days together. The appearance of the population in the streets matches well with that of their dwellings—sordid, ragged, unhealthy looking creatures are sauntering in the shade, or basking in the sunshine; or if occupied in some kind of labour, are so performing it as to spread out the fair toil of an hour over half a day.

Such is the physical aspect of *mighty* Rome! Its moral features are of course not so plainly visible or easily appreciable; they can only be judged of by the occasional specimens which chance may afford an observer in his conversation and dealings with the people; but if these be fairly estimated, they may be deemed tolerably accurate exponents of the entire truth; and that truth we conscientiously believe to be—that the whole body of society, from the highest to the lowest grade in the social scale, is altogether corrupt and vitiated. We do not put forth a conclusion so sweeping, a conviction so painful, unadvisedly or lightly. We are not unmindful of the danger of forming general conclusions from particular instances. We are aware that the portion of any society which a traveller most readily meets with is very generally the worst part of it; but every *a priori* consideration would lead to the persuasion that the moral condition of the people of Rome *must* be that which the most careful observation shews in fact that it is. It is not that villany, fraud, and vice abound; alas! where do they not? It is, that shame is dead; it is that the moral sense has perished; it is that that which is vile has ceased to be hated as such, even by those whose better instincts, superior prudence, or lesser temptation, have saved them from themselves becoming so. These are the true and unerring tests of a corruption and degradation which has infected the entire social body, and so entered into the diseased system as to render hopeless all cure short of thorough renovation.

The wealthy proprietor of a palazzo in the Corso, by means of assertions apparently the most ingenuous, induces an English family to sign a lease without requiring that certain stipulations should be inserted therein formally. On the morrow the promises are violated, and the assertions proved to be wholly and wilfully false. The Roman gentleman, who has committed this act of swindling, on being applied to in amazement by his dupes, replies with the utmost tranquillity, that no assertions or agreements that are unwritten are worth anything.

A “respectable” tradesman uses false weights nearly to the extent of ensuring a diminution of cent. per cent. in the quantity of goods furnished. The tribunals are applied to; but as the amount in each case is small, the magistrates and lawyers cannot

be made to comprehend why a complainant should give himself and them more trouble than the amount of the fraud was worth. But the robbery of a shilling, it is urged on their attention, is as much robbery as that of a million; the man is dishonest, and ought to be exposed and punished. No! they can conceive no other reason why such a complaint should be made than with the view of recovering that which the complainant has lost. No man expects to be trusted. None is in any way offended that the most minute and humiliating precautions against his presumed dishonesty should be openly and avowedly taken.

If we turn our view on the more immediate manifestations of the action of Government, the few peeps which the rents in the curtain of official mystery—rather than any properly provided publicity—afford us, indicate if possible a still worse degree of corruption. No institution, no office, no authority, no department rightly and sufficiently performs the functions for which it was created, unless indeed it be the lottery-office—that truly does its appointed work of demoralization and pillage on the people, and does it well and thoroughly. The tribunals notoriously delay, refuse, and pervert justice. The police prevent no crimes, and discover no criminals. Murders occur in the streets of the city, and the murderer is secure. Within our own knowledge the minister of police himself declared to an applicant for protection against outrage, that he advised him to quit Rome, as he was powerless to protect him! In the financial departments the system of fraud and corruption—which has grown with their growth, and become part and parcel of their *quasi* normal constitution—is such as to render all hope of purifying them vain. We were ourselves assured by one who has since become one of the ministers of the Crown, that to his knowledge the speculation in one branch of the post-office business was enormous. He named the sum, amounting to many thousand scudi; but we will not undertake to repeat figures which we did not note at the time.

Let us turn for an instant to the indications of moral condition which the spiritual aspect of Rome, in the middle of the nineteenth century, may afford us. We will do so in no polemical spirit. We will not make our observations from the standpoint of any other creed or rival sect, but as purely philosophical students of social phenomena. Trusting then that our readers will so regard us, and will believe us to be as wholly free from the *odium theologicum* as we know ourselves to be, we hesitate not to declare our conviction, that a more degrading superstition, a more gross and unspiritual idolatry, does not exist in any heathen land, than is practised under the name of Christianity in the metropolis of the Christian world. We are not now speaking in

any wise of the Roman Catholic faith as held and practised elsewhere. There is every *a priori* reason to expect that a more northern people should hold a more spiritual faith. We know well that the Roman Catholicism of Rome is not that of France, or of Germany, or of England; still more, even we are not undertaking to speak of Roman Catholicism at Rome, as the priesthood profess to hold it and to teach. We speak of it only as we know that it is practically held and followed by the mass of the people: and we are sure that our assertions will be supported by any who have without prejudice examined the subject. We are not ignorant of all that has been said to defend the Roman Catholic faith from the charge of image-worship. We know that the priesthood explain, that the figures which are dressed, bedizened, kissed, caressed, prayed to, carried about, etc., are not *worshipped*, but used only as suggesters of things spiritual to the outward bodily senses. But is this theory compatible with the fact, that of various figures of saints—of the virgin in particular, some are deemed more holy, more powerful, more propitious than others?—that some votaries prefer one image, and some another, of the same saint?—that “la Madonna di,” this place is specially famous for granting favours of one sort; and “la Madonna di” that place for bestowing favours of another kind?—that one Church possesses and draws a large revenue from a wooden “bambino,”—*i. e.* infant Christ, particularly celebrated for assisting women in child-birth, and sent about in coaches for that purpose; while another has one specially valuable as preserving its votaries from shipwreck? Do not these facts prove—beyond all possibility of avoiding the conclusion—that special virtue is attributed *to the image itself*? If the Saviour or the Virgin were the intended object of the worship, would not it be in any case the same at all their different altars? Is there one Saviour in one Church, and a second, with different qualities and character, in another? Is the Virgin of one shrine kinder than the Virgin of another? No; it is impossible to deny the truth, that the popular worship of modern Rome is as absolutely and essentially an *idolatry* as any that has ever degraded mankind. The truth is, that the Paganism of old Rome has never been entirely and effectually eradicated. The old deities of the Roman Pantheon still haunt the seven hills; and in spirit as well as in bodily fact the statues of the old gods have often changed their name alone, to become the object of modern worship.

The first result of such a system most necessarily shews itself in an erroneous, unworthy, and degraded conception of the Supreme Being. As a proof of the extent to which this result has been produced, we will cite a fact which has already been noticed in the columns of an English Journal. A highly prized

and magnificently adorned relic—the head of Saint Andrew—had been stolen from the Church of Saint Peter. The canons of that basilic thereupon issue a placard, with which the walls of Rome are covered, offering a reward for the recovery of the stolen treasure, and setting forth that they, the canons, would offer up extra prayers for the space of three days, for the purpose of appeasing God, and averting the evils with which he might be expected to visit the city in consequence of the theft. “Here,” as the *Journal*\* above alluded to—well remarks, “is a numerous body of educated men asserting their belief that the Supreme Being may be expected to manifest anger for a certain special theft above what he would feel at any other crime of a similar nature—that this anger would be manifested by inflicting evil, not on the thief, but on the innocent citizens, in blind indiscriminate vengeance, and that this vengeance might be averted by a certain amount of reiterated repetitions of a given form of words!” Is it possible to conceive a more benighted state of mind than is here evidenced? Do Juggernaut’s disciples form to themselves a lower and more immoral notion of their deity than these so-called Christian priests?

The truth—that the religion of modern Rome is in reality a modification of Paganism, was well pointed out in a little book entitled “*Rome Papal and Pagan*,” which appeared a year or two since. It was not then asserted for the first time; but the intrinsic identity of the two faiths in their practical effects on the popular mind was well and convincingly proved. And we bring the testimony of another witness to the truthfulness of the author’s facts and inferences.

After speaking of such a deplorable want of moral civilisation, it would seem an anti-climax to enlarge on the deficiency of physical progress. Suffice it to say, that the absence of all the smaller as well as of the more important commodities of life is most striking. Commerce does not exist. The infinitely small trading transactions which do supply the small quantity of foreign goods consumed, are hampered with obstructions, and oppressed by duties to an all but prohibitory degree. And the stupid acquiescence of the people in things as they are, lends additional effect to the paralyzing influence of the Government. Take one instance of this, as shown in the case of one of the simplest articles of daily use. The Romans cannot make any tolerable ink: it is imported from France and from England; and one of those little stone-bottles so familiar to English eyes, which costs sixpence at an English stationer’s, and thereby affords the retailer a very large profit, is sold in Rome for about a shilling,

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\* *Athenæum*, No. 1066.

or rather more. The Roman stationer asserts—truly enough perhaps—that the heavy duty makes it impossible for him to sell the article at a lower rate. But on inquiry it is found that the duty is levied on the gross weight, so that the stone-bottle, which weighs far more than its contents, is by far the most costly part of the purchase; yet it has never entered into the head of the Roman tradesman that he might import his ink in large bottles, and divide it off himself into small quantities for retail sale, and thus diminish his duties by one-half or more! No, no! Such profound speculations are quite out of the line of his habitual thoughts.

“*Pulchra Madonna*

Da mihi fallere \* \* \*

Noctem peccatis, et frandibus objice nubem,”

would be still, we fear, the more likely tendency of his thoughts.

And such is the city, and such the people—the product of long years of misgovernment—which the Ninth Pius would now restore to the benefits of a liberal and enlightened rule. Such is the nation which, itself loathing its own degeneracy, is struggling for self-government and regeneration.

And now let us turn again to the question proposed above:—what portions of the system of Papal Government can be usefully preserved, and what must be destroyed in the attempt to improve this so wretched people?

The intention of Pius the Ninth, at the commencement of his career of reformation, was to preserve whole and inviolate the absolute authority of the Papacy in temporal as in spiritual matters. He very distinctly stated his views on this point on more than one occasion. On the first assembling of the “Consulta,” he declared, in his Address to the members, that he did not intend by that institution to diminish in any respect the absolute power of the Sovereign; that those were much in error who saw in it the germ of a system incompatible therewith; that it was his duty and his determination to hand down to his successors in the chair of St. Peter, the power he had received from his predecessor whole and intact. His Holiness intended that the Government of the Papal States should remain an absolute despotism. We were ourselves in Rome at that time, and had then ample means of convincing ourselves, that the Romans did not so understand the boon granted them; and it was not difficult to foresee, that a very short period would suffice to contradict the expectations of his Holiness—nay, that the power had even then already departed from the sceptre of the Innocents and Gregories. Since that time the rushing torrent of European events has so precipitated the course of things at Rome, that the

above declaration of the Pope, made some six months ago, seems obsolete by an hundred years. No further illusion can remain to the Holy Father of handing down to his successors that old power which he received. He must now at least know that the temporal power of St. Peter's successor has departed from him for ever. Pius the Ninth's *first* estimate of what could be preserved and what must be abolished of the old Papal system was then an erroneous one. And now, even while we are writing these pages, that question is being debated amid strife and trouble, violence and tumult, discontent on the one hand, and conscientious distress on the other.

It is beginning to become evident that NO portion of that proud fabric can be preserved. It needs but small sagacity in reading the signs of the times to become convinced that the temporal power of the Papacy verges to its close. The entire edifice was too rotten to admit of mending. The bold mason who cut the first crumbling stone from out the tottering wall, has brought down the entire mass with a crash.

England watches the startling spectacle not uninterested. In truth, the phenomena there exhibited are evolving a lesson which should be pregnant with utility to mankind. But though much has been written of late by the English press on the aspect and probabilities of affairs at Rome, no portion of it seems to have seized on the great truth which they are calculated to teach us. Some of the most accredited organs of public opinion, on the contrary, speak of the question at issue as of a dispute between the Pope and his subjects, which should be settled according to the dictates of good feeling and mutual forbearance and moderation. The *generosity* of the Pope is insisted on, and his subjects accused of *ingratitude* in forcing from him further concessions. But we believe such an appreciation of the subject to arise from wholly inadequate notions of the state of Rome, and of the workings of its Government. The real merits of the question must be examined on quite other grounds, and the conclusion to be arrived at will be one of much wider application than the dominions of the Church.

For, in truth, the attempt which Pius the Ninth engaged in was from the first an impossible one. He was endeavouring to co-ordinate incompatibilities. His object was nothing less than to conciliate the liberal institutions which the advanced political science of this age demands with the pretensions of absolutism, and that absolutism vested in the hands of a ruler pretending to infallibility. What success could have been anticipated for such a scheme? Accordingly but little progress is made before difficulties arise—difficulties insoluble under the conditions of the experiment. All the parties concerned find themselves in a false



position. It is soon discovered by both Pope and people that it is impossible to get on with ministers selected from the clergy, and especially from the Sacred College. Lay ministers are substituted, and thus another vast portion of the nodding edifice falls. A few more weeks, and a "constitution" is proclaimed, a representative body is created, and the Pope becomes a constitutional monarch, sharing his power with a lay parliament! Does any one at all conversant with the working of a free Government anticipate the permanent duration and successful operation of a political machine so constituted? The Roman hierarchy itself, with the instinct of self-preservation, inserted in the draft of this constitution certain clauses framed in the vain hope of preserving itself from the action of the supreme power it thus created. It was provided that the sums needed for Church purposes should be voted without discussion or inquiry; that no subject in any way bearing on Church matters should be touched on; and finally, that the parliament should have no power of revising or meddling with this fundamental statute. Futile attempt! An omnipotent power (as all representative parliaments must be) is created, and is requested to bear in mind that its omnipotence is hedged in by some other power, which is nowhere visible or tangible! It is an old attempt, but all experience has proved the absurdity of it. Then arises, ere long, a yet worse dilemma:—The monarch finds it inconsistent with his duty as a priest and Pope to do that which would be his duty as a lay monarch, and which his ministers and the entire nation deem to be their duty to their country. The "constitution" is at a dead lock.

And then at last the glaring fact is forced upon the comprehension of the nation, and by them set nakedly before their monarch—that the functions of royalty and priesthood are incompatible in an age of progress; that if the nation is to advance on the path of improvement the same man cannot be Pope and King; that the State and the Church must be two, and reciprocally independent.

And for this the Roman people are accused of being ungrateful to their Pontiff. We can with confidence undertake to say that the Roman people have not been deficient in gratitude to their ruler. The reverse has been most strikingly the case, as can be testified by any attentive observer who has been in Rome for the last few months. The difficulty has been shuffled over, but it has not been got rid of. It will occur again ere long; and it will argue no ingratitude on the part of the Romans, that it will become clearly impossible for such an union of Church and State to continue. The force of events will push the Pontiff to the brink of that precipice from which he must voluntarily

throw himself if he would not be violently thrust down. The temporal power of the Papacy seems no longer possible in Rome; And nothing but the gratitude and affection of the Romans for Pius the Ninth could have preserved the empty semblance of it even thus far.

The Pope may perhaps preserve his tottering temporal power. The Papacy may renounce her old and natural alliance with despotism. In Italy and elsewhere she may take democracy to her arms; a large secular advantage she may thus secure, but can she secure it without a larger damage to her purely spiritual character, authority, and influence? On the other hand, if true to his earlier professions—if true to that spirit of absolutism on which his throne is based the Pope resists the tide of liberalism as it rises around him—his temporal authority is doomed. That fabric goes to pieces—the result of a larger amount of toil, perseverance, energy, and intellectual power than the world ever saw applied to a like object. The disruption of the Church and State at Rome—the breaking of the tie where first the bonds were knitted, and when the knot was most tightly drawn—what over Europe would be the future which such an event should usher in? We venture not to forecast it.

Of the works whose titles stand at the head of this Article there is but little to be said. The two French works are mere catch-penny publications, got up in great haste to meet the demand occasioned by the increasing celebrity of the Reformer Pontiff. They have both had a considerable sale in Rome—Roman energy and speculation not having been equal to the production of anything calculated to supply the same want. The first, by M. Clavé, is the better of the two, and contains some amusing anecdotes of the early life of Mastai Ferretti.

The third work mentioned is merely a sort of Roman red book, and is remarkable only as showing the almost incredible number of attendants, officials, and functionaries attached to the Papal Court, and the inextricable labyrinth of its endless multiplication and division of tribunals, courts, and jurisdictions of all sorts.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of JAMES BROOKE, Esq., of Sarawak, now Her Majesty's Commissioner and Consul-General to the Sultan and Independent Chiefs of Borneo.* By Captain the Hon. HENRY KEPPEL, R.N. Third Edition. *With an Additional Chapter, comprising recent Intelligence.* By WALTER K. KELLY. In 2 vols. London, 1847.
2. *Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the occupation of Labuan; from the Journals of JAMES BROOKE, Esq., Rajah of Sarawak, and Governor of Labuan; together with a Narrative of the Operations of H. M. S. Iris.* By Captain RODNEY MUNDY, R.N. *With numerous Plates, &c.* In 2 vols. London, 1848.
3. *Borneo and the Indian Archipelago, with Drawings of Costume and Scenery.* By FRANK S. MARRYAT, late Midshipman of H. M. S. Samarang Surveying Vessel. London, 1848.
4. *Sarawak—its Inhabitants and Productions; being Notes during a residence in that Country with His Excellency Mr. Brooke.* By HUGH LOW, Colonial Secretary at Labuan. London, 1848.
5. *Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang, during the years 1843-46, employed Surveying the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago; accompanied by a brief Vocabulary of the principal Languages; published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* By Captain Sir EDWARD BELCHER, R.N., C.B., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., &c., Commander of the Expedition. *With Notes on the Natural History of the Islands.* By ARTHUR ADAMS, Assistant Surgeon, R.N. 2 vols. London, 1848.

It is interesting to study the variety of means by which Providence carries on its great work of progressive civilisation. In the earlier stages of society, the arts of life followed the conqueror in his bloody career, and subjugated nations exchanged a wild independence for the blessings of stable government and salutary institutions. At other times, and these, too, of frequent occurrence, civilisation has been the offspring of political and religious oppression. Chased by the tyrant from their fatherland, or driven by bigotry from their altars, families distinguished by patriotism and piety have fled for shelter to some friendly shore, and have repaid the hospitality which welcomed them by the noble truths which they imparted, and the holy life which they led. In a more advanced state of society, an exuberant population, in search

of food or employment, have been dispersed among the uncultivated wastes, and the luxuriant woodlands of far-distant climes; and thus have the arts of peace, the principles of freedom, and the message of eternity, followed in the train of the starving emigrant, and hallowed the resting-place of the persecuted saint and the patriot exile. No sooner has the temporary dwelling excluded the summer's heat or the winter's cold, than the sons of toil equip themselves for the destined task. The forest falls beneath the peasant's brawny arm, and under his skilful care a golden harvest waves over once barren plains. The village rises amid fruit and foliage—the germ peradventure of some gay metropolis—the centre, it may be, of some mighty empire. The school-house and the temple adorn and bless the exile's home, while light, secular and divine, emanating from this double source, diffuses itself around, and reaches even the homes and the hearts of the savage population. In our own day, however, it is by the schoolmaster and the missionary that the great work of civilisation must be carried on; and it is by means of our colonial establishments, and the extension of our commercial relations, that we can expect to obtain the most successful and permanent results. The interchange of European or American manufactures with the produce of savage or semi-barbarous nations, cannot fail to lead to a closer and more friendly intercourse, while the rapidity of locomotive travelling and of steam navigation, and the electric transmission of intelligence over Europe, must give to all maritime states a power of control over barbarous nations which they could not otherwise have wielded. Should our missionary or colonial establishments be assailed by violence—should pirates interrupt our trade, and enslave their captives—a quick and condign punishment will soon reach the aggressors, and secure our countrymen, in their most distant settlements, from the cruelties and depredations to which they have been too frequently exposed. Even among the distant islands of the Indian and the Pacific Oceans, the British and the American flags have waved over the burning villages of the treacherous and bloody savage.

But it is only in seasons of European quiet that the arm of civilisation can put forth its power to control the savage tribes that yet occupy and deface the fairest portions of the earth; and it is only in times of domestic peace that a Christian people can direct the undivided energy of their faith against the licentious orgies and the bloody rites of Pagan idolatry. While Freedom has to struggle against the despot, and enlightened nations have their liberties yet to conquer, the Christian and the Philanthropist must pause or falter in their aggressive movement against ignorance and superstition. It is but when nations are governed by equal laws—when rank and wealth exercise

their just and salutary influence—when the civilized races are united by friendly ties, and the mutual interchange of food and industry ;—it is only then that the national will can be concentrated on national objects, and that our armed battalions, and our ships of war can be summoned to the noble enterprise of wafting the teacher and the missionary to the land of darkness—of striking the fetters from the slave—and of breaking down the strongholds of cruelty and vice.

In the annals of philanthropy there are recorded many precious examples of individual and successful devotion to its cause. When Howard strove to ameliorate the prisoner's lot, and to purify his living grave—when Elizabeth Fry laboured to instruct and reform the convict—and Guthrie to teach and educate the ragged child—and Ashley to soften the agonies of female toil and of youthful labour, it was to one mind that humanity owed each noble conception, and it was by one stern will that each arduous purpose was accomplished ; but until our own day History has furnished us with no example in which a single individual has ventured to undertake, on any considerable scale, the civilisation and improvement of barbarous communities.

This remarkable effort, which has excited the admiration of his countrymen, and will command the applause of every succeeding age, has been recently made by Mr. James Brooke, an English gentleman, who has devoted his fortune and his talents to the civilisation and improvement of one of the loveliest portions of the globe. The numerous works placed at the head of this article, relate almost solely to this most interesting chapter of Modern History ; and difficult as the task must be, we have felt it incumbent upon us to present our readers with a succinct and continuous narrative of those extraordinary operations in which Mr. Brooke has been engaged.

Mr. Brooke was born at Coombe Grove, near Bath, on the 29th April, 1803. He was the second, but is now the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., of the East India Company's Civil Service. At an early age he went to India, as a cadet in the Bengal army, where he held advantageous appointments. On the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to Assam ; and in an action with the enemy, his gallantry was so conspicuous that he received the thanks of the Government. But having been shot through the lungs, he was obliged to return to England for the recovery of his health. Having made himself master of several modern languages, he made a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and upon the expiry of his furlough he again embarked for India. The ship, however, was wrecked on the Isle of Wight, and

this little incident, combined with the paltry and unjust regulations of the East India Company, deprived our Eastern empire of the services of a man who might have been its brightest ornament; and thus transferred to the cause of humanity the energies of his powerful mind, and the benefits of his transcendent talents. Owing to the delay which this misfortune had occasioned, Mr. Brooke's leave of absence had expired when he reached Madras; and when he found that a troublesome and tedious correspondence with the Home authorities would be necessary to replace him in the position which he had innocently forfeited, he at once relinquished the service, and resolved to proceed with the ship to China, in search of health and amusement. In crossing the China Seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Indian Archipelago, inviting the traveller by their surpassing beauty, and teeming with Nature's rarest and richest productions. But while a tropical sun was shedding its pure light over the landscape, and tipping its rocks and mountains with gold, there lay above the valleys a moral darkness which time and toil only could disperse; and where animal and vegetable life arrested the eye by their magnificence and beauty, life intellectual stood forth a hideous blot upon Nature's scutcheon, drawn in the blackest lines of cruelty, treachery, and vice. The two antagonist pictures appear to have been simultaneously impressed upon the mind of our youthful adventurer, and the attractions of the one seem to have allured and impelled him to abate the deformity of the other. To visit and explore the lovely scenes which were now presented to him in the course of his voyage, was only a passing thought; but when he learned at Canton the true value and the singular variety of the products of the Archipelago, the idea took possession of his mind, and upon his return to England he resolved to realize it. In conjunction with a friend, to whom he had imparted his purpose, he fitted out a vessel of large burden, and proceeded to the China Seas, but circumstances and events which have not yet been made public, prevented him from carrying his plans into effect under any other auspices than his own.

Upon the death of his father in 1838, Mr. Brooke succeeded to a handsome fortune, and was thus enabled single-handed to carry out his darling project. When his preparations for sea were completed, he published a prospectus of his undertaking in the *Geographical Journal* for 1838,\* expressing his conviction

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\* This communication, entitled *Proposed Exploring Expedition to the Asiatic Archipelago*. By James Brooke, Esq., and published in the *Society's Journal*, vol. viii., pp. 443-448, contains an admirable exposition of his plans, and shows how thoroughly and deliberately he had studied the subject, and weighed the various

that the tendency of his voyage was to add to knowledge, to increase trade, and to spread Christianity. Animated by such noble objects, he left the Thames on the 27th of October, 1838, in his yacht the *Royalist* schooner, a vessel of 142 tons, belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, "which, in foreign parts, admits her to the same privileges as a man-of-war, and enables her to carry a white ensign." Her ship's company consisted of *nine* officers, *nine* seamen, and *two* boys. Most of the hands had been with Mr. Brooke three years and upwards, and in the course of a year spent in the Mediterranean he had tested both his vessel and his crew.\* The *Royalist* was a fast sailer, and was armed with six six-pounders, a number of swivels, and small arms of all sorts. She carried four boats, and provisions for four months, beside all the requisite instruments for observation, including three chronometers, and the means of collecting and preserving specimens of natural history. In concluding the proposal which he made to the Geographical Society, Mr. Brooke remarks, "I embark upon the expedition with great cheerfulness, with a stout vessel and a good crew, and I cast myself upon the waters, but whether the world will know me after many days is a question which, hoping the best, I cannot answer with any positive degree of assurance." "I go," he said to a friend, "to awaken the slumbering spirit of philanthropy with regard to these islands. Fortune and life I give freely, and if I fail in the attempt I shall not have lived wholly in vain."

Quitting England on the 16th December, the *Royalist* made a good passage to Rio Janeiro, which occupied nearly two months. After a fortnight's stay, Mr. Brooke sailed on the 9th March for the Cape, and having put into Table Bay on the 15th March, 1839, and completed the repairs of his yacht, he again set sail on the 29th of the same month, and anchored at Singapore in the last week of May. In this delightful spot he spent the months of June and July, making preparations for his trip to Borneo, and arranging the plan of his future operations. Furnished with letters from the governor of Singapore to the Rajah Muda Hassim, governor of Borneo Proper, (and uncle to the sovereign,) who had shewn much kindness and liberality to the

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chances of failure or success which were likely to occur. In this paper, which was the first public notice of his intentions, his views are limited entirely to the object of exploring Borneo, Celebes, and the other islands of the Archipelago.

\* In the course of this voyage, Mr. Brooke visited the Island and Gulf of Symi, in February 1837, and communicated to the Journal of the Geographical Society a very interesting paper, entitled, *Sketch of the Island and Gulf of Symi, on the south-western coast of Anatolia*. By James Brooke, Esq. This well written article exhibits the learning and sagacity of the author, and is a most favourable earnest of what might have been expected from his future labours. We are surprised that it has not even been noticed in the multifarious works which relate to his proceedings in Borneo.

crew of an English vessel wrecked on the coast, and taking with him valuable presents of various kinds, Mr. Brooke left Singapore on the 27th July, and anchored on the 1st of August, on the coast of Borneo, in a night "pitchy dark," amid torrents of rain and peals of thunder. Learning that the Rajah was at Sarawak, where he was detained by a rebellion in the interior, Mr. Brooke resolved to proceed thither, in place of Malludu Bay, at the north point of the island. On the morning of the 2d the clouds cleared away, and exhibited to him the majestic scenery of Borneo, with Gunong Palo, a mountain 2000 feet high, rising in the background, and throwing out its picturesque knolls into the wooded plains. On Sunday the 4th, after "performing divine service himself, manfully overcoming that horror which he had to the sound of his own voice before an audience," he landed near a forest of noble timber, clear of brushwood, and thus gives vent in the following beautiful passage to the sentiments which the scenery inspired:—

"This dark forest," says he, "where the trees shoot up straight, and are succeeded by generation after generation, varying in stature, but struggling upwards, strikes the imagination with features trite but true. Here the hoary sage of an hundred years lies mouldering beneath your foot, and there the young sapling shoots beneath the parent shade, and grows in form and fashion like the parent stem. The towering few, with heads raised above the general mass, can scarce be seen through the foliage of those beneath, but here and there the touch of time has cast his withering hand upon their leafy brow, and decay has begun his work upon the gigantic and unbending trunk. How trite and yet how true! It was thus I meditated in my walk. The foot of European, I said, has never touched where my foot now presses—seldom the native wanders here. Here I indeed behold Nature fresh from the bosom of creation, unchanged by man, and stamped with the same impress she originally bore! Here I behold God's designs when he formed this tropical land, and left its culture and improvement to the agency of man. The Creator's gift, as yet neglected by the creature, and yet the time may be confidently looked for when the axe shall level the forest, and the plough turn the ground."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, vol. i., pp. 18, 19.

Near the island of Talang-Talang, Mr. Brooke was welcomed on the 7th by the Bandar, or treasurer of the place, who came in his canoe, and assured him of a hearty welcome from the Rajah; and having "dispatched his gig for Sarawak, in order to acquaint the Rajah of his arrival," he was met on the 13th by a canoe, containing a Pangeran of note (Illudeen) to welcome them, accompanied by other persons of distinction, and a score of followers. The party ate and drank, and talked with much ease and liveliness, and, from the state of the tide, were obliged



to sleep in the *Royalist*. On the 15th the yacht anchored abreast of Sarawak, and saluted the Rajah with twenty-one guns, which was returned with eighteen from his residence. Mr. Brooke and his party were received in state, in the most flattering manner, in the Hall of Audience, a large shed erected on piles, but tastefully decorated in the interior. The strangers were seated in chairs on one hand of the Rajah, and on the other sat his brother Mahammed, and Macota and other chiefs, while immediately behind him were seated his twelve younger brothers. Tea and tobacco were served by attendants on their knees. A band played wild airs during the interview; and after a visit of half an hour, the strangers rose and took their leave.

After various interchanges of visits and presents, some of them without the usual formality and reserve, Mr. Brooke obtained leave to travel into the country of the Dyaks, and to visit the Malay towns of Sadung, Samarahan, &c.; and in pursuance of this plan, he left Sarawak, (formerly Kuchin,) accompanied by the prahus (boats) of Pangeran Illudeen and the Panglima, the former pulling twelve paddles, and having two brass swivels and twenty men, and the latter having a gun and ten men, while the *Skimalong*, a long boat of Mr. Brooke's, carried a gun and ten men. With this equipment, superior to any force of the Rajah's enemies, they "proceeded up a Borneon river (Morotaba) hitherto unknown, sailing where no European ever sailed before; and admiring the deep solitude, the brilliant night, the dark fringe of retired jungle, the lighter foliage of the river bank, with here and there a tree flashing and shining with fire-flies, nature's tiny lamps, glancing and flitting in countless numbers, and incredible brilliancy." The expedition had proceeded about a hundred miles up the Samarahan river, admirably calculated for the purposes of navigation and trade, receiving hospitality and kindness at the different villages on its banks, when the Pangeran, dreading the hostility of the Dyaks, and alleging that the river was narrow, rapid, and obstructed by trees, insisted upon returning to Sarawak, which they reached on the 25th. On the 30th, the same flotilla set out to explore the river Lundu, and to visit the Sibnowan Dyaks and their town of Tungong. This river is about half a mile wide at the mouth, and from 150 to 200 yards off Tungong, which stands on the right bank, and is enclosed by a slight stockade. Within this defence there is only *one enormous house* with three or four small huts, for the whole population of about 400 souls! This remarkable tenement is 594 feet long, and the front room or street is the entire length of the building, and 21 feet broad. The floor is 12 feet above the ground, and it is reached by means of the trunk of a tree, with notches cut in it, which performs the part of a ladder. The back part is divided

by neat partitions into the private apartments of the various families, which communicate with the public apartments. The married persons occupy the private rooms, while the widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public apartments. There is in front of this extraordinary building a terrace, 50 feet broad, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo, and extending partially along the front of the building.

"This platform," says Mr. Brooke, "as well as the front room, beside the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labour are carried on—padi ground, mats made, &c. &c. There were 200 men, women, and children counted in the room, and in front, whilst we were there in the middle of the day; and allowing for those abroad, and for those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than 400 souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy storey, in which they stow their stores of food, and their implements of labour and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollowed trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild-looking, but apparently quiet and inoffensive race. The apartment of their chief, by name Sejugal, is situated nearly in the centre of the building, and is longer than any other. In front of it nice mats were spread on the occasion of our visit, whilst *over our heads dangled about thirty ghastly skulls*, according to the custom of these people. \* \* \* I was informed that they had many more in their possession, all, however, the heads of enemies. On enquiring, I was told, that it is indispensable that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, vol. i. pp. 52, 53-55.

The practice of *head-hunting*, as it is called, referred to in the preceding extract, is carried to a great extent in Borneo. It is necessary, in many places, to propitiate the bride by throwing down before her a number of heads in a net; and though one head may, in cases where there is no competition of lovers, satisfy the bride, yet the courage of the male, and consequently his success in love, is measured by the number which he can display. It is not, however, at marriages alone that these disgusting trophies are demanded. At the death of any person, a head must be procured previous to the celebration of the funeral; and it is confidently stated, that in the north as well as in the south of Borneo, human victims, generally slaves, are sacrificed on the death of a chief, and even on other occasions. Among the land tribes, the heads are the general property of the village, and are stored up in what is called the Head-House; but the Sea-Dyaks hold them as personal property, and occasionally wear them

dangling at their loins. An old chief, when regretting the destruction of all his property by fire, stated to Mr. Low, that "he would not have regretted it so much if he could have saved the trophies of the prowess of his fathers—the heads collected by his ancestors." Baskets full of these heads, deprived of the brain, and dried over a slow and smoking fire, may be found at any house in the villages of the sea tribes; and the number of these disgusting objects is a measure of the distinction of the family. The mode of treating a captured head by the Sea-Dyaks is thus described by Mr. Low:—

"The head is brought on shore with much ceremony, and wrapped up in the curiously folded and plaited leaves of the Nipah palm, and frequently emitting the disgusting odours peculiar to decaying mortality. This, the Dyaks have frequently told me, is particularly grateful to their senses, and surpasses the odorous durian, their favourite fruit. On shore, and in the village, the head, for months after its arrival, is treated with the greatest consideration, and all the names and terms of endearment of which their language is capable are lavished upon it. The most dainty morsel culled from their repast is thrust into its mouth, and it is instructed to hate its former friends, and that having been now adopted into the tribe of its captors, its spirit must be always with them: sirih leaves and betel-nut are given to it, and finally a cigar is frequently placed between its ghastly and pallid lips. None of this disgusting mockery is performed with the intention of ridicule, but all to propitiate the spirit by kindness, and to procure its good wishes for the tribe of which it is now supposed to have become a member."—Low's *Sarawak*, &c., pp. 206, 207.

After the feast which follows this barbarous ceremony, dancing generally commences, and this is "performed with the recently acquired heads suspended from the persons of the actors, who move up and down the verandah with a slow step and corresponding movements of their outstretched arms, uttering occasionally a yell which rises fierce and shrill above the discordant noises of the gongs, &c., to which the dancers move."

The mode of dealing with heads among the land tribes, is well described by Mr. Marryat, who had occasion to witness a *Head-House* while visiting three villages in the Serambo mountains, occupied by the hill Dyaks, under Mr. Brooke's sway. Mr. Marryat's party was escorted to a house in the centre of the village, differently constructed from the rest. It was raised and well ventilated by numerous port-holes in its pointed roof.\* A rough ladder conducted the party to the room above; and when they entered they were "taken aback" by finding that they were in the head house, and that *the beams were lined with human heads,*

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\* A drawing of this *Head-House* is given by Sir E. Belcher, vol. i., p. 26.

*all hanging by a small line passing through the top of the skull. "They were painted in the most fantastic and hideous manner; pieces of wood, painted to imitate the eyes, were inserted into the sockets, and added not a little to their ghastly grinning appearance. The strangest part of the story, and that which added very much to the effect of the scene, was that these skulls were perpetually moving to and fro, and knocking against each other. This, I presume, was occasioned by the different currents of air blowing in at the port-holes; but what with their continual motion, their nodding their chin when they hit each other, and their grinning teeth, they really appeared to be endowed with new life, and were a very merry set of fellows."*

In the last week of September, Mr. Brooke undertook another expedition to the river Sadung, accompanied by the Pangerans, Illudcen and Subtu. The town called Songi is of considerable size, and along the river, from which there is a good deal of trade, the population may amount to 2000 or 3000 persons. After visiting an Illanun pirate, who resides up the Songi, a tributary of the Sadung, and also Seriff Sahib, the son of an Arab, who married a daughter of the Borneon Rajah, they sailed up the river to a point thirty miles from its mouth, where there was a village, consisting of three moderately long houses, inhabited by the Sibnowan Dyaks, where they found a collection of heads, some of them fresh, and said to be women's, hanging, ornamented with feathers, before the entrance of the chief's private apartments. After a night's exposure to torrents of rain and the vivid lightning of the tropics, the river party dropped down to the entrance into the Sadung, and passing over the sand flats to the Royalist, they were joined by the Pangerans, who next day returned to Sarawak, leaving the Panglima Rajah to pilot them out. When the Panglima, in his prahu, with twelve men, was lying close to the shore, they were roused from their sleep by a piratical attack of the roving Sarebus Dyaks, who stole upon them by surprise, wounded severely the Panglima and several of his men, and but for the timeous discharge of a gun from the Royalist, which frightened the assailants, the whole party would have been slaughtered.

Returning to Sarawak on the 1st October, Mr. Brooke and his party accepted of a pressing invitation from the Rajah. From four o'clock they sat, and talked, and drank tea, and smoked, till eight in the evening, when dinner was announced. The table was laid à l'Anglaise—a good curry of rice, grilled fowls, and a bottle of wine. The party did justice to their cheer, and the Rajah, throwing off all reserve, bustled about with the proud and pleasing consciousness of having given an English dinner in proper style, now drawing the wine, now changing the plates,

pressing his guests to eat, and saying you are at home. After dinner they drank and smoked and talked till the hour of rest. Mr. Brooke's couch was a crimson silk mattress, embroidered with gold, and covered with white, gold-embroidered mats and pillows. The others fared equally well, and greatly enjoyed their wine, in consequence of their own stock having been expended.

Having taken a cordial leave of the Rajah, and in the course of his three expeditions obtained much useful information respecting the natural history, geography, statistics, and language of the Dyaks, Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore on the 2d October, carrying along with him letters for the merchants of that place, and a list of the imports and exports of Sarawak. As it was probable that the civil war might continue for many months, he thought it would be injudicious to return to Sarawak, and he therefore decided on making an excursion to the island of Celebes, as he had contemplated in his original prospectus. Taking with him a large assortment of British goods, as presents to the chiefs and people, he set sail on the 20th November, and about the middle of December 1839, he arrived off Celebes. Captain Keppel has given only such extracts from Mr. Brooke's Journal of that "portion of his excursion to Celebes and among the Bugis, as particularly bears upon his Borneon sequel," amounting only to a portion of a chapter. But Captain Mundy has devoted *ten* chapters to the subject, and has given the whole of Mr. Brooke's Journal of this interesting expedition. As our object is to make our readers acquainted with Mr. Brooke's life and labours in his own territory of Sarawak, we can only devote a brief space to a notice of his visit to Celebes, or rather to his circumnavigation of the gulf of Boni.

On the 16th of December Mr. Brooke landed at Bonthian Bay, where he was kindly received by the officers of the Dutch fort. On the 18th he set out with three doctors and native guides, to see the splendid waterfall of Sapo, "inferior in body of water" to many falls in Switzerland, but superior to any of them in sylvan beauty, its charms being greatly heightened to the imagination, by its deep seclusion, its undisturbed solitude, and its difficulty of access. After passing through the glades and glens, grassy knolls and slopes, they plunged into the wood, and found themselves at the side of the stream below the waterfall. Having finished their breakfast, they all stripped to their trousers, entered the water, and waded along the bed of the river to the fall. The steep and woody banks prevented any other mode of approach, and as the stream rushed down, tumbling over huge rocks, this mode was any thing but easy. Sometimes they were up to the arms in water, now stealing with care over

wet and slippery stones, now favoured by a few yards of dry ground, and ever and anon swimming a pool to shorten an unpleasant climb.

"In this manner," says Mr. Brooke, "we advanced about half-a-mile, when the fall became visible; thick trees and hanging creepers intervened; between and through the foliage, we just saw the water glancing and shining in its descent. The effect was perfect. After some little farther and more difficult progress, we stood beneath the fall of about 150 feet sheer descent. The wind whirled in eddies, and carried the sleet over us, chilling our bodies, but unable to damp our admiration. The basin of the fall is part of a circle, with the outlet forming a funnel; bare cliffs, perpendicular on all sides, form the upper portion of the vale, and above and below is all the luxuriant vegetation of the East; trees arched and interlaced, and throwing down long fantastic roots and creepers, shade the scene, and form one of the richest sylvan prospects I have ever beheld. The water foaming and flashing, and then escaping amid huge grey stones on its troubled course—clear and transparent, expanding into tranquil pools, with the flickering sunshine through the dense foliage, all combined to form a scene such as Tasso has described."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Keppel's *Expedition*, vol. i., pp. 111, 112.

At Singapore Mr. Brooke met with Dain Matara, a well-born, affluent, and educated Bugis, who offered to accompany him in his expedition, refusing any remuneration for his services. Mr. Brooke agreed to take him and his servant, and found him a cheerful, good-tempered, and intelligent companion. On the 20th, Mr. Brooke, with a party of twelve, undertook the ascent of Lumpu Batang. They rested at different villages on the hill, where they saw the cockatoo in its wild state, and encountered a community of dusky baboons; and on the 22d, after midday, they attained the summit, never before reached by Europeans. On the top they saw the dung of wild cattle, which are said to be a species of urus;\* and found specimens of pumice stone, indicating the volcanic nature of the mountain. Mr. Brooke estimates the population of the villages in this district at about 5000. The chief product of the country is coffee, which is collected by the Bugis merchants to the extent of 80,000 peculs annually, the price being 15 or 16 Java rupees per pecul. Tortoise shell and mother of pearl shells are abundant.

On the 6th of January, 1840, Mr. Brooke intimated to the King of Boni, his arrival as a private individual, and his wish to visit him. His Majesty gave orders that all the wants of the party should be supplied; but in consequence of foolish reports that five ships were on their way to Boni, to expel the Dutch, no answer was given to Mr. Brooke's proposal. Having collected

\* See this *Journal*, vol. v. p. 202.

information respecting the condition and politics of Boni, and believing that some sinister influence was at work to prevent his meeting with the king, he resolved to proceed on his voyage.

The state of Boni, though of recent origin, is now the most powerful in Celebes. Its form of government is an aristocratic elective monarchy, the king, or the Patamankowe, being chosen by the Aru Pitu, or Rajah Pitu, that is by six men or Rajahs. These six men fill also the great offices of state, and each, in case of absence, can appoint a proxy. The Tomarilalan, who is prime minister or treasurer, is not one of the elective body, but is a sort of balancing power, and the medium of communication between them and the king, although there is reason to believe that this functionary wields a higher authority than even the Aru Pitu. The king decides when the Aru Pitu is equally divided; but in cases of election to the supreme power, the Tomarilalan decides between the contending parties. In such cases a general assembly of the inferior rajahs and the official functionaries is convened, whose voice influences, if it does not decide the election. The public voice, however, thus faintly developed in this elective monarchy, has not yet, as Mr. Brooke expresses it, "worked any benefit to the community generally."

On his arrival at Pencke, in the kingdom of Wajo, on the 26th January, Mr. Brooke met with a kind and affable reception from three rajahs. They visited the Royalist, and offered to show him and his party a deer hunt, and to take them to Tesora, the present capital of Wajo. They accordingly set out on the 30th, and passing through Doping, Piagaga, and Penrang, amid assembled thousands carrying arms and banners, and firing muskets, and uttering discordant yells, they reached Tesora, a large straggling city, the ancient boundary of which is marked by a fortification several miles in circuit. The houses are mostly large and well built, but old and tottering; and the remains of brick-built mosques and powder-magazines indicate the former extent of the city. The population, now about 6000, must have been four times that number. Mr. Brooke and his party were received at the house allotted to them by crowds within, and a mob without, and sat eating sweetmeats, and afterwards devouring their dinner—the gaze and wonder of a Bugis multitude. When they lay down to sleep, the crowd, particularly the female portion, pressed closer to look at their faces; and when they left the house, fresh hordes pursued them till midnight. The following day they visited the Rajah, and after a luxurious collation, at which politics were unreservedly discussed, they were entertained with the brutality of cock-fighting. The Bugis consider themselves as a *free people*, and Mr. Brooke was unable to discover the faintest trace of any limit to the freedom of discourse. They are a manly and

spirited, though an idle race. As colonists and traders they are enterprising. The women enjoy perfect liberty; and though talking often "in a very unladylike manner, on unladylike subjects, yet they are chaste." The population of the eastern and northern shores, and particularly of Wajo, is 67,800, reckoning 15 persons to a house, the number of houses being 4520.

The southern limb of Celebes contains the four kingdoms of Luwu, Wajo, Boni, and Soping. Goa, the fifth, has been long under European domination, and Si Dendring, once part of Boni, is now an independent kingdom. The three states of Boni, Wajo, and Soping, have acted as one state for the purpose of defence. Wajo is governed by six hereditary Rajahs, three civil and three military, who elect the head, viz. the Aru Matoah. A chamber of forty nobles are appealed to on difficult emergencies, and three Pangawas, or tribunes of the people, who summon the council of forty, watch over popular rights. The three Pangawas are elected by the people, and generally hold office for life. The Rajah Penrang, next in rank to the six, "holds the privilege of advising or upbraiding the six Rajahs." The wealth of all classes consists in slaves, or rather serfs. There are fifty slaves or more to each freeman. They are neither imported nor exported. Debtors and criminals become slaves, and their masters have the power of life and death.

In returning through Boni, Mr. Brooke observed a ludicrous example of court etiquette. Although the country possesses a constitution, yet it has been reduced to a state of perfect despotism by the Patamankowe or king. "When this personage sits all sit—when he rises all rise. Should he ride and fall from his horse, all about him must fall from their horses likewise. If he bathe, all must bathe too, and whoever is passing at the time must plunge into the water in the dress, good or bad, which they happen to wear."

Mr. Brooke had heard in the early part of his journey of the cave of Mampo, which was said to be "full of figures of men and beasts," and he took much trouble to obtain leave to visit it. The hill of Mampo, 400 feet high, and composed of coral rock, is two miles from the town of Unii, and is flat-topped and covered with wood. The Patamankowe appointed the Aru Tanneté to accompany Mr. Brooke to the cave, and the party set out on the 3d of April, attended by a mob of 200 or 300 persons. The entrance to the cave, which immediately expands into a lofty hall, dropping with the fantastic forms of numerous stalactites, is at a short distance from the town of Alupang, consisting of seventy houses, and standing on the hill side.

"Mampo cave," says Mr. Brooke, "is a production of nature, and the various halls and passages exhibit the multitude of beautiful forms



with which Nature adorns her works; pillars, and shafts, and fret-work, many of the most dazzling white, adorn the roofs or support them, and the ceaseless progress of the work is still going forward and presenting all figures in gradual formation. The top of the cave, here and there fallen in, gives gleams of the most picturesque light, whilst trees and creepers, growing from the fallen masses, shoot up to the level above, and add a charm to the scene. Yet was I greatly disappointed, and enjoyed the sight less than I should otherwise have done.

"These varied forms of stalactites the natives speak of as figures; a fallen pillar represents a rajah; and, by a like stretch of imagination, they call various stones dogs, horses, ships, rice, looms, &c. Names arbitrarily enough bestowed, but which retain their particular designations, and produce their uniformity of statement when they speak of the figures they each have seen in the cave. Some parts of the cave are inclosed with stones, and offerings of slight burning sticks, similar to those used in Chinese temples, are stuck round them. The path to these shrines is so well trodden, that they are evidently much frequented by the natives.

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"The hundreds of dark figures with flaming torches mingling their light with the streams of sunbeams from the roof—their yells and shouts as they entered the spacious halls, and the time—the clime—the spot—all produced a highly picturesque effect; yet I could not enjoy, though I admired; and my chief comfort was, that I might spare other travellers from being misled by the exaggerated, but consistent account of the natives.

"The European imagination would deck this cave with all the semblance of a cathedral, with some slight approximation to the reality; they would see the shrines of saints or heroes—the Gothic arch—the groined roof—the supporting pillars.

"The natives, from tradition as well as imagination, bestow on the varied shapes of stalactites the names of men, of beasts, or of birds. The halls of Alhambra are the nearest approach to the caves of Nature's formation, and we may suppose they were first imitations of Nature's subterranean works.

"The transition from the dim light and freshness of the cave into the bright glare of a tropical sun, was very displeasing; and I felt glad, after an excursion of some hours, to return to our quarters at Unii."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Captain Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i., pp. 141-143.

Leaving Tesora, and descending the Chinrana, Mr. Brooke joined the Royalist, and proceeded on his voyage northward, visiting Luwu, the oldest and most decayed of the Bugis states, and rounding the northern extremity of the gulf of Boni, where the river Uru discharges itself by seven mouths into the sea. He visited the Minkoka tribe, on the east side of the gulf, a people who are "keen barterers," marry only one wife, and have a language of their own. Mr. Brooke got 2½ lbs. of wax for a

red cotton handkerchief, worth 8d. ; 30 lbs. of sago for one worth a shilling, and from 70 to 100 cocoa nuts for a small red cotton handkerchief. Descending the coast by Pulo-Bassa, an island growing from the reef, the Royalist ran across the bay to Bonthian, and thence to Samarang, where Mr. Brooke was compelled to put in for provisions, and where he received money and hospitality from Mr. MacNeill. From Samarang he proceeded to Singapore, where he remained a few months to recruit his health and refit his vessel. Early in August he set out for Sarawak, where he arrived on the 29th of August, 1840.

Sick, languid, and disabled, Mr. Brooke's determination had been to remain only for a few days on his way northward, and this resolution was strengthened when he found that no progress had been made in suppressing the rebellion, which had lasted for four years. The cordial reception, however, which he met with from the Rajah Muda Hassim, the chiefs, and the people, and the earnest prayers of the first, that he would not leave him in his present disgraced and deserted position, induced him to join the miserable Borneo army ; but such were " the scenes of cowardice, treachery, intrigue, and lukewarmness which he witnessed in the course of ten days, that he left them and returned to his vessel. The Rajah renewed his entreaties, and offered to make over to him the government of Sarawak, with its revenues and trade. Mr. Brooke refused to accept this offer while the war was pending ; and considering the war as just and righteous, and its speedy termination as a service to humanity, he started to join the Sarawak forces on the 3d of October at Leda Tanah, where he saw " the whole army bathe, with the commander-in-chief at their head." The army consisted of 200 Chinese, armed chiefly with swords and spears, 250 Malays, and about 200 Dyaks of various tribes. The enemy, who occupied the fort of Bolidah, were from 350 to 500 strong, half of whom were armed with muskets, and the other half with spears. The fort was on a slight eminence at the water's edge, defended by a few swivels and a gun or two, and by various snares, some like mole-traps, and others were holes filled with ranjows, or spiked bamboos. To assault the fort by a chain of three forts, and a stockade, was the resolve of the allied army. A reinforcement of men and guns, sent for by Mr. Brooke, having arrived, a breach was soon made in the wooden fort on the 31st October. Mr. Brooke proposed to storm the place with 150 Chinese and Malays ; but though some of the chiefs agreed, and tried to influence the courage of those who dissented from the proposal, no attempt was made to attack the enemy. Neither persuasion nor ridicule had any influence upon them, and Mr. Brooke returned in disgust to his ship. The Rajah again induced him to return, and on the 10th December

he rejoined the army. The campaign now assumed an active character. New recruits had arrived, and new forts were erected; and after a series of skirmishes, with varied success and little loss, the enemy advanced from the stockade into the open field. Mr. Brooke instantly saw their mistake, and profited by it. With his detachment of Englishmen, twelve in number, he charged quickly across the padi-fields, followed by *one* Illanun, named Si Tundo, and by the rest of the natives at a respectful distance. The manœuvre was completely successful. The moment the English appeared on the ridge above the river, in the hollow of which the rebels were seeking protection, they were completely routed, and the victory was decisive and bloodless. The rebels lost their arms and ammunition, several forts were captured, the remnant of the defeated troops were disheartened, and in a few days a treaty was signed, Bolidah delivered up, and at the close of 1841, the rebellion at an end. Mr. Brooke made it a condition with the Rajah that the lives of the prisoners should be spared, and that their women and children, who were given as hostages, should be treated kindly, and preserved from wrong.

In the beginning of January 1841, the army broke up from its encampment near Siniavin, and returned to Sarawak. When Mr. Brooke "was winding up his affairs, in order to have an agreement drawn up between the Rajah and himself," a fleet of Illanun pirates appeared on the coast, and with the Rajah's permission anchored off Sarawak. It was reported that their object was to seize fifty lacks of dollars which were supposed to be on board the Royalist, whose figure head was believed to be of solid gold. The fleet consisted of eighteen prahus, decorated with flags and streamers, and firing cannon and musketry. The smallest carried 30, and the largest 100 men, and each had from 30 to 50 oars. Their armament was one or two six-pounders on the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. Mr. Brooke "put himself into a complete posture of defence, lest hostilities might ensue. The interview with the Rajah, however, was friendly, and the fleet departed in peace. Magindanao, Sooloo, and the northern part of Borneo, are the great nests of piracy; and as no measures have been adopted for its suppression, the greatest devastation and misery are inflicted on the rest of the Archipelago.

Having received from the Rajah the papers duly signed and sealed, which declared him "resident at Sarawak," that is, which gave him permission to live in the province, and "to seek profit by trade," Mr. Brooke engaged to "bring a vessel for trade, laden with a mixed cargo for the Sarawak market;" and the Rajah promised in return to build him a house, and to procure antimony ore in return for his goods. Under these arrangements, Mr. Brooke

sailed for Singapore, on the 16th February, and after a stay of three months, during which he purchased, for 5000 dollars, the *Swift*, a schooner of ninety tons, and put a suitable cargo on board her, he returned with his two vessels to Sarawak early in April 1841. Though he was received with honours and salutes, and with renewed kindness on the part of the Rajah and the people generally, yet Mr. Brooke found that the house promised him was not even begun, and that the antimony ore was not ready for delivery. The wooden tenement, however, was speedily erected; but though the whole cargo of the *Swift* was delivered to the Rajah, yet the price of it in antimony was not paid. When suffering under this disappointment, a fleet of 100 prahus, manned by two or three thousand wild Dyaks and Malays, swept past his house and up the river, for the purpose of slaughtering the inoffensive people on its banks, and procuring slaves and plunder. By a firm remonstrance with the Rajah this expedition was prevented, and hundreds of lives probably spared. It was at this time also that Mr. Brooke learned that the crew of an English ship, wrecked on the north-west coast, were detained as prisoners at Bruni, the capital. He in vain requested the Rajah to apply to the Sultan for their release, and at last determined to dispatch the *Royalist* for that purpose. A portion of the antimony ore (750 peculs) having been now shipped on board the *Swift*, and no farther remittance being probable, she was sent to Singapore, both vessels sailing for their different destinations on the 25th of July, and Mr. Brooke and his three companions remaining at Sarawak.

Although Mr. Brooke, with his three companions, without the protection of his vessel or his crew, was now at the mercy of the Rajah, he did not scruple to urge him to the fulfilment of his promises, and to point out his injustice in withholding the antimony ore, and in delaying to assist him in the release of his countrymen, and his want of faith respecting the negotiation for the government of Sarawak, and the detention of the female prisoners taken in the rebellion. These representations were met with more abundant promises, but no exertion was made to fulfil them. After returning from an excursion into the interior, and waiting with anxiety the return of his ship, Mr. Brooke received a letter from Captain Gill of the *Sultana* of Bombay, which had been destroyed by lightning on the 4th January 1841. Forty-one of her crew had reached Borneo in an indescribable state of starvation and misery. The Sultan had allowed Captain Gill and Mr. and Miss De Souza, with three servants, to proceed to Singapore, but they were obliged to put in at the island of Sirrassan, and were afterwards detained by a fleet of piratical prahus. Afflicted by this intelligence, Mr. Brooke took

measures for the relief of the parties at Borneo and Sirhassan, but before he learned the effect of these, the Royalist arrived at Samarang near Sarawak on the 18th, and the Swift on the 19th August. The intelligence brought by the Royalist was in every respect unfavourable. Pretending that the prisoners had entered into an agreement with him, the Sultan refused in a letter to Mr. Brooke to release them; but this miserable subterfuge served only to increase his exertions in their favour. The Honourable Company's steamer *Diana*, had been sent by the Governor of Singapore to communicate with Mr. Brooke, and then to proceed to Bruni to demand the release of the wrecked British subjects. Influenced no doubt by this event, the Rajah sent some Pangerans to Bruni with the same humane object, and in a short time the *Diana* returned with Captain and Mrs. Page, Mr. Young, the second officer, and all the rest of the Sultana's crew, save only a few who had landed at the north part of Borneo, and been afterwards brought as slaves to Borneo Proper.

Mr. Brooke's position at Sarawak was now a critical one. The Pangeran Macota, a cruel and faithless chief, had shown the bitterest hostility to him. By threats and violence he had "prevented or driven all persons from visiting him," and he had used every means to prevent the Rajah from completing the transference of Sarawak to Mr. Brooke. In this state of affairs, Mr. Brooke determined to make a bold and decisive movement; and having obtained the fullest proof of the intrigues and crimes of Macota, he laid the information before the Rajah Muda Hassim, and demanded an investigation.

"My demand, as usual," says he, "was met by vague promises of future enquiry, and Macota seemed to triumph in the success of his villany: but the moment for action had now arrived. My conscience told me that I was bound no longer to submit to such injustice, and I was resolved to test the strength of our respective parties. Repairing on board the yacht, I mustered my people, explained my intentions and mode of operation, and having loaded the vessel's guns with grape and canister, and brought her broadside to bear, I proceeded on shore with a detachment fully armed, and taking up a position at the entrance of the Rajah's palace, demanded and obtained an immediate audience. In a few words I pointed out the villany of Macota, his tyranny and oppression of all classes, and my determination to attack him by force and drive him from the country. I explained to the Rajah, that several chiefs and a large body of Siniawan Dyaks (200) were ready to assist me, and that the only course left to prevent bloodshed was immediately to proclaim me governor of the country.

"This unmistakeable demonstration had the desired effect: a resistance, indeed, on his part would have been useless, for the Chinese population, and the inhabitants of the town generally, remained per-

fectly neutral. None joined the party of Macota, and his paid followers were not more than twenty in number. Under the guns of the Royalist, and with a small body of men to protect me personally, and the great majority of all classes with me, it is not surprising that the negotiation proceeded rapidly to a favourable issue. The document was quickly drawn up, sealed, signed, and delivered; and on the 24th of September 1841, I was declared Rajah and Governor of Sarawak, amidst the roar of cannon and a general display of flags and banners from the shore and boats in the river."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Capt. Mundy's Narrative*, &c., vol. i. pp. 270, 271.

Thus confirmed in his government, Mr. Brooke devoted his highest powers to the interests of humanity and the civilisation of his people: He released upwards of a hundred of the unfortunate females whom the fate of war had left in the power of the Rajah; he substituted a moderate tax on rice in room of the arbitrary exactions of his predecessor; he established a court for the administration of justice, in which he himself presided, with the assistance of such of the Rajah's brothers as chose to attend; he protected the Dyaks from the oppression and rapacity of the Malays; and he prepared a naval force for defending himself against the incursions of the sea-pirates.

The year 1842, the first of Mr. Brooke's reign, began under favourable auspices. In the code of laws which he printed and promulgated in the Malay language, he adopted the criminal law of Borneo, he granted freedom of trade in everything but antimony ore, and he laid down rules for fixing and collecting the revenue. After experiencing many difficulties, and facing many dangers to which he was exposed in the administration of justice, he undertook an excursion, about the middle of April, to his diamond mines at Suntah. On the 26th April they entered the small river Slabad, but it was so obstructed by fallen trees that they were forced to return after ascending about four miles. Leaving their boats they walked to the steep mountain Tubbany, about 400 feet in length. About half-way up they gained the entrance of a cave into which they descended through a hole. "It is 50 or 60 feet long, and its far end is supported on a colonnade of stalactites, and opens on a sheer precipice of a 100 or 150 feet. Hence the spectator can overlook the distant scene; the forest lies at his feet, and only a few trees growing from the rock reach nearly to the level of the grotto. The effect is striking and panoramic, the grotto cheerful; floored with fine sand; the roof groined like Gothic, whence the few clear droops which filter through, form here and there the fantastic stalactites common to such localities. The natives report the cave to be the residence of a fairy queen, and they show her bed, pillow, and other of her household furniture. Within

the cave we found a few remnants of human bones, probably those of some poor Dyak who had crawled there to die."

After his return to Sarawak, where he found "peace and plenty, the poor not harassed, and justice done to all," Mr. Brooke undertook an expedition against the Singé Dyak Chief Parimban. The mountain of Singé with its groves of fruit-trees, is inhabited by 800 males, the most ignorant and wild of the Dyaks. Their chief, Parimban, had made himself unpopular by his extortion, and had illegally made war upon the Sigos, one of the Dyak tribes of Sarawak. Mr. Brooke gave the chieftainship of the tribe to a younger and more popular chief of the name of Bibit, and making Parimban pay two guns to the Sigo Dyaks, he concluded a peace between them.

On his return to Sarawak, Mr. Brooke made arrangements for visiting Bruné, the capital of Borneo Proper, to procure the ratification by the Sultan of the grant of the Government and country of Surawak; to obtain the release of the Lascar crew of the Sultana and Viscount Melbourne, which had been wrecked on the Luconia shoal; to reconcile Muda Hassim to the Sultan; to make him virtual if not nominal sovereign of Borneo, and thus get himself firmly established and relieved from the intriguing, mean, base Borneons.

He accordingly embarked in the *Royalist* on the 15th July, and on the 22d he arrived in the Borneo river. No sooner was his arrival intimated, than a mob of Pangerans with their followers came on board at two o'clock in the morning, eager in their inquiries after Muda Hassim, and anxious for his return. After various intercommunications, Mr. Brooke was presented to the Sultan on the 25th. In the course of a week he was so fortunate as to achieve all the objects of his voyage. A reconciliation was effected between the Sultan and Muda Hassim—the twenty Lascars of the shipwrecked British ships were released, and on the 1st August 1842, the contract making over to Mr. Brooke the government of Sarawak, was signed, sealed, and witnessed.

After receiving mobs of visitors on the 3d and 4th, the *Royalist* set sail next day, and arrived on the 15th at Sarawak. The Sultan's letters to Muda Hassim were to be produced on the evening of the 18th, in all the state which possibly could be attained; and the following ceremonial accompanied the final cession of Sarawak to its new Rajah:—

"On the arrival of the letters," says Mr. Brooke, "they were received and brought up amid large wax torches, and the person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform; standing below him was the Rajah with a sabre in his hand; in front of the Rajah was his brother Pangeran Jaffer, with a tremendous kempelan drawn, and around

were the other brothers and myself all standing—the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read, the last one appointing me to hold the government of Sarawak. After this the Rajah descended, and said aloud, ‘If any one present disowns or contests the Sultan’s appointment, let him declare!’ All were silent. He next turned to the Patingis and asked them; they were obedient to the will of the Sultan. Then came the other Pangerans,—‘Is there any Pangerans or any young Rajah that contests the question? Pangeran Der Macota, what do you say?’ Macota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious Pangerans, who had always opposed themselves to me, were each in turn challenged, and forced to promise obedience. The Rajah then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, ‘Whoever he is that disobeys the Sultan’s mandate, now received, I will separate his skull;’ at this moment some ten of his brothers jumped from the verandah, and drawing their long krisses, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Macota, striking the pillar above his head, pointing their weapons at his breast. This *amusement*, the violence of motion, the freedom from restraint, this explosion of a long pent up animosity roused all their passions; and had Macota, through an excess of fear or an excess of bravery, started up, he ~~was~~ <sup>might</sup> have been slain, and other blood would have been spilt. But he was quiet with his face pale and subdued, and as shortly as decency would permit, after the riot had subsided, took his leave. This scene is a custom with them; the only exception to which was that it was pointed so directly at Macota.”—Mr. Brooke’s *Journal in Keppel’s Expedition*, &c.—vol. i. p. 334.

Although four or five of the Dyak tribes had yielded a ready submission to the sway of their new Rajah, and begged for his protection, yet his authority was defied by the Singé Dyaks, who had been misled by their chief, Parimban, and the Panglima Po Tummo. It became necessary, therefore, to attack them in their stronghold. The mountain on which their village stands is as steep as a ladder, and from an embankment at the top they can roll down rocks, and securely use their spears and other missiles on their ascending enemies. The Patingis, by Mr. Brooke’s direction, ascended the hill, and though the Dyaks, with drawn swords, endeavoured to intimidate them, the village was taken, and the two chiefs fled. The sudden appearance of the Dyaks from the left bank of the river, the enemies of the Singé Dyaks, induced Parimban and Po Tummo to surrender themselves, in order to avoid a worse fate; and they accordingly met Mr. Brooke, clothed in white, a symbol of peace and submission. “I told him,” says Mr. Brooke, “*I would not kill him*, but take him to the Rajah, and he would then know what were the Rajah’s orders;” and yet he tells us a few lines afterwards, that “Parimban and Po Tummo were put in irons, preparatory to



their execution," and that they were executed on the 7th of September. "At six o'clock in the evening, as the sun set, Parimban and Po Tummo closed their earthly career. They were taken out to the rear of my house, and dispatched by the knives of the Rajah's followers. I could not help being shocked, though the necessity was a stern one, and their death merited. Besides, their release would have entailed the destruction of numbers of my friends and supporters. Parimban died with courage. Po Tummo shrank from the execution of the sentence. Both were laid in one grave."\*

We have not been able to reconcile ourselves to this act of Mr. Brooke's government. He was Rajah of Sarawak; he promised that he would not kill his captives, and they were not subject to the orders of Rajah Muda Hassim. However necessary, therefore, the punishment might be, and however merited their death, his promise of life should have been kept, and when they surrendered themselves in order to escape the fury of their Dyak foes, he should have protected them from "the knives of the Rajah's followers." In this war of seven days, thus painfully and fatally terminated, he succeeded, as he himself says, "without the loss of a single life, and without injury to any property, except Parimban's and that of his immediate relatives." With no blood therefore to avenge, and no injury to deplore, the lives of the Singé chiefs might have been spared.

In the beginning of February 1843, Mr. Brooke went to Singapore, to communicate his views and plans to the Governor, who assured him of his aid in suppressing piracy and advancing commerce, and of his willingness to give him the assistance of any steamers that could be spared from more pressing duties. These important objects had occupied the attention of the British Government, and Admiral Sir W. Parker had, at the conclusion of the Chinese war, ordered the *Dido*, commanded by the Hon. Captain Keppel, to the Malacca Straits and Borneo. While at Penang in the month of March 1843, he became acquainted with Mr. Brooke, who accepted of his invitation to return to Sarawak in the *Dido*. During their "passage across," Mr. Brooke guided Captain Keppel to the haunts of the Balanini pirates, where they fell in with two small fleets—the *first of five* large proas, each pulling 50 oars, which escaped with such rapidity, that they appeared to Captain Keppel, "from their swiftness, to be flying," and the *next of six* war vessels, which attacked a boat expedition under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke, but were soon overcome, with the loss of ten men killed and twenty wounded. On the 16th the *Dido* anchored

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\* Mr. Brooke's *Journal in Captain Mundy's Narrative*, vol. i. pp. 329-333.

at Sarawak, and astonished the natives by a salute in honour of Muda Hassim. Mr. Brooke was received with undisguised delight, and warmly welcomed to his adopted country. Having equipped themselves at Mr. Brooke's with swords and cocked hats, they marched to the Rajah's residence, where they smoked cigars, drank tea, chewed betel-nut, and stared at and complimented each other. After the Rajah had returned the visit of Captain Keppel, and after another pirate fight, in which eighteen or twenty of the enemy, along with their chief, were slain, an expedition was organized at the desire of Muda Hassim for a campaign against the pirates of Sarebas and Sakarran. The force from the *Dido* was eighty in all, manning the pinnace, two cutters, a gig, and Mr. Brooke's boat, the *Jolly Bachelor*. The native force was about 1000 men. The preparations being completed, on the 4th of June the expedition, with its wild and undisciplined armament, left Sarawak, and proceeded to Boling, where the shallowness of the river compelled them to leave about 150 men. On the 11th the tide swept them rapidly up the bore, and all on a sudden a turn in the river brought them in front of a steep hill, where several hundred savages rose up and gave one of their war yells, the first that Captain Keppel had heard, and more terrific than any report of musketry or ordnance. Passing onward, they were stopped by a barrier of trees across the river. Captain Keppel rashly squeezed his gig through a small opening, and found himself in front of three formidable-looking forts, which instantly opened upon him a discharge of cannon. Thus exposed to their grape-shot, and cut off from his companions, he was drifting fast upon the enemy, and the warriors who covered the banks of the river were yelling and rushing down to seize his boat and his crew. The other boats, however, soon got through the barrier, and while the pinnace maintained a destructive fire against the fort, Mr. D'Aeth, who was the first to land, jumped on shore with his crew, and at once rushed towards the fort upon the top of the hill. This dashing assault of the fort was so novel, and incomprehensible to the enemy, that they fled panic struck into the jungle. All their guns were taken, their stockades burnt, and the capital Paddi, and the adjacent villages, consigned to the flames, and given up to plunder. Thus triumphant, the *Dido's* boats proceeded up the two branches of the river, under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke. In ascending the left branch, they were vigorously attacked by the enemy, who continued the fight during the night; but as the expedition was now close to the spot to which they had removed their families and their property, they sent a flag of truce, promising entire submission, and offering hostages for their good behaviour. After having dislodged and routed the enemy at Pakoo, they

attacked Rembas, where they forced the pirates to surrender at discretion.

The heroes returned to Sarawak, saluted by the yells and guns and gongs of the inhabitants, and now raised to a high place in the esteem of the Rajah. The *Dido* was at this time recalled to China, and Captain Keppel left Sarawak on the 24th June, but fortunately for Mr. Brooke, his place was supplied by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who arrived in the *Samarang* of 26 guns, early in July 1843, having been instructed to visit Sarawak,—to communicate with Mr. Brooke,—to proceed to Borneo Proper,—to examine and report on the coal measures of that district,—and to obtain a sufficient quantity of coal for trial on board one of our steamers.\* Sir Edward was warmly received by Mr. Brooke, visited Rajah Muda Hassim, and on the 11th set off on an excursion along with Mr. Brooke to visit the antimony and gold mines, and the Dyak tribes. The antimony mines are about five miles inland from the river, and about 700 feet above its level. The entire mountain is a mass of ore, which is blasted by making large fires on the heavy masses, and throwing water upon them to split them. At Selingok, three miles farther inland, are the gold mines, which are worked by a Chinese party at a rental. The gold is obtained, by washing, from a very loose disintegrated granitic debris, containing detached crystals of quartz, pyrites, antimony, and traces of tin. After visiting the "Head-House," which we have already described after Mr. Marryat, and communicating with the Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak.

On the 16th July, when the *Samarang* was preparing to leave Sarawak, she was forced by the tide on a slaty ledge, and afterwards grounded, heeled over and filled; and not a member of her company seemed to entertain the slightest hope of her recovery. After eleven days immersion, however, she was recovered by the greatest exertions on the part of the crew, without the loss of a single instrument. On the 20th of August, the *Samarang*, accompanied by the *Harlequin*, *Vixen*, *Royalist*, and *Ariel*, proceeded, with Mr. Brooke on board, to Borneo. They reached the mouth of the river on the 28th, and leaving the vessels at anchor, they proceeded in their boats to pay their respects to the Sultan. The city of Bruni or Brunai, is built on the waters, the palace, as well as the entire city, being erected on piles driven into the mud on the banks of the river. The population is about 22,000.

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\* The search for coal was at this time fruitless. Small seams of very good cannel coal were found in the N. E. of Labuan, and on the islands of Cherimon and Areng, (which means coal,) but the expense of working it would be so great, that, according to Sir E. Belcher, it could be landed cheaper from England.

After an hospitable reception at the palace by the Sultan's deputy Pangeran Usop, and examining the coal district, the Harlequin conveyed Mr. Brooke to Sarawak, and the Samaraing went to Hong Kong.

On arriving at Singapore on the 18th July, Captain Keppel learned from Mr. Brooke that the Sakarran pirates had been out in great force, and that if he could come over quickly he might have a chance of catching and crushing them in the very act of piracy. Captain Keppel lost no time in obeying this request, and having obtained the aid of the *Phlegethon* steamer, he arrived at Sarawak on the 29th July 1843. After visiting the Rajah, and completing their warlike preparations, the *Phlegethon* steamer weighed anchor on the 5th August, and the little fleet composing the expedition, anchored off the mouth of the river Linga. Having cautioned Seriff Jaffer against aiding Seriffs Sahib and Muller, on whose destruction they had determined, they sailed up the Batung Lupa, a magnificent river, about four miles wide, and on the 7th they came in sight of the fortifications of Patusen, five in number, but two not quite finished. When within musket range Lieutenant Wade, who had the command, was the first to break the line and pull directly in the face of the largest fort. The rest did the same. The forts opened fire on both steamer and boats. The guns of the *Phlegethon* would not go off, so that the boats had all the glory to themselves. The instant they reached the shore, the crews rushed against the forts, and entered at the embrasures, while the pirates fled by the rear. In this affair one of the *Dido's* crew was cut in two by a cannon-shot, and other two badly wounded. A town guarded by forts, two miles up the river Grahan, was similarly captured. In this town they found Seriff Sahib's residence, with all his curious and extensive wardrobe, a magazine with two tons of gunpowder, and a number of small barrels of fine powder, branded *Dartford*, in the same state as when it left England. In these affairs the habitations of 5000 pirates were burnt—five strong forts destroyed, with several hundred boats—above sixty brass cannon captured—about fifteen iron cannon spiked, besides vast quantities of other arms and ammunition taken. In this manner Seriff Sahib, "the great Pirate Patron for the last twenty years, was ruined past recovery, and driven to hide his diminished head in the jungle." Macota, Mr. Brooke's virulent enemy, and the abettor of the piracies of Sahib, had located himself about a mile from this settlement, and was in the act of building extensive fortifications. When he learned the fate of his neighbours, he decamped with his followers, leaving all his valuables behind. Everything belonging to him was burnt or destroyed, excepting some ponderous brass guns. After Seriff Muller's town on the

Rembas, which had been evacuated, had been plundered and burnt, the expedition ascended the river in pursuit of the enemy. At the first landing-place, when the crew were employed in cooking, Captain Keppel and Lieutenant Wade fancying they heard suppressed voices, took up their guns and crept into the jungle. On a sudden they came in sight of a mass of boats concealed in a snug inlet, filled with the pirates, and guarded by armed sentinels. Lieutenant Wade, in place of waiting for the arrival of his party, dashed in advance, discharged his gun, and called upon his men to follow. The terrified pirates scrambled from their boats like a suddenly roused flock of wild ducks. Lieutenant Wade and Captain Keppel advanced with their force, nine in number, and again rushed on in pursuit. Before crossing an open space about sixty yards wide, which lay between the foot of the ascent on which the Dyak village stood, Captain Keppel cautioned his too daring lieutenant to wait the arrival of his men, but he seems to have still advanced, for in a few minutes he fell mortally wounded at Captain Keppel's feet, and pierced by two rifle shots he died instantaneously. Remaining with the body till the men came up, Captain Keppel gave it in charge, and carried the village on the height without any farther accident. The following anecdote of this gallant officer, and account of his funeral, is touchingly given by Captain Keppel :—

“ I may here narrate a circumstance, from which one may judge of the natural kind-heartedness of my lamented friend. During the heat of the pursuit, although too anxious to advance to await the arrival of his men, he nevertheless found time to conceal in a place of security a poor terrified Malay girl whom he overtook, and who, by an imploring look, touched his heart. The village and the piratical boats destroyed, and the excitement over, we had time to reflect on the loss we had sustained of one so generally beloved as the leader of the expedition had been among us all. Having laid the body in a canoe, with the British union-jack for a pall, we commenced our descent of the river with very different spirits from those with which we had ascended a few hours before. In the evening, with our whole force assembled, we performed the last sad ceremony of committing the body to the deep, with all the honours that time and circumstance would allow. I read that beautiful impressive service from a Prayer-book, the only one, by the by, in the expedition, which he himself had brought, as he said, ‘ in case of accident.’ ”—*Mr. Brooke's Journal in Keppel's Expedition*, &c., vol. ii. p. 105.

Resting from their fatigues on the 15th and 16th August, the expedition advanced on the 17th against the Sakarran Dyaks. In sailing up the Sakarran, various incidents occurred. On the 19th, Patingi Ali was permitted to advance with his light divi-

sion, with instructions to fall back as soon as he saw the enemy. War yells, however, and musket shots, soon indicated that they were engaged with the pirates. When Captain Keppel came in sight of them the scene was indescribable. "About twenty boats jammed together formed one confused mass, some bottom up, the bows and sterns of others only visible, mixed up pell-mell with huge rafts." Among these were Patingi's division. "Headless trunks, as well as heads without bodies, were lying about in all directions; parties were engaged hand to hand, spearing and krissing each other; others were swimming for their lives, while thousands of Dyaks were rushing down from both banks, hurling their spears and stones on the boats below." In this emergency Captain Keppel's gig got through an accidental opening in this floating battle-field. The attention of the pirates was instantly attracted to it, as if to secure their prey; but Mr. Allen having quickly arrived with the second gig, opened upon them a destructive fire of rockets, and drove them behind the barriers from which they had rushed upon Patingi Ali. From this position they hurled spears and other missiles, and poisoned darts from their sumpitans. Although several of the troops were struck with these arrows, yet by the instant excision of the parts and the sucking out of the poison from the wounds, no fatal consequences ensued.

Patingi Ali, prompted, doubtless, by Mr. Stewart, commander of the *Ariel*, who, without Captain Keppel's knowledge, concealed himself in Ali's boat, had made a dash through the narrow pass, and no sooner had he done this than huge rafts of bamboo were launched across the river to cut off his retreat. Six large war prahus, with 100 men each, then bore down on his devoted followers, and one only of his crew of seventeen men escaped to tell the tale. When they were last seen, and when their own boats were sinking, Mr. Stewart and Patingi Ali were in the act of boarding the enemy, and they were no doubt overpowered and slain with twenty-nine of their comrades, who fell on this occasion. The number of wounded was fifty-six.

On the 24th August the expedition returned to Sarawak, where it was received with the usual rejoicings; but it was again summoned into activity by the report that Sahib and Jaffer were collecting their troops in the Linga river. Reinforced with the boats of the *Samarang*, which had arrived with Sir Edward Belcher, the expedition advanced—took Macota prisoner, and forced Sahib to make a final and precipitate retreat, single and unattended, out of the reach of doing any farther mischief. That a chief so savage and bloodthirsty, accustomed to disregard all the feelings of our nature, should display any trace of huma-

nity, has given us some surprise. When he was hotly pursued by the Balow Dyaks, he threw away his sword, and saved himself by *leaving behind him a child whom he had hitherto carried in the jungle*. Sheriff Jaffer was compelled to surrender himself, and to resign all pretensions to the province which he possessed. Mr. Brooke and Captain Keppel spent some days on board the Samarang with Sir E. Belcher, and after visiting the Lundu Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak in all the triumph of conquest. In one of the ceremonies which await the returning warrior, and which was performed over the Sakarran victors, the three wives of the chief Tumangong throw handfuls of yellow rice over the heroes, and then sprinkled their heads with gold dust, made by grating a lump of gold on a piece of dried shark's skin.

When Sir E. Belcher returned to Singapore, a question had arisen respecting the existence of an European female, supposed to have been detained somewhere about Ambon, and conjectured to be the widow of the late Mr. Presgrave, resident councillor at Singapore. Mr. Butterworth, the governor, engaged Sir E. Belcher to conduct this inquiry, and placed the Phlegethon at his disposal. On the 14th October 1843, Sir Edward reached Sarawak, and he and Mr. Brooke made arrangements for carrying the Rajah Muda Hassim and his family to Borneo. The Samarang was left among the Labuan group to survey these islands, while the rest of the party in the Phlegethon went to Bruni.

The reigning Sultan, who was half an idiot, was the nephew of Rajah Muda Hassim. He was the tool of his prime minister, Pangeran Usop, who, in consequence of a rumour that Great Britain was to send seventeen vessels to subjugate Borneo, had put the batteries into a state of defence. The party in the boat, containing Badrudeen, Muda Hassim's brother, were insulted from the battery on Pula Cherimon, but were allowed to proceed. The Phlegethon was securely moored in the main street of Bruni, within pistol-shot of the Rajah's house, and within musket-shot of that of the Sultan. The Rajah and his family were embarked in the Samarang's barge, and attended by the armed boats of the Phlegethon; and they were landed in state at the palace, where he was favourably received. At this reception the Rajah, in the highest strain of courtesy, denounced to his nephew the Sultan, the counsels of the minister; and after the Pangeran had replied, the Sultan, motioning the Rajah to him, said, "My father enjoined me at his death to be guided by your counsels, and I intend to do so;" and feeling suddenly ill, retired, desiring Mr. Brooke to consider the Rajah as conducting affairs. Pangeran Usop and Pangeran Mumin declared themselves ready to yield implicitly to Muda Hassim's wishes, and ordered all the

forts to be destroyed. The poorer classes openly professed their desire that Mr. Brooke should remain and govern them jointly with Muda Hassim. Pangeran Usop was permitted to occupy an inferior station—an unmerited kindness which he doubtless owed to the presence of Mr. Brooke. Before quitting Bruni, Mr. Brooke obtained a letter, addressed by the Sultan to Queen Victoria, offering to cede the island of Labuan, to aid in the suppression of piracy, and to establish commercial relations with England.

While examining the coal seams in Labuan, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward Belcher noticed an isolated upas tree (*Anteiaris toxicaria*) nearly forty feet high. Its trunk was almost straight, its bark smooth and of a red tan colour, and its head a dense mass of dark green glossy foliage. The ground beneath its shade is crowded with tombs, yet vegetation flourishes luxuriantly round its roots. Sir E. Belcher, upon approaching the tree to tap it, experienced no bad effects from its effluvia. Dr. Lawson, however, the surgeon of the *Phlegethon*, accompanied by one of the mates, "a powerful person and of a strong constitution," went to obtain a large portion of the wood, bark, and juice; but the mate was so much stupefied that he was obliged to withdraw from his position on the tree. Mr. Low saw an upas sixty feet high, with a fine stem and very white bark. A more virulent poison is said to be obtained from a climbing plant which grows in the neighbourhood of Biutulu. It is probably the *Chitik* of Java, or *Tjettik*, or *Upas Rajah*, as it is called by Sir E. Belcher, which acts like *nux vomica*. It is a curious fact, as Sir Edward mentions, that the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, and the cow tree of South America, belong to the same natural order as the deadly upas.

Early in November, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward visited Ambong, the country of the Bajows and Dusons, in order to inquire after the European lady already mentioned; but they ascertained that there was no foundation whatever for the story.\* The scenery here is magnificent and beautiful. Behind the town is a high range of hills in the form of an amphitheatre, embracing two-thirds of the park-like scenery on the rivers Abai and Tampassook, and from the anchorage, about half a mile from the town, the imposing peaks of Kini Balu, with their blue tints, and rising to the height of 13,698 feet, are seen surmounting the range. Sir Edward Belcher found a brisk traffic going on in the town: a glass-bottle purchased a fine fowl, and a piece

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\* The details of this inquiry are given by Sir Edward Belcher in his *Narrative*, &c., &c., vol. i. pp. 188-196.



of calico of forty yards, worth in England 9s., was bartered for a fine fat bullock weighing about three cwt. Having completed their work at Ambong, Mr. Brooke and Captain Scott set sail in the *Phlegethon* for Sarawak and Singapore, while Sir Edward Belcher pursued his voyage to Manilla.

When Mr. Brooke was "penning his doubts and difficulties" on the 17th February, 1845, a boat from Her Majesty's steamer, *Driver*, brought Captain Bethune and Mr. Wise, one of the owners of the *Ariel*, bearing a letter from Lord Aberdeen, appointing Mr. Brooke confidential agent to Her Majesty in Borneo, and directing him to proceed to Bruné with a letter to the Sultan and the Rajah Muda Hassim. Leaving Sarawak on the 21st, they reached the Borneo river on the 24th, and were kindly received by the Rajah and his brother, Budrudeen, who had been using their best exertions for the suppression of piracy. Taking leave of the authorities, Captain Bethune and Mr. Brooke visited Labuan, an island fifty feet high and twenty-five miles in circumference; and after finding good coal, the latter returned to Sarawak. "Finding all going on well in that quarter, he proceeded to Singapore to consult Sir Thomas Cochrane respecting the hostile intentions of the pirate chief of Malludu to attack Bruné, on account of its treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of piracy." Returning again to Bruné in the *Phlegethon*, he found upon his arrival in the end of May, that "everything was retrograding;" the English party were doubting both the will and the ability of their allies to assist them. Two British subjects had been detained in confinement, and the American frigate, *Constitution*, when landing at Bruni, was said to have obtained a monopoly of the trade.\* The Rajah and his brother considered their lives in danger, and Mr. Brooke "trembled with inward rage" at the idea of being the tool and the participator of such mistaken policy. He returned, therefore, instantly to Singapore, and reappeared at Bruné on the 8th August, accompanied by Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane in the *Agincourt*, with a fleet of seven vessels. In the audience with the Sultan and Rajah, Pangeran Usop was found to be the guilty party; and having refused to appear when summoned, his house was overwhelmed with shot. The Pangeran fled for safety, and British supremacy was again in the ascendant.

On the 19th August twenty-six boats, with 550 marines and sailors, proceeded up the narrow river of Malludu, one of the small rivers which run into the bay of that name, to attack the

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\* Mr. Brooke justly observes, when stating this supposition, and apparently with deep mortification, "the Americans act while the English are deliberating about straw."—*Verbum Sapienti*.

pirates who occupied two forts mounting twelve heavy guns, and defended by from 500 to 1000 fighting men. Though the forts were protected by a strong and well-contrived boom, yet the boats daringly cut away part of it under a heavy fire, and carried the place in a fight which lasted fifty minutes. The enemy stood manfully to their guns; and "a loss of six killed, two mortally, and fifteen severely wounded, was repaid by a very heavy loss of killed and wounded on theirs." Many chiefs were slain; two or three Seriffs in their flowing robes, and many Illanuns in their gay dresses and golden charms. Twenty-five brass guns were captured, and Malludu ceased to exist.

• Mr. Brooke parted with his brave companion on the 25th August, and returned to Bruné, where he had a triumphant interview with the Rajah and his brother Budrudeen, who, with the spirit of an Englishman, was making active preparations for pursuing his enemies. Mr. Brooke, rejoicing, set sail for Sarawak in H.M.S. Cruiser, on the 3d September; and on the 20th, after a visit of five days to the Dyak tribes, Captain Bethune left Sarawak, and returned to England.

Mr. Brooke spent the rest of the year 1845, and the early part of 1846, in consolidating his government, in curbing the advocates of violence and robbery, and in reducing the pirates—rejoicing in the increasing trade of his territory, and in its gradual advance in civilisation. He had left Bruné in the possession of his friends, but no sooner had the English squadron departed than Pangeran Usop and his brother Pangeran Yakub attacked the capital. They were defeated, however, by the troops of Muda Hassim and Budrudeen, and were finally captured and executed. The great enemies of British influence having been thus destroyed, Mr. Brooke was confounded by the intelligence brought by the "Hazard" on the 29th of March—that a frightful and bloody catastrophe had occurred in the city of Bruné.

The Sultan Omar Ali, who is said to have the "head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate," seems to have taken offence at his uncle, the Rajah Muda Hassim, whom he had appointed his successor; and there is reason to believe that his devotion to England was the ground of his offence. In the dead of night Muda Hassim, with thirteen of his family, were attacked and slain. The Pangeran Budrudeen, though surprised by his assailants, offered a bold resistance, and when desperately wounded he retired outside his house with his sister and another woman. His servant Jaffer, and six other women, were wounded. Budrudeen ordered Jaffer to open a cask of gunpowder, and taking a ring from his finger, desired him to carry it to Mr. Brooke. Jaffer departed, and the Pangeran, with his two women, were blown up. Muda Hassim, with some of his brothers and sons,

retreated to a boat, and firing a cask of gunpowder in the cabin, the whole party were blown up; Mudah Hassim however, was not killed, but instantly blew his brains out with a pistol. In order to complete this treacherous and bloody drama, the Sultan engaged a man to desire Macota to kill Mr. Brooke by violence or by poison. Jaffer was sent by the Pangeran Muda Mohamed to warn the captain of the Hazard of his danger; and he accompanied Her Majesty's ship to carry the sad intelligence to Sarawak. When the news reached Mr. Brooke his grief and rage were excessive. "My friends," says he, "my most unhappy friends!—all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, is dead—sacrificed. \* \* \* But the British Government will surely act; and if not, then let me remember I am still at war with this traitor and murderer. One more determined struggle—one last convulsive effort, and if it fail, Borneo, and all for which I have so long, so earnestly laboured, must be abandoned." \* \* \*

While these feelings were agitating him, one of the divisions of England's fleet was rapidly approaching the shores of Borneo, to avenge the murder of her allies. The Iris, commanded by Captain Mundy, had been nominated to the station which includes Borneo, and he had been requested by Mr. Brooke to visit the coast about the end of March. Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, in the Agincourt, accompanied by the Iris and Spiteful steamers, and joined by the Hazard, anchored off the Sarawak river, on the 24th June 1846; and on the following day the Admiral and Captain Mundy went in the Phlegethon to Sarawak, a town now containing 12,000 inhabitants. After enjoying Mr. Brooke's hospitality, and visiting a Dyak village, the Squadron, consisting of the Agincourt 74, Iris 26, Ringdove 16, Hazard 18, Royalist 10, and the steamers Spiteful and Phlegethon, sailed to the northward. On the 28th June they made an expedition up the Rejang, and surprised the pirate settlement of Kanowitz. On the 6th July they entered the Borneo river, and while at dinner with the Admiral, a large prahu, decked with flags, and containing handsomely dressed individuals, paddled alongside the Agincourt. The gentlemen came on deck as Pangerans, to welcome the Admiral with an apologetic letter from the Sultan. Believing them to be impostors, as they afterwards proved to be, and not men of rank, they were detained, and the prahu disarmed. The expedition, with guns, rocket tubes, and 600 bayonets, proceeded up the river on the 8th July. Four of the enemy's forts opened upon them with round and grape-shot, which was returned with rockets, and the ship's pivot-guns. After a quarter of an hour's cannonade, the gun-boats under Lieutenant Patey stormed the

battery about 90 feet above the river, pursued the enemy into the jungle, and captured all the ordnance and ammunition. The city battery and the hill forts now commenced firing on the expedition as it advanced. The fire of the Phlegethou upset the enemy's aim; and before the gun-boats could reach them, the artillery men fled in every direction. Thirty new pieces of cannon of large calibre, nineteen of which were brass, fell into the hands of the victors, and the Sultan and all the inhabitants fled into the interior. The loss of the British was only two men killed and seven wounded.

Escaping from the fury of his enemies, the Sultan retreated, with a body-guard of 500 men, to the village of Damuan, thirty miles from the capital, where he resolved "to make a stand, and fortify himself." Captain Mundy and Mr. Brooke, with 500 seamen and marines, set out in pursuit of him on the 10th of July, but after travelling through flats of mud and forests of jungle, soaked with rain, scorched with sun, and stung by mosquitoes, and finding no passable road to Damuan, they returned to the city, having captured six brass guns, burned the village of Kabiran Battu, and all the property of Hajji Hassim, the adopted son of the Sultan, who had fled to join his Highness. The weather having improved, and a new road to Damuan having been discovered, the expedition again set out, and after encountering every species of annoyance from rain, sun, mud, jungle, and insects, they reached the village of Damuan, from which the Sultan had made his escape only a few hours before. Having captured and destroyed the stronghold of the Sultan, with all the arms and ammunition, the expedition returned on the 16th. "Sir Thomas Cochrane was amused at the figure and costume in which Mr Brooke and Captain Mundy presented themselves to him—unshorn for four days, covered with mud, with a rig unchanged during this period, and the skin peeled off their faces, from exposure alternately to rain and sun."

Having been assured of protection, the dispersed inhabitants returned to the city. The Pangerans Mumin and Muda Mohamed communicated with the advance, but no satisfactory arrangements could be made in the absence of the Sultan. A proclamation, however, was read to the authorities, bearing that if the Sultan would return, and govern his people justly, and abstain from piracy, hostilities would cease; but that if he acted otherwise, the Admiral would return and burn the city to the ground.

On the 21st of July, the Admiral and Mr. Brooke, in exploring the mainland for coal, discovered a large vein, (opposite the island of Pilungan, and about six miles from the Moarra anchorage,) which has been ascertained to be a continuation of the strata in Labuan, "It will probably," says Captain Mundy, "not

cost more than seven or eight shillings a ton to stack it on Moarra Point, whilst coal at Singapore (and Hong Kong) is 32 shillings a ton, (from 30 to 35 shillings,) at least." The beds of coal which cross the Kiangi stream, at a very short distance from Bruné, are eleven and three feet thick respectively. The coal in the island of Labuan, now supplied to our war-steamers at 17 shillings per ton, may eventually fall to six shillings per ton, when wrought more scientifically, and with better tools. The H.E.I.C. steamer, *Nemesis*, was recently "coaled" from Labuan, and the engineers have reported that this coal is the best for steaming purposes which they have met with in India.

In their voyage to the north of Borneo, the British squadron visited the village of Kimanis, on the river of the same name, where they found the picturesque tomb of the rebel princes, Pangeran Usop and his brother, who were strangled by the order of the Sultan. They had fled to Kimanis, and endeavoured to hoist the standard of rebellion, but they were soon made prisoners, and, by "return of post," came their death-warrant—a formal official instrument, signed in October 1845 by the Sultan himself, now in exile, Muda Hassim, and Budrudeen, now murdered by the Sultan, and Muda Mohamed, now imbecile from wounds received at the hands of his Sovereign! The squadron then visited the river Mankabong, where they had a distant view of the larger towns—went on to Ambong, where the flourishing town described by Belcher had been destroyed by the Illanun pirates, for its wish to befriend the English—captured a well-armed pirate prahu, rigged for sixty oars—destroyed the war prahus and chief buildings of the pirate town of Tampussuk—and burned the notorious Illanun town of Pandassa, whose merciless inhabitants were "driven as fugitives into the jungle, to be dealt with by the aborigines, who had long groaned beneath their grinding tyranny."

After visiting the ruined fortress of Malludu, the stronghold of the great Arab pirate, Sheriff Osman, whom Captain Talbot had beaten and driven into the jungle in August 1845, the squadron proceeded to the Mambakut river, to attack the position of Hajji Saman. The English force was joined by forty war prahus, with 500 men, and armed with thirty brass swivel guns, belonging to the different chiefs in the neighbouring river who were favourable to a legal trade along the coast. Many rafts of bamboos, and a small fort, obstructed their progress, but they surmounted every obstacle, and reached a beautiful village, each house having a garden, sown in regular beds with cabbages, onions, &c., and the interior of the houses so neat, with excellent furniture, and culinary utensils, that had it not been for the display of human skulls hanging in regular festoons, with thigh and arm

bones occupying the intervening spaces, Captain Mundy would have believed himself in a civilized land. A little further on, they encountered and burned the fortified residence of the pirate chief—repelled an attack of the Dyaks with poisoned arrows—and after entertaining the native chiefs who had heartily assisted them, they returned to the Phlegethon.

Mr. Brooke returned to Bruni on the 19th August 1846, permitted the Sultan to repair to the city, and after receiving from him “many oaths and protestations of sorrow” for his crimes, he made him proceed in state to the graves of his murdered relatives, where he demanded justice on the murderers of the royal family. Mr. Brooke then proceeded to Sarawak, carrying with him, in the Phlegethon, the unhappy survivors and dependents of Muda Hassim’s family.

After a series of successful operations, described in the seventh chapter of Captain Mundy’s own Journal, the Illanun pirates were finally driven from the north-west coast of Borneo. Captain Mundy visited Bruni, and found the poor Sultan humbled and submissive, and ready to maintain the most friendly relations with Mr. Brooke and the British Government. A letter containing these assurances, addressed to Mr. Brooke, was delivered to him, on the 29th September, by Captain Mundy, on his arrival with the *Iris* and *Wolf* at Sarawak, which he found in a state of peace and prosperity, Mr. Brooke, at the time of his arrival, being seated at the head of his table, detailing to a few native chiefs the events of his campaign against the Sultan.

Having received orders to take possession of the island of Labuan in name of the Queen, and with the assistance of Mr. Brooke, Captain Mundy returned from Singapore to Sarawak on the 7th December. The *Iris*, having received on board the Rajah of Sarawak, proceeded to Bruni, where the treaty for the cession of Labuan was signed and sealed on the 18th December 1846. The island was accordingly taken possession of on the 24th December, in presence of a large assembly of Bornean chiefs, who had arrived in a flotilla of 30 sail, and who were entertained at a *déjeuner* by Captain Mundy.

The commencement of the year 1847 was rendered melancholy by the death of Captain Scott of the *Wolf*, at Labuan, and Mr. Airey, Master of the *Iris*, at Singapore; but when we consider the nature of the climate in which they served, and the dangers to which the expedition was exposed, we have reason to be thankful that objects so great and humane have been accomplished with so trifling a loss. Exclusive of six officers who fell victims to the climate, fifteen killed and forty-five wounded was the amount of casualties during Sir Thomas Cochrane’s expedition against the pirates.

In the middle of May 1847, Mr. Brooke embarked from Labuan in the *Nemesis*, and on the 29th of that month he had the Sultan's seal affixed to the commercial treaty with England. When the *Nemesis* was on its way from Bruné to Labuan, she encountered a fleet of Balanini pirates, with eleven prahus and 350 men, who, during an attempt to "enter into a parley with them," opened their fire along the whole extent of their line, by which a man on board of the *Nemesis* was killed. The steamer quickly returned the fire, and moving at the distance of 200 yards from one extreme of the position to the other, she poured in round shot, grape, and canister, from her two 30 pounders, which, with four long sixes, composed her whole armament. After two hours' cannonade, Captain Grey of the *Columbine*, with his own cutter, and two cutters of the *Nemesis*, made a vigorous attack upon the left of the enemy's position, and after a gallant defence, in which the men fought hand to hand in the water, two of the prahus were taken. Six of the prahus having been left on the beach, deserted by their crews, the *Nemesis* pursued other three that had fled, and Captain Grey proceeded to secure the prizes on the beach; but no sooner did the pirates observe what the steamer was about, than they rushed to their vessels, gallantly re-manned five of them, launched them with great rapidity, and strove to get to seaward of the cutters under Captain Grey. The action between the cutters and the pirates was an unequal one, and Mr. Wallage of the *Nemesis* observing this, returned to the assistance of the boats, and forced the pirates to seek for safety in flight. The English loss was two killed and six wounded, while the pirates left fifty dead on the beach, and ten killed in the prahus. The pirates displayed some skill in nautical tactics; and such was the desperation with which they fought that not one of them was taken alive. About 100 Chinese and Malays had been in confinement in this fleet. They were chained round the neck in couples by ratans; and as their barbarous captors had placed them on deck during the action, many of them were killed and wounded by the fire of the *Nemesis*. Only three of the pirate ships reached their native islands in the Sooloo Sea, the other three having foundered on the voyage. The Sultan of Bruné, in consequence of having heard the cannonade, sent down a flotilla of native gun-boats; and at Mr. Brooke's request, about 40 or 50 pirates, that had taken refuge in the jungle, were captured by the Sultan's forces, and executed, whilst the numerous captives were liberated, and forwarded to Singapore.

The pirate demons, thus justly punished, had, during nearly a whole year's cruise, committed the most cruel depredations. They had burned one of their Chinese captives alive, and perpetrated crimes too dreadful to relate. When near the river of Sa-

rawak, they discussed the question of attacking that flourishing settlement, but the presence of some ships of war at anchor off the town compelled them to continue their course; and it was when returning home, laden with captives and plunder, that Mr. Brooke had the opportunity of inflicting upon them that severe chastisement which their actual crimes, and their designs against himself, had so justly merited. In the month of June, when Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak, he found that he had been appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner, and Consul General to the Sultan and independent chiefs of Borneo. He had previously resolved on paying a visit to England, and after making arrangements for the government of his province, he set sail for England, and reached Southampton in one of the Oriental Company's steamers, on the 1st October, 1847. Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and a few of his nearest relatives, welcomed him, after an absence of nine years, to his native land, to receive those honours and rewards which England never refuses but to her intellectual benefactors. The first Lord of the Admiralty had placed the *Meander*, commanded by Captain Keppel, at the disposal of Mr. Brooke, to convey him to Labuan as its governor and commander-in-chief, and had nominated his friend Mr. Napier to be Lieutenant-Governor of the island. Mr. Brooke was graciously received by Her Majesty at Windsor, and was consulted by the Government respecting the new field which he had opened up to British commerce. The city of London presented him with its freedom; the University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., and he was welcomed to all the clubs, both civil and military, which adorn the metropolis. A mission\* under high auspices, has been organized, for establishing schools, preparatory to the introduction of the Gospel among the Malays and Dyaks of that benighted land.

In a postscript to his work, Captain Mundy informs us that Admiral Inglefield had visited the Sultan Amor Ali, and found him, as well as his nobles, anxious to fulfil their engagements to Great Britain. The Admiral entertains a high opinion of the capabilities of Labuan as a settlement, on account of its fine timber, its rich virgin soil, and good water. About 200 natives were working the seam of coal at the north end of the island, and the steamers on the station were supplied from it.

We have thus endeavoured, and with no small difficulty, to give our readers, in a very abridged form, a continuous history

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\* Messrs. Macdougall and Wright embarked early in December, with their wives and families, and are by this time carrying on their labours at Sarawak. At the end of December preparations were in progress for the erection of the native school-house.



of the labours of Mr. Brooke, and of his brilliant campaigns carried on against the pirates and faithless natives of Borneo, along with his gallant friends Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and Sir E. Belcher. Although the works of the two first of these officers consist principally of the Journals of Mr. Brooke, they yet contain most valuable original chapters, which are well written, and highly honourable to their authors as men of good feeling and great intelligence. England may well be proud of having three such officers in her naval service—men so peculiarly fitted to exemplify in distant lands, whether savage or civilized, the prowess and humanity of their country. To the labours of Sir Edward Belcher, in Her Majesty's surveying vessel the *Samarang*, the sciences of physical and nautical geography are under great obligations, and the general reader will follow him with much pleasure over the wide field of observation to which his well written narrative refers. The work of Mr. Marryat, though principally distinguished by its beautiful embellishments, evinces considerable powers of observation and description, and had the youthful author been spared, he would doubtless have been an ornament to his country. The work of Mr. Low is full of most interesting information respecting Borneo and its natural history; and the science of botany owes to him several important discoveries.\*

Brief and meagre as is the preceding narrative, its details of atrocity and crime are sufficiently numerous and prominent to appal the stoutest heart. That the fairest portions of the globe, blessed with the finest climate, and teeming with the richest productions of organic and inorganic life, should be under the dominion of savages, who burn their living captives, and eat their parents alive,† and ornament themselves and their dwellings with the hideous relics of mortality—is one of those mysterious truths which we seek in vain to fathom. The thief that pilfers from us, the highwayman that robs us, the murderer that takes our life to save his own, the slave-dealer, and the slaveholder, are reputable characters, when compared with the ruthless and bloody pirates who prowl over the waters of the Indian Archipelago. Dwelling in lovely valleys, and fed almost by the hand of Providence with all the necessities and luxuries of life, the Sultans and Princes of the East pursue piracy as a trade,—

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\* Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak in the *Meander*, Captain Keppel. Since he left England he has been made a Knight of the Bath; and we have no doubt that intelligence will soon be received of his safe arrival, and the prosperous state of his territory. At this date (July 17th) no account of his arrival has reached the Colonial Office.

† See Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i. p. 209.

equipping formidable armaments,—overpowering the merchant ship in its peaceful voyage,—shackling their prisoners as if they were beasts of prey, and disposing to the highest bidder, the living as well as the lifeless cargo. When we view the lot of the African slave in all its phases, from his kind treatment like a child in the domestic circle of his benevolent owner, to his oppressed condition under the lash of a cruel task-master, we justly denounce the system as unrighteous and inhuman. But what language can we find to vent our indignation or express our feelings, when we learn that the wives and daughters of England, following the fortunes of their husbands to their Eastern homes, are seized by the Buccaneers of the Tropics, tied hand and foot like cattle for the slaughter, and sent into hopeless servitude, or abandoned to the passions and the caprices of some barbarous owner? If England felt it her duty to break the chains of African slavery, let her now embrace the opportunity, so singularly presented to her, of extirpating the pirates which swarm round her Eastern Empire—of securing to her subjects the peaceful navigation of the Indian seas—of pouring the lights of religion and of knowledge into lands of darkness now red with crime—and of convincing the world that her deeds of mercy are not inferior to her deeds of glory. Mr. Brooke seems to be the instrument by which this grand object is to be accomplished. His gallantry in battle, his sagacity in government, his knowledge of the pirate and his haunts, and his deep sense of morality and religion, pre-eminently qualify him for the place which Providence has so plainly assigned him. Though exposed to all the hazards of climate and of war, his life has been almost miraculously spared. The kris of the Malay, and the spear of the Dyak, have been brandished against him in vain; the deadly arrow, launched at his heart, has often missed its aim; and even the poisoned chalice has been dashed from his lips. While Europe is the scene of fearful change, and the theatre of foreshadowed convulsions, we descry in the East the same elements of instability—the germs doubtless of a great social and religious civilisation.

**ART. VIII.**—*The Rise and Fall of Rome Papal.* By ROBERT FLEMING. Reprinted from the first edition; with Notes, Preface, and a Memoir of the Author. London, 1848.

THE events of this last February, while they have, in the most impressive manner, authenticated a prudential Rule, have strongly incited all men to disregard it. The Rule which has thus, and in so signal a manner, been illustrated and confirmed, is that which imposes caution and restraint upon the impulse to forecast the course of events, and to predict the history of nations. As if by an articulate voice from heaven, the political speculatist has been enjoined henceforward to distrust his sagacity, and to be as modest as those ought who in truth know nothing beyond to-day; but then these same events, while they utter this caution in our ears, drive us on as with a tenfold force to contemn it! Every day, with its new thunder-clap of spreading revolution, mocking yesterday's calculations, heightens that feverish impatience which leads us to speculate anew, and to anticipate to-morrow's history. Every man is every day saying to his friend, "We did not expect this yesterday;" and every day he again asks, "What, think you, will be the course of things to-morrow?"

This contrary influence, springing out of the very same series of events, and driving us into the commission of a fault which it warns us to avoid, must not be too severely blamed. The *Rule* is indeed sound and good; and it would be an impiety not to listen to the corroboration which it has just now received. Every well-disciplined and religious mind will accept anew the lesson which teaches diffidence and modesty. But then—and this is equally true—the impulse to penetrate the future, which is wrought up to a sort of paroxysm by occurrences such as those that have signalized the present year, draws its force from the very constitution of the human mind; and he would show himself fruitlessly and "unseasonably wise," who should undertake to preach it down. Man is so framed, that he can more readily forget the things that are behind, than cease to reach forward, in predictive speculation, toward those things that are before. The thought that we *have* lived quells the faculties: it is the thought that we *are* to live that stirs them. If the prophet could make good his credentials as master of facts as well as the teacher of history can do so, not a soul would remain in the lecture-room of the one, while the other might anywhere be listened to.

Thus it is, at this very moment, that while every soberly-minded man is saying to himself—I will never again surrender myself to

the overweening confidence of political writers, who tell us that such and such must be the fortunes of Europe for the next half century—he does not in fact refrain from putting the question to those who are reputed to be far-seeing—"How, think you, will it go in France? Shall we see a second '92? What will Germany do? What will become of Italy? How will it fare with the Pope? Shall *we* weather the storm?" Thus we question those who, on the 23d of February, surmised no more than ourselves what the 24th would bring to our ears!

But now, if there be among the several classes of society one class more likely than any other to be repeating, in a solemn tone, at this time, the truism, "Man knows nothing of to-morrow," it is the same that will, with the keenest eagerness, and with the most intense anxiety, be prying into to-morrow's abyss. It is the *religious* who will at once give heed to the caution, "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," and will the most flagrantly seem to disregard it. There is a depth of meaning in this fact—and a fact surely it is—that while the sincerely pious will hear the voice which has lately been uttered as from the heavens, they will be running hither and thither to listen to every seer who engages to unravel the mystery of the coming time.

Yet if the caution be fit, and if it be a genuine lesson of Christian wisdom, and if *also* the contrary impulse be natural and irresistible, there must be some mode of combining the two antagonist forces, consistently with reason and piety. Who can deny that this desire to look into futurity springs from the very constitution of our minds? Nay, the habit and the tendency so to do might be assumed as a sort of gauge of the grasp and power of individual minds. It is an indication of man's immortal destination that he is ever looking on toward an illimitable futurity. The more mind and soul, the less exclusively does the present hour occupy the thoughts. A great man, in a secular sense, is one who, being thoroughly conversant with the past, rules the present moment on the ground of his anticipations of the future; but the Christian man, whose entire inheritance is in the future, while he is carried toward it with a deep intensity of undefined hope, thinks himself furnished with special aids for opening its secrets, such as secular sagacity does not supply. More eager to know what is coming than other men, and more confident of knowing it authentically, it is hard to hold him back by considerations of any kind—it is hard to restrain him from running into indiscretions which tend to bring contempt upon Christianity itself. Hope is the element in which he breathes—expectation is the habit of his life; and besides, inasmuch as an earnest longing for the highest welfare of all men everywhere is his passion,

no great movement among the nations can take place in his sight which does not mightily stimulate the long-cherished and often disappointed belief, that a bright day for the world is close at hand. Now at last shall that new order of things take its commencement, under which whatever is heavenly shall prevail over whatever is earthly. So he thinks.

Christian men, therefore, are everywhere pondering the future; and each is doing so in his own fashion; or, we should say, each is doing so on the ground of principles which he has already assumed to be unquestionable. Few indeed are those who, devoid of all prepossessions, and not worth so much as a theory of their own, and diffident of apocalyptic schemes of interpretation, are now, on grounds approvable to reason, asking—what probably shall be the course of events throughout Europe, in relation to Christianity? Instead of any such non-hypothesis mode of inquiry, most men, in presence of the appalling revolutions that shake the European system, find themselves marvelously confirmed in their previous opinions. The European earthquake which has set everything else on the totter—thrones, social order, and commerce, has seemed, by a sort of instantaneous crystallization, to fix immovably whatever, in the minds of religious persons, might hitherto have existed in a fluid or a malleable condition. Every man's particular belief has gained firmness since the 24th of February; and every man is saying to his brethren—"Now at length shall the world be compelled to acknowledge that *our views* are correct."

It is thus especially with some two or three forms of religious belief, which, strikingly opposed as they are each to the other, have come of late to characterize, in a marked manner, the several compartments of the professedly Christian world. Diverse indeed are these vaticinations, both as to the principle whence they spring, and as to the conclusions to which they lead. Yet let it not be imagined that, because so diverse, one or more of them must be destitute of all colour of probability, and altogether irrational. It is not so; for each of these antagonist schemes might in its turn be set forth with shows of truth, and might be so sustained by citations of Scripture, as that it would be difficult not to surrender one's self to it as undoubtedly sound, and as exclusive of every other hypothesis.

Let it be imagined that we have entered a college cloister, and unobserved have mingled in the group of reverential disciples that surrounds the teacher of "Church principles." The Christian Plato addresses his followers in some such strains as these:—

"Until recent events occurred—until the very twenty-fourth day of February, it might have been doubted whether the period

which we seniors have lived through, was indeed a *religious* period; that is to say, whether it was a season through which deep spiritual principles have been in course of evolution. You yourselves until of late may have surmised that our habits of mind, I mean *ours*, as distinguished from *yours*, and our position, and our professional engagements, and our deep and long-formed convictions, have led us to attribute a too religious sense to an order of events, which in fact was chiefly if not wholly secular or political. No such surmise, surely, can you now entertain. Is it not conspicuously true, that the sixty years past have constituted a season of political revolution in an inferior sense, but of religious revolution in a genuine sense? Until this very moment, the fitful history of these sixty years may have seemed to want coherence; or to have waited for an intelligible interpretation: but now it has it. In the year '93, the modern Atheism struck her blow at the Church, through the heart of a most Christian king! And since then the same Atheism has been waging war, not against monarchy, not against aristocracies, not against civil order, but against the Church, and it has been doing so in Spain, in Italy, in England, as well as in France. The Atheist Emperor of the French was the Church's Pontius Pilate, and would that I could say that his late successors have played a part towards her much better than that of a Judas! Meantime life-blood has returned to the veins of the Church; in England especially she has arisen from the dust, in preparation as it were for her bridal hour, and in clear foresight of the moment when her adversaries—her open enemies—and her false friends, shall together rush on to their ruin. Throughout Europe at this moment the same Atheism under its various phases of—political reform, representative charlatanism, liberalism, dissent, and what not, is avenging the Church upon her adversaries and upon her faithless adherents, by those discords which faction is waging against faction to the destruction of all. The Church, confiding now in the near help of Heaven, sits tranquilly watching the end; and soon shall that voice be heard, 'Behold I make all things new.' The doctrine which we have been instilling into your minds, and promulgating these fifteen years, shall receive its confirmation, namely,—That the world can have no rest, but that which it is the office of the Church to confer and to secure.

"Until of late it might have been thought, and some of yourselves may have surmised it, that the function and dignity of the Church, as the power which must be supreme on earth, and by which alone social wellbeing can be secured, was going into abeyance; and was to find a substitute in the advancing improvements of political science and of popular enlightenment. Especi-

ally during the last five and twenty years it may have seemed as if the revolutionary chaos was gradually giving way to purely natural and economic ameliorations, and that a now well-understood political mechanism would permanently come in the place of that Spiritual Power, which, through the middle ages, had so happily been the guarantee of morality and of international peace. But in a moment all this modern mechanism has given way, and its fragments are drifting upon the deluge which is taking its course from end to end of Europe. It might, I say, have been imagined, that the European community was—contrary to all sound teaching, advancing in an auspicious course towards a final and pacific adjustment of its jarring interests, not only independently but in contempt of the only principle upon which peace and order can ever rest—that of the Church's supremacy. Mark me here, and understand that I utterly reject all those vague and insipid abstractions which are so often on the lips of misdirected men—such as “Christian influence,” or “Evangelic truth,” or the like, and which phrases, how well soever they may sound, mean anything or nothing, or they mean just what every man pleases to think they ought to intend! What *we* intend is a something great and real, a something which may be logically defined, and which men may look at, and may certainly recognise when they see it; it is that which, while it is unbounded in its powers and functions, is itself well-bounded, and is distinctly figured in its constitutions and offices. It is that which makes Christianity everything to us; and apart from which Christianity itself assumes the tones of a commination of wrath, and is no longer a dispensation of mercy. You will not imagine, that while I tell you that we have passed through a sixty years of chaotic confusion, we are therefore now certainly quite near to its end; and that the bright day of ecclesiastical order is dawning: I hope it may be so; but the ways of Heaven are inscrutable, and it may have decreed for us another half-century of the same fruitless struggle of men to withdraw themselves from the only rightful authority. The nations may continue their vain endeavours to substitute political constitutions for this authority, and to govern themselves on principles of natural reason and of mechanical equipoise. It may be so, or in a moment all such endeavours may vanish as a dream, and the true light may shine forth upon the world, from the only source of light!

“But I see that some of you still secretly think that the revolutions of the period of which we have been speaking, have been mainly political, and only in an incidental sense religious or ecclesiastical. Yet look at things more carefully:—in considering any course of events, it may be inquired; first, what they have actually been; and then, what they certainly would have



been, if a power that was absent or overthrown had actually been present and in force. Now, in assigning the French Revolution of '92 to its causes, whatever importance you may attach to those of them that were in a strict sense political, and say that the overthrow of the aristocracy and of the monarchy was the inevitable consequence of that previous state of things, which could no longer be endured, and which must, under any conditions, have **broken up**, I still affirm, *first*, that the true cause or deep impulse of that Revolution was the revolt of France against the Church; and *secondly*, that, amid those events, had there been no treason against the Church among its professed friends and supporters, and had the ministers of religion at that time known their office and dignity, and done their duty well, and had they been sound at heart, and if they had had the courage to rule in the storm, as God's ministers, and had known how to curb and to counsel the great, and to vanquish the low; had they then been worthy to act as mediators between hostile social parties, no revolution, or no *such* revolution could have had place. Useful and slow-paced reforms might, under the guidance of the Church, have been brought about:—the monarchy, beneath the ægis of the Church, would have been preserved, and Europe saved its battle-fields of twenty-five years, and its deluges of blood; and saved too, from what is worse than battle-fields or deluges of blood—outbursts of heresy and schism! I assume it then to be certain that the clue to the History of Europe during these past sixty years, is that assault upon the Church which, thanks to God, she has survived. But, as if to preclude the possibility of our misunderstanding that course of events which at this time fills us with dismay, it has been ordained that it should take its commencement at the door of the Church! Who can deny so conspicuous a fact—that the revolutionary storm of this year had its origin in an indiscretion the most extraordinary, on the part of the very rulers of the Church? The hurricane broke forth from Rome!—it broke forth from the conclave of cardinals!—It was the election of a Reforming Pope—incredible infatuation! that has set all these powers of anarchy in motion! The raft of European affairs is utterly broken up, all its cordages have given way; and it was the hand of a Pope that loosened the first of these cords! It is therefore the Catholic countries that are first feeling the ill consequence of this loosening of bonds; and there is a retribution to be seen in the fact. Look to that adjustment of the European polity which took place in 1815, and which, although it included the restoration of the Church, did not really restore her to her true position; and even for so much favour as she then received, she was greatly indebted to the intervention of heretical princes. The framework of that time was



political, not ecclesiastical; and therefore it is now crumbling to nothing. The Church, then treated by statesmen as only one interest among others, is now made the instrument of bringing down ruin upon all states, and first upon those that committed a sacrilege in consenting to her degradation.

"It must not be affirmed that it was the political misconduct of Louis Philippe, and his intrigues, that brought about the Revolution of February; nor was it the designed work of existing parties; for those best acquainted with the relative forces of those parties anticipated no such result, and were amazed as much as others in beholding it. Louis Philippe's fall is a proper sequel to the fact of his usurpation; but still more does it speak of that retribution by which wrongs against religion are always punished. The "king of the French"—it was a high crime to allow himself so to be designated—consented to administer a constitution which in fact he never honestly administered, and which in its principles outraged the Church in a worse manner than is done by our own toleration of heretics and schismatics. But how significant is the fact, that this Church, which he consented to degrade, has abandoned him to his fate, and has now given in her adherence to the mob!

"It would be easy to trace the same notes of retribution in the events that have attended the overthrow of legitimate authority in Prussia, and again in Austria. These events speak a language which none but perverted minds can misunderstand. But let us inquire how it fares with us at home. We have among us a true Church, and its genuine principles have of late been revived and triumphantly expounded. She lives, and promises to live; and England, which still gives her a home, although not her rights, stands, while thrones are falling on every side of her. How frightful soever may be the ecclesiastical disorders which take their unbridled course around us, the temple of God is not as yet overthrown; it has not been devastated; its sacred treasures are still within the veil; its daily sacrifice has not been intermitted; God is in the midst of her, by His true presence on her altars. More than a few of her ministers are found faithful, and hence it is that, notwithstanding the raging of the people, England enjoys repose while all the world beside is convulsed. It is not with us as it is in France and in Germany, where everything, even the very rudiments of social existence, are every day mooted anew, as if nothing was known and certain. Among ourselves clergy and people hold unquestioned those truths which impart in some measure the stability of heaven to the instability of earth.

"But you ask me to divine the future. It does not seem to me that those principles of anarchy which have marked the course of events in Europe now these sixty years, and which va-

riously express themselves in such phrases as—the advance of civilisation, social enlightenment, popular education, power of the press, representative government, religious liberty, free trade, emancipation, and a hundred other specious absurdities,—I do not think that the false principles of which these phrases are the expression have as yet fully wrought themselves out, or have exhibited their innate poisonous quality. The Tubal-Cain-demon of mechanical invention, and of democratic insolence, has yet to prove himself a demon, in the ruin he has to bring upon all things. It may probably cost us some years yet of confusion to work out this issue; but the day is coming—I see it as not afar off, when the nations, broken, shattered, bankrupt of hope, and in utter desperation, shall meekly look up toward the Church, and shall flock toward her as doves to their windows, and shall return with joy and weeping to her bosom, asking for themselves her maternal cares, and shall receive from her hand those boons which no reforms, no revolutions, no mechanisms, no liberty, no philosophy falsely so called, can ever confer—I mean an assured safety, a genuine peace, and that love and order which, though distinguishable blessings, are inseparable.”

But we shift the scene, and enter a gas-lighted, crowded, and handsomely appointed place of worship. The speaker, unencumbered by ecclesiastical costume, is lecturing, not—so he tells us—not upon the French Revolution, but upon the second Psalm; and in a tone of suppressed triumph he repeats the phrases—“The Lord shall have them in derision; Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel. Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.”

“In this place,” says the preacher, “and on this occasion, I abstain from topics that are properly political, or I refuse to regard political events in their political aspect; nevertheless, if it be the privilege of the Christian to look with calm indifference upon the agitations which shake the world, knowing that *his* part is in a kingdom that cannot be moved, it is, on the other hand, his duty to look at and to ponder the same changing scenes, considered as developments of the great scheme of providential government upon earth, and as all leading on toward a state of things which he is taught to anticipate with the earnestness of pious hope and desire. Now in this mood, Christian-like as it is, let us ask what has been the true, though perhaps the occult character of that amazing course of events which has filled up the past sixty years? It has been a period, you will say, of political change; yes, but more than this, it has been a season during which the shaking of the nations has been bringing down to the dust all those institutions and politics—the work of the

dark ages—and which—citadels of Satan as they are—have so long stood in the way of the triumphant progress of the gospel. The issue of all these political agitations—what has it been but to make the Papacy, and every sister tyranny, tremble in anticipation of its fall? What is it, during these sixty years of political tumult, that has been coming down from its high place, and preparing for its final exit? It is Church-despotism; I speak not of the Papacy specially, I speak of Church-despotism under whatever guise or disguise it may appear. Church-despotism, whether existing afar off or near to us, has during this stormy period been undermined; it has been sliding downward to the dust, its last shows of reality are fast fading from the view, its specious sophisms are understood and exploded, and soon, soon, it shall no more be seen on earth. Till of late you might easily have fallen into the error of supposing that the overthrow of Church-tyranny was not to be the end or real meaning of the revolutions of these sixty years. You may even have thought that this tyranny was refreshing itself, and preparing for a new term of activity. You may have trembled in believing that, on an amended plan, and established on a firmer foundation, Church-power was likely to be restored throughout Christendom, and that it would extend its baneful influence over heathen lands. But can you think so now? The 24th of February, has it not dispelled for ever all such apprehensions? or let me rather ask, did not the appearance, three years ago, of that wonder in heaven, a reforming Pope, give you indication enough of what was coming about, and of what we have seen in its commencement, I mean the overthrow of the Church; and this overthrow brought about by the folly of its head! The thunders which uttered their voice in '92 inarticulately, have repeated these sounds so full of hope to our ears and of dismay to others, most intelligibly in 1848. We seniors who heard the death-note of those institutions—called ecclesiastical—which usurp the authority of the Head of the Church, and have marvelled at the length of their reprieve, now await from day to day the trumpet-sound that shall announce the fall everywhere, of Church-pretensions, Church-splendour, Church-tyranny. Even at this very moment do we not seem to hear the voice of the angel who proclaims that 'Babylon is fallen!'

"It is a fact most significant, that the Church has already received, and is now again receiving, a mortal blow in that country which has been the scene of the latest and the most atrocious of those enormities which it has ever perpetrated. Is there no retribution to be discerned in this instance? Have not the sins of the fathers been visited upon the children? It was the guiltless successor of the authors of the St. Bartholomew, and of the

persecution of the Huguenots, and of the expatriation of the Protestants, who poured forth his blood upon the scaffold; and it was the clergy of the Gallican Church that perished in the same manner, or that fled in destitution to the very countries into which their predecessors had driven the pastors and the people of the Reformed Church. It has been this same France, revolutionized, that has inflicted upon the Papacy its deepest humiliations, that has despoiled her, and that has made her a creature of the state, and has now compelled her, as in mockery, to perfuncturate her mummeries in the instauration of a Government which has outraged whatever, in her esteem, is the most sacred! Once again she licks the dust, and in the fall of her false patron, Louis Philippe, finds a new shame, while her ministers are hurried hither and thither by a mob which compels them to sprinkle the trees of liberty with holy water! But in what plight, think you, will this same Church come forth from this storm? Oh! she will come forth stripped and torn, and ashamed ever again to lift up her head among men. Let us turn for a moment towards Italy, the home of the Church. Can you assure me that at this very moment, while I speak, there *is* a Pope at Rome, or anywhere else? Do you believe that, if such an event were now announced in Italy, as the final abrogation of the Papal authority, the people of Italy would wear mourning for a day? I do not think they would; I think they would exult in the overthrow of that which to them has long been a mockery and a nuisance. But let us look in another direction. Nothing, as you are well aware, that deserves to be called religious liberty has hitherto been enjoyed even in those countries that were the birthplace of the Reformation. Much as *we* have yet to complain of, under what is called a perfect toleration, what should we say to, or how should we endure, *Prussian* religious liberty? We should spurn such a mockery, and should prepare ourselves to die in the endeavour to win for ourselves, and for our children, the right to think, to speak, to act, in matters of religion, in a manner absolutely uncontrolled by the state. But things being as they are throughout the Protestant countries of Europe, and spiritual tyranny having so firmly established itself within them, can we wonder, or can we regret to see the very foundations of social order broken up in all those countries. If the Papacy fall, every polity must fall too which professes, and which acts upon the principles of spiritual despotism. What is going on, therefore, among the states of Germany, is the breaking of those bonds which hitherto have prevented that noble-hearted people from thinking and acting as Christian men. Why has infidelity, under its several guises of pantheism and neology, taken possession of the German mind? Why, but because that faculty of thought,

that freedom of speech, and that liberty of action, which true Christianity demands, and apart from which it cannot exist, have been denied to the German people? Absolutism and the gospel shall never be seen walking hand in hand. Strange indeed and most perplexing would have been the spectacle, if, while atheistic France is in a state of dire confusion, and if, while papistic Italy, and Austria too, are drinking of the same cup of dismay, Prussia should have held on its course in peace—Protestant and intolerant as it is.

“But what say we of our own country? May she long enjoy her insular immunity from foreign aggression, and her exemption from revolutionary violence! And yet who that looks impartially at our condition—social, political, and ecclesiastical—can dare to indulge a confident hope that it shall be so? How much is there among us that might justly bring down the wrath of heaven upon England! How many wrongs are there rankling in the bosoms of men which may in a moment involve our boasted Constitution in general ruin! But I forbear: it is only a deep conviction that compels me to profess the belief—nay, is it not a conspicuous truth—that the course of events, not through these last few months merely, but through fifteen years past, has been tending toward one and the same issue—an issue appalling, perhaps, to our dread of convulsive changes, yet animating, must it not be, to the hopes of a soundly constituted Christian mind? You will easily understand that I have nothing less in view than the utter demolition of all those institutions, falsely called ‘Churches,’ which have so long corrupted and debased the Christianity they profess to uphold, but the triumphant course of which they obstruct and forbid. If, then, you ask me to divine the future fate of England, I will be the prophet no further than to predict—and this I do with assured confidence—that whatever agitations we may be destined to pass through, and whether they may be social or political—whether severe in the extreme, or mitigated—whether sudden or slow in their course;—the end of them shall be to bring about the fall and disappearance of national Churches! Or, let me otherwise express myself: I would say, then, that the fall of national Churches shall be a circumstance inevitably consequent upon the utter and indignant rejection, by all Christians, and all men, of that doctrine upon which the priest has, throughout many centuries, built his usurpations. What is the Papacy? Nothing but priestly usurpation. How then can the Papacy fall without dragging down with itself, and into a common ruin, priestly usurpation of every species, and in every land? In a word, then, whatever the *political* result of the revolutionary movements of the present moment may be, this shall be its *prin-*

*cial* result, namely, the fall of that spiritual despotism which has now run through a period of sixteen hundred years. This despotism fallen—then shall *that* ‘kingdom’ be set up upon earth which, as it is spiritual, ‘cannot be moved.’ The pomps and pageantries of hierarchies shall be seen no more on earth ; but then ‘the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He shall dwell among them.’ ”

Yet once again the scene shifts, for we enter a consecrated structure, the “duly appointed minister” of which, in tones of the deepest intensity, and of governed vehemence, and with an awe in his looks as if the last judgment were impending, expounds to his congregation the sacred meaning of the things that are now coming to pass on the earth ; he predicts, moreover, and without a falter, the things that are to be. His finger holds his pocket Bible open at an Apocalyptic line ; and each of his hearers has already found the very place. The words are these—“And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great.” Not in the style of the teacher whom we first listened to, whispering his mystic explication of “Church principles” to a band of disciples, nor yet with the denunciative boldness of the second speaker does *this* preacher address the acquiescent congregation around him. Dark shadows, portending dire calamities near at hand, overcloud his brow, and yet the gleam of a remote hope plays upon his lips, and once and again for a moment smooths his forehead. But the wrath of heaven rolls its thunders from his tongue : “‘Wo, and wo again to the inhabitants of the earth’—that is to say, the *Roman* earth ; yet ‘peace shall be upon Israel,’—upon our British Israel. The smile of the Almighty blesses and preserves its sacred institutions, its pure, apostolic, and antipapal Church.” But do not let us misjudge this stirring preacher. It is true his bosom heaves with an overweening spiritual confidence in the certainty and excellence of whatsoever he believes, adheres to, and defends. It is true that the very thought of the “scarlet abomination of the seven hills” brings language from him in a torrent, that sounds too much like “cursing and bitterness,” like imprecation and “all uncharitableness.” Nevertheless if you know the preacher better than he can be known in the pulpit, you will acknowledge that he has a large heart, a heart full of Christian benevolence, and hands ready for every good work. He looks and speaks far more fiercely than he feels. His temper and his rhetoric are what belong to him as an interpreter of prophecy. Call upon him on Monday morning with a “case of distress,” and you will find him the kindest creature in the world ; but thus he speaks:—

“Men had begun to doubt, and some even among ourselves, and some of whom we had hoped better things, had begun to doubt whether these things which we, and other instructed servants of God, have long been alleging from Scripture, and proving to be true, on most sure evidence of the same, were indeed as we have affirmed them to be. A while ago, men around us, and some even of those to whom I speak, were crying, ‘Peace, peace, there shall be no more war or tumult in our times!—It shall not be,’ they have said, ‘for the nations of Europe have at length come fully to understand their true interests; they have learned the inexpediency and the folly of war. Governments and people alike are growing wise—wise without the help of that wisdom which is from above. Never again shall the clarion of war awaken its demons—never again shall there be tumult or violence in the well-policed streets of European capitals. Sedition, civil slaughter, and war, are things of history only. Anarchy has had its day; but now intellectual light, science, literature, free institutions, free trade—together with the ripening good sense and good feeling of mankind, forbid at once civil disorders and international conflicts.’ Many have thus spoken, and have declared their conviction that those who have interpreted the Apocalyptic visions to them must have erred in their calculations, and have mistaken the times, and miscalculated their epochs. In this style many around us, and perhaps some of yourselves, have been used to speak or think. In your bosoms thoughts like these have wrought distrust towards us. You did not understand those events in the track of which the Papacy has these two years past been preparing the way for its own downfall, and digging its own grave. How superfluous a labour, for Heaven has prepared for it a yawning abyss, into which, as a millstone, it shall descend in a moment! Many have said—how vain a flattery!—‘Romanism is reforming itself: it shall be *Popery* no longer: the Roman Catholic Church will soon take its place as a mild and purified form of Christianity, not unsuited to the habits and feelings of the south of Europe; and itself worthy to be recognised by ourselves in a fraternal manner.’ So men thought only a few weeks ago. But what think they now? Instead of regarding the past sixty years as a period through which, and by means of its many calamities, gradual ameliorations—political and religious, have been in progress, bringing on a safe and permanent condition of things throughout Europe, instead of any such delusive views of our times as these, all seriously minded men will now at last grant that these sixty years constitute *one* era, which had a fearful beginning, and which is now coming to a frightful end—that as in its beginning it showed itself to be an era of religious convulsion, so now in its end it is declaring the

same thing. This sixty years was marked, at its commencement, by the pouring out of the vials of wrath upon the Apostate Church of Rome—upon ‘the seat of the beast.’ And it has marked itself, in its course, by a series of events tending to the breaking up of the Papacy; and now it marks itself, at its close, by events which it is impossible we should misinterpret as precursive of the pouring out of the dregs of the cup of wrath, and of an utter and final overthrow of the Romish apostasy. Not to utter a word which might seem to minister to our own repute as the interpreters of God’s word, I will simply appeal to your inmost convictions, and ask, have *we* been wrong in our interpretation of the trumpets and of the vials? Surely not. You grant us that, in the main, we have truly interpreted the page which is now open before us in relation to the past. But you say to us, ‘Go on, and lift the veil of to-morrow.’ Nay, it is because we verily believe that the time is at hand, is even at the door, that we stand back in awe, and choose rather to be silent. Wait yet but a very little while, and this world’s affairs, as related to God’s truth, shall ask no interpreter. Be sure of this, however, and you see it now coming about, that those Protestant nations which have been unchurched by their own infidelity shall have their full share of the judgments that are coming upon nations darkened by an Apostate Church. As to ourselves, far be it from me to affirm that sharp trials may not be appointed for us! See how much there is among us of this same Continental infidelity! See how much contempt of God’s law and ordinances! See what Sabbath-breaking! See to what an extent we harbour the ministers and emissaries of the Papacy! See how far our statesmen have been encouraging God’s enemies in disheartening His friends and in putting to shame His approved servants! Look, moreover, at our religious divisions, and consider to what an awful extent that guilt is incurred by many among us, which the inspired Apostle does not hesitate to put by the side of the most heinous offences. I mean the sin of schism, a sin which has come to be almost boasted of by some who make high pretensions in religion! On all these, and many other accounts, we may well tremble, as a people, in prospect of God’s judgments; yet shall not the righteous Lord deal favourably with a land ‘holding the truth,’ professing obedience to his Word, and zealously sending it forth among the heathen! Shall not Heaven smile on our many institutions of Christian charity? In a word, may we not humbly hope that this favoured land shall be as the ark, while the Divine judgments sweep over the face of the earth? Nay, is not the voice from heaven at this moment uttering the gracious command to us His servants, to us the people of this island, saying—‘Come, my people, enter into your chambers until



these calamities be overpast?" I do therefore hope security and peace for this our land. I do hope for the upholding of our sacred institutions, and for the maintenance among us of the ordinances of religion *authentically administered*. As to the nations of the continent, I see not what should avert from them the woes that are so clearly predicted, or what shall turn from their lips that vial, the outpourings of which are now visible. Wrath! wrath! must be the portion of those who, on the one hand, have received the mark of the beast, and who worship him; and on the other hand, of those who have cast off the very profession of the gospel. I will say little concerning those who flatter themselves with the hope of ameliorations, civil and religious, to be gradually introduced, and so of an early return of the nations to order, peace, and morality; I can only wish them well rid of a delusion savouring so much of the wisdom that is of this world, and which goes so near to put open contempt upon the clearest intimations of the prophetic Scriptures."

It would not be very difficult to clothe in a specious form of words the speculations and the prognostications of another, and again of another religious theorist, or to make each in its turn appear probable. Each of the three, the characteristics of which have now been hastily traced, if it were set forth with care, and sustained by its own chosen arguments, might so be made good, as that it would be far more easy to admit it as certain than to prove it to be fallacious. It is so with each, because each theory rests upon, and disjointedly conveys, a momentous truth. In other words, a momentous truth, seen under a partial aspect, inspires each of these three teachers with a confidence which is well-founded so far, but which is preposterous in relation to those points of belief that distinguish one theory from the others.

In abatement of all such overweening confidence we should say this—that if our anticipations of the future are founded upon *visible probabilities*, and if they are derived, by methods of reasoning, from facts political or social, then ought it to be granted that, as the convulsions of the last few months have taken all calculation aback, and have astounded the "wise and prudent" as much as they have amazed the unthinking, it is evident there are causes now at work which are too little understood, or which are too vast in their present scale of operation, to warrant any confident assumptions whatever, as to the course or issue of tomorrow's catastrophes. So far as human foresight might be available just now, our position resembles that of a man—if such a case may be imagined—who, having been snatched by some preternatural force from his own latitude, and put down by night upon some other, where he is unable to determine the points of

the horizon, so that he knows not whether he is looking east or west, discerns a gleam of light, yet he dares not surmise whether that streak of crimson be the sinking twilight, and is to be followed by a long night, or whether it be the hopeful breaking of a dawn. At this moment of gloom, who shall affirm, with any confidence, whether the brightness of a new day, or the terrors of a wintry night, are in prospect for Europe and the world? We are standing upon the sands of the sea, the waves of which are all in wild tumult, and are thundering at our feet; but is the tide ebbing, or is it flowing? are we safe where we stand; or are we liable to be swept away by the swelling surge? None can tell us. There are no tide-tables applicable to these unknown shores. The nations are not merely in a fitful state, and open therefore to crossing accidents which could not be foreseen, but they are in a state which, the more attentively it is considered, will the more appear to be without any rational parallel in history. The civilized community has, during this half century, moved forward toward a position immensely in advance of any which heretofore has been occupied by human societies. The book of history, although boys at school must continue to read it, will henceforth barely command the serious attention of men; the destiny of the nations for the future shall overlay and cause to be forgotten the story of their fortunes past, as if the volume itself were a palimpsest.

But if, on the other hand, quitting as hopeless our hold of political or philosophical speculations, we were to regard this earthquake year as the time of God's visible interposition, and to think of it as an hour in which the wild passions of men were, as immediate causes, to bring about the Divine purposes in some unaccustomed manner, compelling all men to acknowledge with awe the hand of the Almighty—then, and on that supposition, should not religious men keep silence? should not those who fear God keep silence before Him, in the belief that "He cometh to judge the earth in righteousness?"

On limited fields, or within certain narrow precincts, one may indeed, with some degree of confidence, anticipate the future—always premising that some mighty influence, now not apparent, or not thought of, may come in to give a wholly new and unimagined direction to the course of events. Thus, for instance, it may be allowable to conjecture the probable consequences of events which are likely to affect the Romish Church. Protestants are expecting the downfall of the Papacy; but what is it precisely that they look for? Do they distinguish between the Paparchy and Romanism? Probably not; or not in any well defined manner. Could any event that can be thought of as probable to take place in Italy, or specially at Rome, contain in itself a virtue that should work a material change in the moral

and religious condition of 300,000,000 of the human family? Not unless we choose to suppose, at the same moment, a supernatural intervention accompanying such events, and itself little short of miraculous. If such an event consisted in the annihilation of the Pope's secular power and state—in the final demolition of all which hitherto has made up the contrast between Peter's earthly condition and that of his successors—if this denuding and impoverishment of the apostolic See were to be suddenly effected—and probably it will be effected—and if the head of the visible Church, voluntarily stepping down, or violently hurled down, from his seat among princes, were to walk away from the Vatican to the cell of a Dominican convent, staff in hand, what would he do but ascend, in the very same day, a seat loftier than the loftiest of regal or imperial thrones—that of a free, spiritual domination, bowed to with a passionately enhanced devotedness, by a fourth or a fifth of the human family! A Pope dethroned temporally, or abdicating as a prince, would, in the present condition of the Roman Catholic world, and even if he should be clad in rags, and compelled to beg his bread, wield an authority more widely extended, and more intently regarded, and more cordially sustained than any which a human hand has ever yet grasped. In this sense understood, the fall of the Papacy would almost certainly be the resurrection or reinstatement of Romanism. In fact, a thorough carrying out of the theory of Romanism—and how specious a theory is it!—seems to be now waiting for this very turn in affairs, namely, a renunciation, or throwing off from it of whatever is visible, tangible, worldly, and the bold announcement of a scheme of government which shall be purely spiritual—shall be absolute, universal, and itself holding in contempt, not merely the pomps and vanities, the luxuries and the embellishments of this world; but sternly refusing to put to its lips more of earthly good than a dry crust and a cup of water. The world, we may be sure, will never again see a Leo X., but it may see, and probably will see, in one person, a Dominic, a Ximenes, and a Loyola.

We might, however, advance one step further, and grant as not improbable the abolition of the Papal office—the non-election of a successor to Pius IX., the proclamation through the world of the startling fact, that there is, and will be no more a Pope! A mighty revolution truly! and one which men must note as fraught with consequences most momentous. But would this event—after all that Protestants could make of it, would it metamorphose the souls of the millions of mankind to whom Romanism is more as a reality, more as a necessity, more as a solace, and more as a good, than Protestantism is to the mass of Protestants? If the sudden annihilation of the vicarship of

St. Peter, meant and brought with it the sudden extinction, within the bosoms of men, of so much of the light of Christianity as Romanism has hitherto conveyed to them, then we be to the day in which Popery breathes its last sigh! But it could not be so: nations would not morally expire merely because they were told there was no more a Pius, or a Gregory, or an Innocent at Rome, to care for them. A moral and spiritual throe would bring forth, within every community, a succedaneous Pius. To millions of our fellow-men, the *Priest*, and his offices, are more important than the *Pope* is to them. When they shall be told that there is no more a *Pope*, they will sit down in sackcloth upon the earth, and sprinkle ashes on their heads. When they find that the *Priest* is no more, they will rush headlong down the precipice of despair and impiety.

Roman Catholic nations (supernatural influences apart,) are not to be evangelized, or protestantized by force of catastrophes. The fall of "Babylon"—and we are far from sure what the apocalyptic "Babylon" is, or what it includes—when it takes place, may be precursive of the spread of Christian truth;—or it may open the way for it: it may be the rolling away of a stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. But a miracle, beyond the range of miracles, would be the occurrence of a moral and spiritual revolution, as directly consequent upon, or produced by, a political or ecclesiastical convulsion. Any expectation of *such* a result, to spring from *such* causes, would be of a piece with the supposition that a change of ministers—the fall of the Whigs, and the coming in of the Tories, would ensure us a mild winter, or a fine summer. Whatever may be the remote result of natural catastrophes, and the *beneficial* effect of which must be looked for, after the lapse of a thirty or a fifty years, their *immediate* and visible consequence is ordinarily, if not always, detrimental to public morals, and obstructive to the spread of Christianity.

What is likely to be the result—moral and religious—of the political commotions of Germany? we mean of the several Germanic nations. Oh! it will be said, already the tyranny of the "spiritual magistrate" is giving way. The preachers of the gospel, our evangelic itinerants who so lately were summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunal, and fined and imprisoned for daring to call men to repentance otherwise than as permitted by law, and who, in fact, could do nothing effectively for awakening the consciences of men, may *now* take their course, at will, through towns and villages, "none daring to make them afraid." To some extent it is so, just at this moment; and it is possible, moreover, that if Germany be permitted to realize only a half of her present intentions, some important concessions, in favour of what, in England, we mean by religious liberty, may be con-

stitutionally secured. Yet even this benefit, if it be really enjoyed, implies far more of intelligence on the subject than at present prevails anywhere on the Continent, and it demands also an immensely better feeling, on the part of the Established Clergy, than they can now pretend to. The first rudiments of religious liberty—if the phrase be understood in a genuine sense, require to be taught and explained, as well in France and Switzerland, as in Germany, in Prussia, in Denmark. The most lax of neologists—men out of whose stock of Christian belief you could scarcely make up religion enough for a Hume or a Gibbon, are often as unknowing in the principles of religious liberty as any Austrian archbishop.

But grant all you will as to the establishment of religious liberty, and as to the happy consequences thence to result, let us calmly consider what are the natural and inevitable effects of the convulsions that are now in progress upon the national mind; and let it be supposed that these convulsions are to take the most auspicious course possible, and are to involve as little as may be of the characters of a catastrophe. Let us suppose that absolutism is to die out as tranquilly as the snuff of a candle, and that the Germanic races are to come into the enjoyment of a happily-equipoised representative polity—let them reach the acmé of British or of American constitutionalism—what will be the consequences of such a change, as touching Christianity? Germany—who can deny it?—has outstripped us far on the paths of ecclesiastical erudition and of Biblical criticism. On these fields not only has research been carried further, and in a sounder manner, by German professors; but a taste for such pursuits has been much more extensively diffused than among ourselves. Germany, therefore, has a firm hold of Christianity, *as a matter of learned inquiry and of ingenious disquisition*. Then, again, it holds to religious abstractions, and in a sense, to Christianity, through the medium of its taste for metaphysical speculation. German thinkers, whose actual belief, if put in words, would scandalize even the *free-thinking* among ourselves, may, in style and habit, and in aspect and tone, seem personally to be quite as religious as the most religious among ourselves.

Now, not to name some other causes to which this—if one may so term it—religious preëminence may be attributed, it has manifestly resulted, in an indirect manner, from that condition of political thralldom which has precluded the intellect of Germany from the field of political speculation. The bold and active minds of Germany have been “shut up” within the dim precincts of antiquarianism and of metaphysical theorizing, *because they have been shut out from those precincts of reality and of intense excitement which are opened to a people by free institu-*

tions, like those of England and America. Why is it that we cannot match the German scholars? and why do we come off so poorly on the listed enclosures of metaphysic combat? Why, but because we are all of us, or nearly all, intent upon the vivid interests of the great and real world. A parliamentary career, a professional career, with its high rewards—a mercantile career, with its opulence, is open to every energetic spirit. As for a life of hard reading—eighteen hours' study *per diem*—it will not pay! As for theories of the universe!—to what earthly account can they be turned? The German mind, which has so long been caged by absolutism, as a moping spectator of political movements, has excelled on arduous lines of research by a dire necessity: it has become erudite and profound, moodily, and in revenge of its oppressions. But *now*, what will take place? The prison walls are crumbling in this earthquake; the fences are already levelled; all men, and foremost the men of most intelligence, are rushing onward toward the platform of political development. Men are beginning to breathe as well as to think; and they will henceforward act more than they meditate. The public weal, with its real and its imaginary interests, will drive out of their minds whatever has a less potent hold of the hopes and passions of men. How then will it fare with nice points of criticism, or with transcendental philosophies, when some vital parliamentary question is to be carried?—just as it fares with straws and tatters when a sudden gust of wind takes its course through a paved square.

In England we may easily be cool upon matters with which we have always been familiar; but in Germany novelty will drive men toward frenzy. Besides, when the tumultuous emotions of this era of change have subsided, there will gradually open before the people of all classes new courses of commercial and professional enterprise, as well as of political ambition. This will be the natural consequence of political liberty; and it will be hailed, too, as its invaluable fruit. Every man's energies and time will be worth to him five-fold more than they were heretofore. Men will find the opportunity for making fortunes who, under the old system, never dreamed of such a thing as possible, and who lived contentedly upon what they will soon learn to think of as a despicable pittance. The habits of the middle classes will become more expensive; and as the price paid for show and luxury, they must surrender their light-hearted physical tranquillity: there will be less holiday-making, and more toil and more care, and more of the corroding alternations of hope and fear. London, and Manchester, and Liverpool, and Glasgow will repeat themselves wherever a thorough political emancipation takes place. There will then be fewer philosophers, and fewer scho-

lars; but many more combatants upon the arduous field where fortunes are won and lost.

Need it be proved that mighty changes, such as these, must powerfully affect the religious condition of any people, and especially of a people whose hold of Christianity has been, and is, attenuated in an extreme degree? A reply, if needed, to a question on this point might be found in looking to the gradually expanding operation of the very same order of causes among ourselves. Have not the ever swelling tides of political agitation wrought their oblitative effect to a great extent upon the religious mind of England? Do not the ever enhancing and the imperious demands of commercial and professional life, the iron tyranny of competition, with its knotted whip, do not these things bring into jeopardy, and are they not every day more and more bringing into peril, ingenuous and simple-hearted Christian feeling? Does not this tyranny of business drive hundreds and thousands of professed Christian men out from their closets, to save, it may be, yet a remnant of their religious hopes in their pews? as when the town is on fire men rush with their valuables to deposit them in the Parish Church.

Well therefore may it be apprehended that, in Germany, where Christianity itself hangs by a thread, the sudden stimulus given to the most turbulent and the most stirring passions and desires, all of a worldly sort, will, both by the excitements and by the necessities therewith connected, banish almost from the thoughts of men the things that are unseen and eternal.

Let it be fully granted that the proclamation of an entire religious liberty, from side to side of Europe—liberty to teach, and preach, and proselyte; liberty to worship anywhere, everywhere, and anyhow; liberty to write and to print and to distribute, to sell and to give, tracts and Bibles; in a word, British religious liberty, and more, if more be desirable—would open a field of promise which Christians would exult to see outspread before them. Be it so: nevertheless we must profess to think that the concomitant excitements of political, professional, and commercial ambition, likely at the same moment, and as a consequence of the very same revolutions, to be brought to bear upon the Continental nations, will, on any ground of probable calculation, operate with ten—twenty times the force, and in a direction opposed to the spread of Christianity. The proclamation of Continental religious liberty would set scores and hundreds of good folks among ourselves a-travelling instantly, with their portmanteaus crammed with tracts and Testaments—French, Italian, German, Spanish, and the rest; and the subscription-lists of Continental Societies would swell at an amazing rate. But we much doubt if the nations of the Continent, who think themselves far

in advance of us on all grounds of philosophy, will ever accept Christianity at *our* hands. We do not believe that France, Germany, Italy, Spain, will ever consent to import *our* theology, or *our* notions of the Gospel. When they return to Christianity, they will do so energetically, *indigenously*, and independently. They will do so in a manner which, while it will rejoice every Christian bosom, will astound and scandalize Church-ridden good folks of all parties, among ourselves.

Such a revolution, we devoutly believe, shall come in its time; but at present—and setting off as of little account the facilities it would afford to British itinerant zeal—religious liberty in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, would be something like the unloosing a corpse—the knocking off marble chains from a marble statue—or the unstopping of an empty bottle! Religious liberty is indeed an incalculable boon when granted to a people among whom *religious intensity of feeling* has long been pent up. But is this the case anywhere between the shores of the Atlantic and the deserts of Siberia? Every morsel of religious liberty that has been granted by successive Governments in England has been conceded with a solemn feeling, as if an experiment were making which must put in peril, the church, the aristocracy, and the throne; and on the side of the recipients of the boon it has been accepted with a depth of emotion like that of a man who at length looks upon the sky after a life of unjust imprisonment. In France, if not in Germany, religious liberty would be “decreed” as easily as the remission of a halfpenny toll, and would be accepted—we know not in what mood, unless it be that of those who take something that is offered them in these terms—“Does anybody care for this?”

Momentous changes, happily affecting the religious condition of the nations of the Continent, may be the issue of the present revolutionary commotion; but if so, such changes will take their rise from causes *not as yet visible*, or not yet put in movement. It is otherwise among ourselves. This same European earthquake is now acting—is re-acting upon England and Scotland, in a manner which, if it be not glaring and conspicuous, is such as presents an outline of awful grandeur, dimly revealed, in the mists of futurity, to the eye of the thoughtful.

The Future!—“what shall it do for England?” We know not; but we see the Christianity of England, as affected by the social revolutionary crisis of the Continent, preparing to develop itself so as it has not hitherto, either in modern times, or at any time since its first promulgation. A page will explain what we mean. Christianity has developed its energies singly in the course of ages. The rudiments of truth, all clearly defined as they are in the canon of Scripture, have been *chronologically*



brought into activity, or made prominent. Not indeed as if any *new* principle of faith, or any *new* mode of piety, was from time to time evolved—(any such supposition we must hold to be equally unfounded and pernicious)—for, on *our* supposition, nothing has in any age been brought forward which might not have been seen, understood, and established at any previous time. The Church historian should make it his task to trace and to exhibit these successive developments of the Christian system, and should, moreover, endeavour to show that a certain reason and order has been providentially observed in the series; each epoch having had a relation to the preceding period as a result of it, and to the following as its precursor.

Not to attempt in this place a theme so extensive, it may be enough, in the way of exemplification, to look to the history of recent times. Within a century three perfectly distinguishable developments of the Gospel have had place; the *first* of these has manifestly passed the height of its intensity; the *second* is perhaps passing it; the *third* is yet in full course. But there is a *fourth*, destined, we must believe, to break upon the world, and to renovate the Church; and we risk the conjecture that those social convulsions that are now taking place are the means appointed to usher in among ourselves this new, and probably final display of the salutary powers of the religion we profess. The great question of the *equipoise of classes* within the social system, which, as unsolved, is racking Europe, and France especially, with ruinous violence, and which, unless it be truly and speedily solved, must shake the British Constitution also—this problem can, as we believe, be practically disposed of only by the aid of influences which Christianity is to furnish. But then it is not Christianity in *its now actual condition among us* that can render the sort of aid which the inveterate evils of the social system are demanding. Christianity must travail anew, and must bring forth her last product of power, before she can save us as a people from convulsions, or work deliverance for us in a secular sense; and therefore is it that this peril, and these dark alarms, and these mutterings of dismay surround us; and therefore it is that political dangers go on blackening our prospect until, in the midst of this agony, the truth which subsists in a latent state among us shall be brought out and become effective. That is to say, the *ultimate power* of the religion of the Scriptures shall gain a full expression, and shall take hold of the world's affairs, ruling them in a new manner.

We have said that three distinguishable developments of Christianity have had place within the last hundred years. The Reformation had obtained for us, and consigned to our keeping—Christianity according to the written word. This was

the meaning of the revolutions of the sixteenth century ; and its text was—"to the law and to the testimony." The *work* of the Reformation still abides ; for all communions that have separated from Rome still rest upon this foundation, namely, the supreme authority, and the sufficiency of Holy Scripture.

The middle of the last century—the years that date just one hundred years back from this time—saw, in the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield, and their immediate followers, a development of Christianity which was not simply *extraordinary* as to its extent, and as to its efficacy, but which was *new* and peculiar. The Methodist movement, taking its stand upon the basis of the *Reformation Gospel*, which itself was such an unfolding of the meaning of the apostolic writings as had *never before* been effected, moved forward from this ground, and the Methodist leaders brought the *lately understood* Gospel to bear, with unprecedented effect, upon the consciences of men *individually*. The simplest and the most rudimental idea of Christianity, as a call to repentance, and an offer of mercy, and an opening of heaven, and a dispensation of the "gift of God"—this rudimental idea filled the hearts and occupied the minds, and broke ever and again from the lips of preachers, whether Arminian or Calvinistic:—this *fresh Gospel* was METHODISM.

About forty years seems to be the allotted period of a religious epoch ; and at the end of that term, or near it, Methodism, in its character as a *new development* of the Gospel, had accomplished its functions, and had itself subsided into a tranquil and permanent ecclesiastical condition, taking its place among other and older communions. Its beneficial influences were indeed far from being terminated ; its vitality was exhausted ; its preachers proclaimed the same glad tidings with happy effect, and they believed themselves to be wearing the mantle of their Elijah. But it was not so. A new Evangelic power—a power springing out of Methodism, independent of it, was about to descend from heaven to earth ; and the mantle of Elijah was soon seen to have come down upon the shoulders of the Founders of Missions.

It might at first sight be thought that the missionary enterprise was nothing more than a mere carrying out, into heathen lands, of the Methodistic zeal, and of the Methodistic Gospel. But it showed itself at once to be quite another matter. In heaven's eye it was a development altogether new, and which was to bring into play a very different order of motives and emotions, and was to give prominence to objects which *never before* had been distinctly discerned by the Church, or steadily regarded as of prime importance. The Christian Church (of all communions) was to the core revolutionized by the Missionary Development : its tone and dialect, its topics and its occupa-

tions were all changed, and shifted, with wonderful rapidity, and with equal *completeness*. Well might it have been said forty years ago—"old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new!" Methodism was an intensity coming to a focus within men's bosoms, individually; it was *concentrative* mainly, and diffusive incidentally, or in a secondary manner. But the missionary development was in a feeble sense, concentrative; while its *energies* were all diffusive. If Methodism exhibited the light of heaven, brought with irresistible force to bear upon each heart, the missionary dispensation was a beam of day, illuminating a distant expanse. That the two developments were essentially different, and that the one was not a mere branching off of the other, became manifest, or might easily have been inferred, from the almost antagonist style of that order of personal religion which came to be characteristic of each. The missionary piety is not a personal intensity; but a mild benevolence. Methodism might, and sometimes did carry unsound minds on towards insanity. The missionary zeal might impel unsound minds, not indeed toward insanity, but toward absurdity. The very scene of the two movements was shifted, for the one had taken place ordinarily within walls consecrated to the worship of God;—the other occupies boards trodden yesterday, and to be trodden to-morrow, by the world. It is the same Christianity indeed, which *once* held to the church, the chapel, or the meeting-house, but which now resorts to the Town Hall; we must not however so far delude ourselves with names as to imagine that one and the same Religious Development has run on from the one class of structures to the other.

Methodism had its forty years as Heaven's ambassador to men: it has now gone to its *parish*, where, Heaven forbid that it should relax in its useful labours. The missionary zeal, too, has had its forty years, as a distinct development of a certain order of Christian motives. It is not now waning or subsiding; but it is assuming a *permanent form*, and is conforming itself to established modes of procedure as an instrument of foreign Christianization; and Heaven forbid that its labours should be relaxed or restricted, or that its funds should be diminished! In the next forty years the several Missionary Societies may effect far more good than they have effected in the past forty; and there is reason to indulge so cheering a hope. But the missionary epoch, *as a dispensation*, has passed the point at which another epoch might be looked for as commencing.

Just as the missionary zeal sprang out of Methodism, so out of the missionary zeal has sprung (mainly although not wholly) that now current development of the energies of

the Gospel which we are witnessing. The order of causation on this ground is natural. Christianity when it awakens the consciences of men individually, impels them to teach every man his brother, and it calls all men brethren, and desires the salvation of all. In this order, care for the soul comes first; but care for the body immediately follows. The evangelist visits men in their homes that he may persuade them to repent: he finds them there destitute, famishing, naked, and utterly wretched. He reports what he has seen. But from the moment that this report reaches the ears, and sinks into the hearts of Christians, the very Gospel they entertain becomes in a manner transmuted within their bosoms. In other words, Christianity, brought on a large scale into near communion with the bodily wretchedness of men, spontaneously develops an energy of its own—an energy proper for the occasion. Then comes on the dispensation of compassion, under which the wants of the body excite a sympathy more vivid than that which relates to the wants of the soul.

It is quite true that Christianity has, in every age, and even under its most corrupt forms, proved its heavenly origin in this very manner; that is to say, by producing and by rendering effective, a sympathy of which heathen nations knew nothing. But that development of Christian compassion which is now midway on in its epoch, has received a character quite new and peculiar from the alliance it has formed with three powers, heretofore scarcely known to it. The *first* of these is the legislative and administrative powers of the State, a reaction from which imparts to it gravity and momentum. The *second* is the voluntary "society" power, whence it derives an intensity of excitement, and in connexion with which it spreads itself over a wide surface, and takes effect upon thousands of minds, instead of tens, as heretofore. The *third* of these modifying influences is that derived from those established principles of political economy which regulate Christian benevolence in accordance with what should not be called worldly prudence, but rather scientific discretion. The most simple-minded philanthropists have at length come to understand that mere love and pity, left to follow their own impulses, may injure those whom they would help. Raw sympathy, brought into a state of excitement by Christian motives, is a power actually to be dreaded, if it act on a large scale. Thus modified, therefore, and thus brought into relationship with civil government, with voluntary associations, and with the principles of political science, Christian compassion, directed toward the alleviation of the bodily sufferings of men—especially of the lowest classes—is a new power, and the present is the era of its development.

But there is a power yet to be elicited—a power proper to our holy religion, and most characteristic of it, and which the now imminent perils of the social system throughout Europe, and not least so in this country, seem to be bringing into activity. What we intend is something more stern than the *sympathy* which the Gospel generates, and more serious than the *zeal* which it inspires; we mean—that sense of Right which it so solemnly authenticates, which it will yet bring to bear, not simply, as heretofore, upon the individual behaviour of men, one toward another, but upon the relationship of class to class, throughout the social system, and the momentous operation of which will, as we conjecture, give a character to those revolutions that are impending upon the civilized world. Christianity, we believe, is now about to do for civilized communities that which no political reforms, and no political philosophy, and certainly no insurrections, can ever effect. If it were asked, What shall be the future of England? the prediction might be risked, that, inasmuch as Biblical principles have here a firmer hold of the human mind than in any other country, it shall be the chosen field whereupon the last development of the powers of the Religion of Christ shall take place; and wherein shall be carried out, in a signal manner, that dispensation of Justice under which nations may prosper permanently, and be at peace within themselves.

Are we supposing that Christianity shall come in to frame political constitutions, or that texts shall be cited in Parliament for the purpose of overruling contrary decisions of political science? By no means: a very different office do we assign to the Bible, and a very different function to its interpreters. An illustration of what is intended presents itself at hand. Take the case of that mere compassion, or sympathy for the bodily sufferings of those around us, to which the motives of the Gospel impart intensity. Those who are most susceptible of this sympathy, and are most alive too to Christian influences, are often impelled, in their benevolent eagerness, to adopt measures, the tendency of which would be, if not instantly, yet after a while, to aggravate these miseries, or to spread them over a wider surface. Here then comes in the guidance and the corrective influence of Political Science—of Political Economy, and of that practical discretion which is acquired in administering any system of relief, whether voluntary or statutory. In this case, it is the office of Christianity to call out the benevolent affections, and to impart to them a momentum which at length prevails over the sluggishness, and the selfishness, and the blind prejudice that stands in its way. The Gospel generates the emotion, and keeps it in a state of efficient activity; and then the office of

Political Science is so to instruct, and to inform this power of sympathy, that the end it aims at, namely, the improved condition of the wretched, shall indeed be secured.

Now, in the case before us, what we suppose as yet to take place, is analogous to what we have here referred to as actually taking place. The Bible will afford no *direct* aid in digesting political constitutions, or in framing enactments intended to regulate the rate of wages, or to define the respective rights and privileges of classes. From the Bible we shall never be able fairly to extort any such things as a criminal code, or a system of taxation, or a scheme for regulating or for restricting the employment of capital: it was given to the world for no such purposes. But is it therefore not available for giving effect to those measures of amelioration which a ripened political science shall point to and authenticate? We are confident that it *is* thus available, and believe, as we have said, that the present urgent perils of the country are the means destined for bringing out, from the depths of the Christian System, those long latent energies of Justice, apart from which the clearest demonstrations of political science will never take effect. National perils, and the distresses of classes, while they compel political science to ripen and to promulgate its conclusions, shall, with a sort of convulsive throe, call out and bring into operation, a salutary force from the Christian Code. Political Science shall determine what *is* Justice, as between class and class, and shall tell us on well ascertained grounds of experience, what those measures are, which may be looked to for securing to each class its wellbeing; and then a hitherto unknown and unimagined intensity imparted to Christian principles, shall break down all opposition, and shall bring out, in fact, the true and the good in the structure of society.

It cannot have escaped the notice of intelligent readers of the Bible, that in almost all those passages, as well of the New as of the Old Testament, which the devout mind clings to as predictive of ultimate felicity for the human family, there appears, at the end of the vista of hope—a tribunal of Justice. We entirely put out of view every one of those passages which, on grounds of reasonable interpretation, should be regarded as bearing upon the adjudication of men, individually, at the tribunal of an after life. We now refer to those passages only which it is scarcely possible to understand otherwise than as prophetic of the condition of the nations on earth. The Messiah's kingdom in this world, (we are implying no opinion as to what is called "the Personal Reign,") this kingdom of the Son of David is spoken of in terms which convey, as its

distinctively characteristic feature, the idea of a stern administration of JUSTICE, and of Justice for heretofore oppressed classes. The instances are very many, and they all bear one import, and they might all be brought under interpretation, as various expressions of that prediction—ill as it seems to accord with what we are apt to regard as the tenor of the Gospel, and which the Son of Man himself utters, when He promises to those who shall faithfully “keep his works”—and shall prove themselves the fit ministers of his kingdom, that they “shall have power over the nations,” and shall “rule them with a rod of iron,” and under which administration those nations shall be broken to shivers “as the vessels of the potter.” If this be a prediction quoted from the second Psalm, and throwing it forward to the period of Messiah’s triumphant entrance upon his kingdom, then it indicates in the clearest manner what we now assume, namely, that a dispensation of inflexible JUSTICE—justice for the nations, and administered on behalf of the wretched, shall be that which is to fill up the intentions of God’s dealings with men *upon earth*.

Nothing can be clearer to the same purport than is the tenor of the seventy-second Psalm. That it is predictive of the Messiah’s rule on earth has always been believed. It is, in a word, the foreshowing of a rule of right coming in upon inveterate wrongs, and subsisting and continuing for a lengthened period to carry forward its purposes, while wrong also co-exists. The Messiah shall “judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.” Let the Psalm be read anew with this idea—that it holds forth the *principal characteristic* of a future dispensation, the end of which shall be universal peace on earth. The thirty-second chapter of Isaiah bears entirely the same import—“A king shall reign in righteousness,” under whom “princes shall rule in judgment.” An efficacious development of the first principles of morality—principles *taking precedence of motives of benevolence*—shall bring in the epoch of tranquil happiness, and thus “the work of RIGHTEOUSNESS shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.”

Hitherto Christianity has won its praise, and has demonstrated its heavenly origin, far more conspicuously as an impulse of mercy, and as bringing relief for the wretched, than as a rule of right. So long as the world has been managing its own affairs in its own way, the Gospel has wandered hither and thither over the field, binding up the wounds of the victims of cruelty, and pouring in its own oil and wine. But when the time comes for Christ to rule the world, then those offices of mercy which

in times past have been its glory, shall take a subordinate place, so that the stern energies of justice may bear sway. Is not the forty-fifth Psalm a prediction of Messiah's reign on earth? and what is its tone? it is the very same. A stern and *martial* administration of JUSTICE among the nations is, in a word, what it means; and this is the marking feature, the *note of recognition*, whereby the coming in of Messiah's kingdom shall be known and shall be hailed by his people:—thus shall the redeemed nations greet his advent—"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Most Mighty; in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of (for the sake of) truth, and meekness, and righteousness, and thy right hand (administrative energy) shall teach thee terrible things." "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a *right sceptre*."

The pith of these, and of many other well-remembered passages, is this—that, *at the end*, and when the Divine scheme is winding up, and is reaching its long-intended and long-postponed purpose, the religion of Christ shall bring to bear upon *the social and national condition of mankind*—a heretofore unthought of development of the eternal laws of justice. In the midst of that glare of glory which prophetic Scripture instructs and encourages us to look to with eager hope—in the very midst of that heavenly effulgence, there is discernible a symbol sharply defined by its dark contour against the brightness of the vision, and it is the "Iron sceptre" of Messiah's kingdom that we there descry.

If, then, we are to speak of the Future—and of the Christian Future—and of the Christian futurity of the British people—we should not think of predicting catastrophes;—not because catastrophes may not actually come, for they may seem quite probable; but because they do not lie within our ken. *We* do not profess to be prophets. We have learned that political calculations are cobwebs, or are likely to be swept away like cobwebs, and that Biblical calculations, if definite, are perilous, and too often illusory. What we *are* thinking of is the development of a principle, and which is a main element of revealed religion, and which, hitherto, has not merely had a too feeble influence upon men individually, but which has never yet taken a forcible hold of any social system, or had a conspicuous part in adjusting and rectifying the political and economic relationship of classes. Then a step further we advance in conjecturing that those shocks of the European earthquake which have in them a social, rather than a merely political meaning, shall so affect this country as to bring out the latent energy of the religion which *we* (alone almost among the nations) cordially adhere to and profess.



This development of a latent principle must come on along with, and as consequent upon, a new perusal of the Scriptures—that is to say, the perusal of them in a new light. The Reformation brought about such a new perusal of them, or a reading of things that had often been read before, but had never before been so understood. Methodism was produced and carried forward by the means of such a fresh reading of the words of life. And has not the Missionary zeal given us, in a sense, a new Bible? has it not brought out of their dark corners scores of bright passages that had barely been noticed by our predecessors? Within these forty years the Bible has come to be what it never was before, namely, a Missionary Manual. So shall it be when the first putting forth of the Iron Sceptre shall attract all eyes, and shall carry trembling and awe into the slumbering consciences of professed Christians. It would not have been equitable at any time previous to the present Missionary cra, to have brought an indictment against the Christian ministry at large on the ground of its neglect of those missionary texts which *we* have at length learned to understand as an imperative command to carry the Gospel into heathen lands. For *us* now to neglect this duty, and to overlook these texts, would be to bring down upon ourselves the heaviest guilt. But our fathers had not been awakened so to read the Scriptures; the time was not come, and all slumbered until it came.

It is the same as to a large class of passages, the clear import of which has rarely, if ever, been set before the people from the pulpit. Passages there are, which, when the time of awakening comes, shall break like a thunder-clap upon Christian congregations. The preacher will tremble as he takes his text, and the people will tremble as they hear it expounded and applied. What will then be new? not the text, or the interpretation of it, as if critical ingenuity had at last dug down upon some fossil sense that had never before been thought of. What will be new will be a mind to accept as true, and as applicable to ourselves, some of the simplest and the most intelligible phrases and sentiments of the Bible.

The eliciting and the establishment of any one class of truths has almost always involved a temporary occultation of some other truth. So it has been, that while the import of Scripture, as a message of pardon and a revelation of free grace, has been recovered, and has been set clear of the incrustations of sixteen centuries, the not incompatible, but antagonistic import of Scripture, as revealing a great scheme of retribution, has well-nigh been lost sight of. But now—so we may safely conclude—now that the doctrine of grace is fully recovered, and now that it has taken

its due place in the belief of Protestant Churches, whence it shall never again be removed—now may that other truth, upon the counteractive influence of which the equipoise of revelation depends—now may it without risk be fully brought forward, be boldly announced, and authoritatively enforced. If the doctrines of grace are irrefragably certain, not less certain is the doctrine of an administrative scheme of government, exact, universal, un-deviating, and in the carrying out of which Eternal Justice is to be honoured.

But how shall we reconcile principles so contradictory, or how expound the Gospel and the Law, so as to save the integrity of both? To attempt this is not our task. An easy task shall it be when the Bible comes to be listened to, theological logic apart—an easy task shall it be when Christianity has developed its ultimate energy, as an expression of eternal rectitude!

It would not perhaps be extremely difficult to follow out in idea that chain of causes which may bring about among ourselves, and ere long, such a development as we have spoken of. Our social condition, especially as a mercantile and a manufacturing community, is becoming every year more critical, and more perplexing; meantime, the now present and unlooked for convulsions of the continental nations are reacting upon us, in a manner which the boldest minds dare not distinctly look at, or inquire into. A moment may come, and it is perhaps at hand, when social perplexities *must* in some manner be met and disposed of. But shall we meet them as they have been met in France, by murderous collisions of class with class—by street slaughter—by the mowing down of mobs with artillery, and by a plunge through blood-reeking revolutions, to land upon the *terra firma* of a military despotism? Not so; may we not devoutly hope it? But if not, then it must be in another manner, and in a manner which shall throw an unwonted stress upon the moral energies of the country, or upon the religious convictions of all classes.

Destitution and distress, perhaps enhanced and diffused, or if not actually increased, yet reported, adduced, and brought out more distinctly to view than at present it is,—this exhibition of suffering, must at the same moment quicken the alarms of statesmen, and excite in an extreme degree the sympathies of the more feeling portion of the community. The sluggishness of public men will be broken in upon, and large measures of relief will be thought of and propounded. At the same time, such arrangements and mitigations as “charity” can command, will be had recourse to. But it will quickly be discovered that the social problem is one that is not to be dealt with on any such ground

as this. The difficulty is too mighty to be disposed of delicately and lovingly. The malady is of a sort that will not yield to emulgents—the lotion of sympathy frets the patient as much as it soothes his anguish. In a word, although mercy is never out of season, it will be felt that the era of mercy, as chief agent for the relief of the sufferings of classes, is past. After a brief and awful pause, it shall be acknowledged that the era of RIGHT has come on. But Right—whence is it to be derived, or from what principles reasoned out, or by what sanctions authenticated, or by what penalties enforced? If it were attempted, at such a moment, to make out and to define the limits of social justice, on any principle known to the British Constitution, this method of procedure could bring out no results commensurate with the occasion, and for this reason, that no *such* occasion, no *such* social crisis, no *such* portentous problem, has ever been contemplated, much less provided for, by the British Constitution, or by any other political framework, ancient or modern.

If recourse were had, in such an emergency, to abstract doctrines, or to scholastic systems of moral philosophy, or to some theory, happening just then to be in vogue, nothing but interminable debates could be the consequence. Universities might wrangle for ten years, before any conclusion which practical men could comprehend, and adopt, could be arrived at. We are not however without resource. Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land, and therefore it is a recognised and constitutional authority. Moreover, Christianity is the cordial belief of great masses of the people—upper, and middle, and lower; it is therefore an *authority*, the intervention of which would readily and gladly be hailed, not by one rank or interest, but by multitudes of every rank, and especially so in an hour of fear and perplexity.

What then is it that might, at such a moment, take place? not, as we have already said—that Revelation should be brought in to supersede the functions of civil society; far from it. Legislative wisdom, and statesmanlike ability, and practical good sense, would combine to devise, to digest, and to elaborate the measures best to be adopted; and then, those measures having been assented to, and approved—BIBLE FORCE would come in to carry them through, sweeping away irresistibly, all oppositions of class selfishness and prejudice. Such and such measures (and we should quite overstep what we think to be our function in presuming to specify them) having been propounded and discussed, and voted as good, not by the legislature merely, but by the British people, there would be no question whether they should, or could, be put in force. Public men will have devised these

measures, the legislature will have passed them, and then heaven itself will see to what remains. Neither Moses nor the prophets, neither David, nor Solomon, nor Isaiah, nor Jeremiah, nor Ezekiel, nor Paul, nor James, nor even our blessed Lord, will teach us how to frame Acts of Parliament, or on what grounds of political expediency societies should be constituted; but when Parliaments have ascertained what it is which a crisis demands, and when experienced writers have informed us in what modes our endeavours may best be carried forward, then prophets and apostles, in tones never before listened to, shall enjoin the due performance of the part which we have thus assigned to ourselves.

When once BIBLE POWER has, by any such social crisis, been brought to bear, in an open manner, upon national interests—when once the “sign of the Son of man” has thus been seen in the political heavens—when the iron sceptre has caught all eyes, that is to say, when Christ’s authority shall, in a signal instance, have prevailed in controlling state affairs, then shall this same power be seen to be taking effect in a thousand instances that were not at first thought of. Sympathy and mercy, applied as they have been, and are, to the alleviation of the miseries endured by classes, are like the fragrant ointment poured forth by piety and love; but the word of truth and justice when once it shall be uttered, shall take effect upon the diseased social body in another manner:—“Go, for thou art healed of thy plague.” To what an incalculable extent would the weight of distress now pressing upon all classes be relieved, simply by an efficacious recovery of, and return to, public and private rectitude! If commercial reverses visit us periodically, as pestilence and famine may visit us, in the form of judgments from heaven, how greatly are these reverses aggravated, as they affect classes, and individuals, by the defective morality to which custom and familiarity have given a loose sanction! There may be room to question whether even the most disastrous of those overthrows which the trading and commercial classes have sustained, would have occurred at all, had there been diffused through all classes a higher-toned morality.

All thinking persons feel that the never yet adjusted relationship of class to class, in our social systems, is an urgent problem, carrying with it every kind of difficulty, and which the now-pending revolutionary conflicts between classes, on the Continent, are rendering more difficult and more perilous every day among ourselves. Great organic changes, or measures equivalent to organic changes, must be brought to bear upon the social malady—or otherwise it will, in this country as it has in France,

come to its crisis spontaneously, and with an accompaniment of the direst calamities. These changes, or these measures of relief, we believe to surpass the powers of the legislature to give effect to them, even if they do not surpass its wisdom to devise. The alternative therefore is the occurrence of a terrific crisis, and the repetition of such at short intervals ; or else the bringing in of a force new to politics, and hitherto latent in the inspired writings.

It has been latent, hitherto, because that state of the social system which should bring it into activity belongs to the present time, and is itself now only partially developed. What might be called *social consciousness* is that which distinguishes the civilized communities of modern times. This consciousness implies, not only a wide spread cognizance of the condition of the several classes that make up the body politic, but a *feeling* pervading each class, and connecting each with the others, by a sort of vital sympathy. The body politic is continually coming into nearer and nearer analogy with animal life. There is within it one sensorium, toward which all sensations tend, and one nervous system, affected throughout by any morbid condition of any part, or member. Representative government, whether it may be more or less complete, theoretically, or practically well managed, is but one of the modes of national consciousness, and only one medium of the national volitions. Through the press, and by the means of that extended and instantaneous interchange of feeling and will which belong to a commercial state, and which the recently contrived velocities of correspondence and of transit so wonderfully facilitate, every thing that is anywhere thought, felt, suffered, intended, willed, or done, is instantly reported, understood, and (to use a physiological term) is duly assimilated, and is commingled, either as aliment, or as medicament, or as infection, or as poison, with the system.

But this universally diffused social consciousness brings with it a relationship, between class and class, of mutual dependence, and of obligation, which otherwise could not be alleged. Men who live under an absolute despotism, as in Turkey or Russia, witness individually the wrongs that are endured by others individually, or by classes, with apathy, or with sympathy, as it may happen, yet with no consciousness of an implied moral responsibility, and with no sense of moral reciprocity. But whether we distinctly admit the fact or not, the *feeling* that spontaneously arises in every bosom, on parallel occasions, in countries where the agents of government are responsible, where there is popular representation, a free press, and absolute liberty of speech and action, is wholly of another sort. This feeling has in it some-

thing of that tumultuous restlessness which attaches to the active moral sentiments. The reported sufferings of classes, or the knowledge of their degradation, their ignorance, and their hopeless destitution, excites, (at least in sound minds,) not compassion simply, but a self-reproaching disquiet, of which we do not easily rid ourselves. "These things," we say to ourselves, and to one another, "ought not so to be: they *must* not be suffered: something *must* be done, or attempted, to bring in a remedy."

Now, this is a modern feeling: it is the accompaniment of an advancing political condition; and it is the symptom of the diffused vitality of the social system. What then follows? or what is it that must take place in consequence of this vitalizing of the social mass? In a country within which a *definite moral code* is recognised as of ultimate authority, and is bowed to because its sanctions are held to be valid, in such a country it is inevitable that this same moral code, which heretofore was only of private interpretation, or which took little effect except as it bore upon the conscience of the *individual* in his behaviour toward *individuals*—this code, sustained by its awful sanctions, must, and will, eventually, come into effective operation, as bearing upon what we may call the social, or the political conscience. In this country the decisively practical turn of the national mind, and the dislike of abstract or metaphysical reasoning, as applied to substantial interests, happily comes in to aid the national feeling in favour of Christianity as an ultimate authority in morals. Already we may discern the onward movement of a silent process, which is bringing all the difficult questions of class wellbeing up to the tribunal of the one recognised religious authority. Unless dire catastrophes should come in to throw us aback, and to break up the social machinery, it must ere long come about, in this country, and notwithstanding the prevalence of infidelity and impiety in the highest and in the lowest classes, that these political problems will be dealt with on the ground of RIGHT, as affirmed, defined, or implied, in Holy Scripture.

The present turmoil throughout Europe, and in France especially, is going on, no one can guess toward what issue, unless it be military despotism, because nothing is recognised abroad as fixed and unquestionable; nothing is bowed to as of ultimate authority; nothing is revered because it is held to be sustained by sanctions. But it is not so among ourselves; and in any case in which a mass is internally agitated, the parts in movement will arrange themselves at length around the one part or element that is fixed. In England, although every thing may be brought under discussion, and every thing sacred may be questioned; yet

not for ever. The religious convictions of the great majority of the instructed classes are firm. The Christian belief of the British people is an anchorage, and it is a fulcrum, and it is a foundation; and the agitations that shake the nations only tend to throw so much the more stress upon this one and only point of immovable support, which the civilized world feels to be anywhere under its feet.

Facts and appearances irreconcilable with any such supposition as this might readily be alleged; and the hope it would encourage might easily be made to appear chimerical. We profess it, nevertheless, and are bold to say that, while diffident of any interpretation of Apocalyptic symbols, we discern, amid the alarms and confusions of the passing hour, bright indications of the coming on of that last development of the Christian system, which is the drift of all prophecy, and which shall render Christianity, toward the nations, a dispensation of Justice, more prominently than hitherto it has been a dispensation of mercy.\*

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\* It is not an approvable practice to place at the head of an article the title of a book of which nothing is said in the course of it. We condemn, therefore, in this instance, what we have done, and can only say that we should hold it to be not merely, in a *literary*, but in a *moral* sense, wrong, so to treat any living writer. In this case many of our readers will long ago have formed their own opinion of the remarkable essay of which the little volume before us is a good reprint. The *merits* of this essay, or the grounds and reasons of that attention which it has lately received, could not be properly considered within the compass of a few pages.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Camp and Barrack-room; or the British Army as it is.* By a late Staff-sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry. London, 1841.
2. *The Autobiography of a Working Man.* By "One who has whistled at the Plough." London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, 1848.
3. *Recollections of Rifleman Harris.* Edited by Henry Curling, Esquire, Half-pay, 52d Regiment. London, 1848.
4. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* Vol. 91. (Third volume of the Session of 1847.)

IN this great year of the Christian era, 1848, it is, doubtless, a very humiliating fact, that the representatives of the people have been voting away large sums of public money for the purchase and the support of the instruments and agents of human destruction. It is a very humiliating fact, we say, but it is one which stares us most obtrusively in the face. Our better reason may revolt against it—Christian morality may deplore it—but *there* stands THE SOLDIER at the corner of the street.

There he is—the hundred thousandth part of a great thing called an Army. A great thing wonderfully organized—most ingeniously devised; a very imposing, a very costly thing, made up of very varied materials, but most homogeneous as a whole. It is hard to say what it does not contain. Nothing so hard, nothing so soft; nothing so full, nothing so empty; nothing so gay, nothing so mournful, as not to be a part of it. Light plumes, and heavy ordnance; the empty drum and the well-charged shell; the gay music, and the mournful funeral-pall—there are all sorts of contrasts and contrarieties in it, but how complete a thing is it as a whole! Look at the intricacy of its machinery—the wonderful adhesiveness of its parts—the unity and integrity of it. Dispersed though it be in a fragmentary state over the whole surface of the globe, there are chains and wires, which take no account of space, keeping it together as surely and irrefragably as though it were a compact mass. Within this mighty circle, there is nothing so majestic—nothing so insignificant, as not to be brought into immediate contact with each other. The minutest component of that great fact—the British Army, has an intimate affinity and is a matter of immediate concernment to the greatest and most glorious of the realities, who give a dignity and a radiance to the whole. There is a link, which unites the small child who tinkles the triangle with the mighty warrior who conquers nations, overturns dynasties, and revolutionizes the world. The voice of that small hero of the triangle may make itself heard by the great hero of history; and not so



insignificant is the child—being an atom of that great comprehensive army, but that his injuries will be resented and redressed by the veteran of a hundred fights, and a hundred orders.

It is no bad sign of the times, though better signs our successors may be called to discourse upon in the five-hundredth Number of this Review, that England has just begun seriously to concern herself about the condition of the men who fight her battles abroad, and guard her property at home. Better soldiers it is scarcely necessary that they should be—for they have beaten nearly all the world; but it would seem nothing so difficult to render them better men. Hitherto almost everything has been against them. They have been bad because they have not been expected to be better. The world has set a mark upon them, and they have not belied their credentials. It seems, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, to have been our pleasure to call them the most depraved of men, and our study to keep them so. As a privileged class of evil-doers they have been regarded, and it would seem as though society were unwilling to disturb a time-hallowed fact of such universal acceptance. There are traditions to which we cling with extraordinary tenacity, and the reprobate character of the soldier is one of them. To “swear like a trooper”—“to drink like a trooper”—to do every evil thing that is done under the sun “like a trooper”—are legendary forms of speech which we do not very willingly dismiss into the limbo of worn-out superstitions. There are conventional notions of a soldier much cherished by the civilian, which work out their own realization. When men are not expected to be better, there is little chance of their ever becoming so.

In no country in the world is the soldier so heartily despised as in England: and in none is he more cordially admired. Men look down upon him with unbounded contempt; women look up to him with passionate adoration. He is ridiculed on the one side; he is worshipped on the other. He is at once a lobster and a hero. He is insulted in the streets; he is courted from the areas. The butcher's boy shoulders his empty tray with a face full of impudence, and the cook-maid, as she retires with the joint, looks back at him with a face full of love. His red coat, his erect carriage, his handsome person, the halo of bravery which surrounds him, gladden the eyes, possess the imaginations, and fill the hearts of the gentler sex, whilst men think him a very poor creature indeed, because he may not put his hands in his pockets, stay out after night-fall, or get drunk at discretion. They see that he is at the mercy of the drill-sergeant—that he has sold his liberty for a shilling a-day—that he is turned into a mere machine, without an opinion of his own, without even the ordinary privilege of a free and enlightened citizen to wear as

much dirt upon his person as he pleases. For all this they heartily despise him ; and because he is adored by the women, they, moreover, cordially detest him. Besides, he is mixed up in their minds with some undefined notions of taxation—and that is enough in itself to render him the most unpopular animal in the world.

But how few there are in any condition of life who trouble themselves to look beneath the surface—to penetrate the outer shell of this strange thing we call a soldier—to associate with his name anything beyond visions of pipe-clay, rainrods, sponge-staffs, the lunge, and the “rigid miseries of the goose-step.” And yet he is an intelligent being, to a point a little above instinct ; and might be made a reasonable creature. We have tried hard heretofore not to emancipate him from the thralldom which sits so heavily upon his moral and intellectual being ; but a new light is now beginning to dawn upon the country. Some doubts have been entertained whether a soldier may not after all have a soul to be saved ; and to the credit of the last Parliament be it recorded, that the condition of the soldier was in 1847 elevated by both Houses into a topic of grave and earnest discussion.

With most unfeigned satisfaction do we regard and with most unqualified commendation do we allude to these efforts to legislate for the British army ; and we speak of them now with the assured conviction that every new Session will advance the cause of Military Reform, and give birth to new measures calculated to raise the character of the soldier. It is well that at the head of the measures, which have already received the assent of Parliament and the approbation of the country at large, should be one the object and tendency of which is to loosen the chains of military bondage—to render the soldier, by the limitation of his time of enforced service, less of a slave than under the old soul-subduing system of enlistment for life. The Bill introduced in March 1847, by the present able and benevolent Secretary at War, and generally described, somewhat vaguely, as the *Army Service Bill*, is a move in the right direction—an initial step essential to the success of all after-measures for the amelioration of the condition of the soldier.

For—look at the manner in which the army is recruited. It is a “voluntary” system, with nothing that is voluntary in it but the first precipitate plunge—the folly of an hour which is pregnant with the repentance of years. Think what it is that has consigned so many men to a hopeless life of military servitude. Think of the efforts made to entrap the raw material of a soldier—the gilded bait which is cast before his eyes—the wiles which are employed to delude him of the little reason that he has—the craft that is put forth to catch and the violence which

is exercised to keep him. What can be more discouraging than his first initiation into military life? If thought be not stagnant within him—if in the fulness of his suffering all power of reflection has not utterly died—he must soon become painfully conscious of the fact that his new life is a cheat and an imposture. The time-honoured couplet descriptive of the pleasure of being cheated has to his case no application. It is all misery from first to last—head-ache at the beginning, and heart-ache to the end. He has enlisted in heedlessness or in pique. He has quarrelled with his sweetheart or been dismissed by his employer. In a state of mind peculiarly susceptible of such impressions, he has been dazzled by the gaudy ribands and the shining accoutrements of the recruiting-sergeant. Every strip of coloured sarsenet streaming from the cap of the seducer—every well-polished plate and buckle that glitters on his person—has a separate spell to lure the victim to destruction. The stirring notes of the drum and the fife seem to summon him to a career of glory. He is intoxicated before the *treat* begins—before the first glass, proffered by the tempter, has been tossed off in the tap-room or the drinking-booth—before the man of the gay ribands has begun his attractive survey of the *arva beata divites et insulas* over which lies the path of the soldier. It has been all over with him, we say, long ago. The voice of reason—the voice of affection—the voice of conscience—they have all been drowned by the merry music of the recruiting party. The man of the ribands stands *treat* like a hero, and talks like a demigod. It is “far above singing” to Hodge. He is all a-gape with wonder and delight. Another glass, another story, and he sees in the ascending clouds of tobacco-smoke great battles fought, great victories accomplished—a manhood of glory and an old age of honoured ease. He is prepared to believe anything that is told him: his credulity would grasp even a Roman triumph, with himself for the hero of it, if Ribands were only to set him upon the track. But no need of that: he has taken the shilling without it; he has sold himself to the recruiting-sergeant; he has “gone for a soldier;” and a hundred thousand of these gone creatures make “the finest army in the world.”

This is the ordinary receipt for making a soldier. There are variations, but not very important ones. One, however, seems to be worthy of especial consideration, as it affords a remarkable contrast to that which we have above described. There we have seen the case of the soldier made by the recruiting-sergeant—of the victim of gay ribands and strong drink—of the simple one who swallows the bait in utter ignorance, to be terribly undeceived. Now we make the acquaintance of a very different personage—a fellow who is not to be charmed by recruiting parties, charm they never so wisely; who is more than a match for the

hero of the ribands; who knows tricks worth a score of his. This is the man who has "seen better days"—the ruined spend-thrift, whose last hope of raising the wind is gone; who has exhausted the patience and perhaps the purses of his friends; who has disgraced himself and his family; and who now, with the prospect of starvation before him, hopeless beggary in the streets, or a residence in a prison, turns his thoughts to the army as a refuge for the destitute, and in a determined spirit of *felo-de-se*, deliberately enlists. There is a jaunty, rakish, care-worn look about him. Outwardly and inwardly, to use his own language, he is desperately "seedy." He has nothing but youth in his favour; and drink and debauchery have pretty well eased him even of that recommendation. He looks older than he is; he has far less stamina than Hodge—but then he is a trifle less clumsy. He will get through his drill quicker than the bumpkin, if he choose; but the chances are that he will not choose. He knows that he has taken the last plunge, and has ceased to care about himself. He has long ago forfeited his self-respect, and he has never had any delusions about the glory of military life. He has enlisted, in all probability, for foreign service: he is going to the East Indies. In the eyes of Hodge the army is the army; he neither knows nor cares what particular section of it is doomed to absorb his life. Well-born knows better. He has an idea of his own on the subject. He chooses his own regiment, knowing its destination; he is not beguiled by vagrant ribands at country fairs, but he goes deliberately to the depôt of the regiment he has selected, and settles the matter with all his faculties about him. His desire is to leave the country at the country's expense; and he thinks, on the whole, that he would rather go as a soldier than as a convict.

Here we have the two extremes of recruit manufacture—the first sample, it must be understood, belongs to a very large, and the second to a very small class. There is an intermediate state which seems to unite something of the simplicity of Hodge with the intelligence of Well-born. Between the country bumpkin and the ruined clerk or broken gentleman stands the artizan or mechanic. Of 1000 recruits it may be estimated that 628 are agricultural labourers and servants, 310 artizans and mechanics, 43 clerks and shopmen, and the residue of 19, gentlemen's sons, in various shapes—as medical students, lawyers, &c. This is the distribution guaranteed by Sir Howard Douglas, and we are by no means inclined to question its accuracy. Neither are we inclined to question the truth of the assertion put forth by the same authority—that the agricultural labourers make the best soldiers, and the gentlemen's sons considerably the worst. We have known examples to the contrary, but not sufficient to dis-

turb our belief in the soundness of Sir Howard Douglas' estimate of the general character of gentlemen recruits. We admit that the army gains little by them—they are Her Majesty's hard bargains. "What then?" the opponents of the Limited Enlistment Act answer—"a proof of the absurdity of commending and supporting the bill, upon the plea of its drawing into the army a *better class* of recruits." A schoolboy would be whipt for being so out in his logic. The well-born scamps of whom we speak do not constitute a better, but a worse class of recruits; they belong, indeed, to the very worst. There is not a military reformer, in or out of Parliament, who would ever think of including in any "better class" the scum of the aristocracy. What we wish to attract to the ranks of the army, designating *them* as a better class, are better members of the same grades of society. We would fain see men, whether born in a hovel or in a mansion, carry the best of themselves to the army; we would fain see them enter our ranks, not with broken fortunes, beggars alike in character and in substance, but with the lustre of no failure and no disgrace upon them—in the flush of youthful hope, and the freshness of youthful innocence, looking to the profession of the soldier as one to elevate him above, not to sink him beneath his fellows, to provide him with a comfortable subsistence, to place him in a respectable position, and to call into action—not as now hopelessly to repress—all the best instincts of humanity. The army has been too long regarded as a vast social cess-pool or sewer, into which the offscourings of every class are carried by the force of adverse circumstances—a reservoir for every imaginable description of human filth and human rubbish. One step better than death or transportation, men have turned to it, in the last gasp of failing fortune, rather than perish in a gutter, or end their days in the hulks; and they have, ere now, after a trial, thinking themselves miserably mistaken, fallen back upon death or transportation after all.

And that it has been so, we have abundance of evidence—evidence assuming almost every conceivable shape, to convince us. As a last resource, men have allowed themselves to be swept into the army, and have bitterly repented of the deed almost before it has been done. The very leavings of humanity though they be, they have tried, in the morning-hour of reflection, to rise above that degradation. Society, in the emphatic language of scripture, has spewed them out; but they have still recoiled from the thought of that uttermost humiliation. Waking from their long drunken slumbers, great is the effort to free themselves from the toils of the betrayer—but it is too late; the fatal shilling has been taken;—there is nothing left but submission or desertion.

Let us hear a voice or two from the ranks on this subject of enlistment ;—firstly, how these recruiting parties have been wont to set about their work :—

“When on the recruiting service in those days, men were accustomed to make as gallant a show as they could, and accordingly we had both smartened ourselves up a trifle. The sergeant-major was quite a beau in his way ; he had a sling belt to his sword like a field-officer, a tremendous green feather in his cap, a flaring sash, his whistle and powder-flask displayed, an officer's pelisse over one shoulder, and a double allowance of ribbons in his cap ; whilst I myself was as smart as I dared appear, with my rifle slung at my shoulder. In this guise we made as much of ourselves as though we had both been Generals, and as I said, created quite a sensation, the militiamen cheering as we passed up and down, till they were called to order by their officers.”—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

This is the first step—a huge practical lie at starting. There must be all this false show of finery or nothing can be done. What follows is quite in keeping with the initial cheater ; there must be more fraud—juggling and drugging ; men must be turned into brutes and kept so, until they become outright soldiers :—

“The appearance of our Rifle uniform, and a little of Sergeant Adams' blarney, so took the fancies of the volunteers, that we got every one of them for the Rifle corps, and both officers into the bargain. We worked hard in this business ; I may say that for three days and nights we kept up the dance and the drunken riot. Every volunteer got ten guineas' bounty, which except the two kept back for necessaries, they spent in every sort of excess, till all was gone. Then came the reaction. The drooping spirits, the grief at parting with old comrades, sweethearts, and wives, for the uncertain fate of war. And then came on the jeers of the old soldier ; the laughter of Adams and myself, and comrades, and our attempts to give a fillip to their spirits, as we marched them off from the friends they were never to look upon again ; and as we termed it, ‘*shove them on to glory.*’”—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

And so soldiers are made. All this is significant enough ; but, perhaps, a single example of this style of recruit-making will make the matter still plainer :—

“We reached Rye the same night, and I recollect that I succeeded in getting the first recruit there, a strong able-bodied chimney-sweep, named John Lee. This fellow (whose appearance I was struck with as he sat in the tap-room of the ‘Red Lion’ on that night, together with a little boy as black and sooty as himself) offered to enlist the moment I entered the room, and I took him at his word, and immediately called for the sergeant-major for approval. ‘There's nothing against my being a soldier,’ said the sweep, ‘but my black face ; I'm

strong, active, and healthy, and able to lick the best man in this room.' 'Hang your black face,' said the sergeant-major, 'the Rifles can't be too dark; you're a strong rascal, and if you mean it, we'll take you to the doctor to-morrow, and make a Giniral of you the next day.' So we had the sweep that night into a large tub of water, scoured him outside, and filled him with punch inside, and made a Rifleman of him. The sergeant-major, however, on this night suspected from his countenance what afterwards turned out to be the case, that he was a slippery fellow, and might repent. So, after filling him drunk, he said to me—'Harris, you have caught this bird, and you must keep him fast. You must both sleep to-night hand-cuffed together in the same bed, or he will escape us;' which I actually did, and the next morning retraced my steps with him to Hythe, to be passed by the doctor of our regiment."—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

And so soldiers are kept. It seemed, in those days, a *prima facie* impossibility, that any man, having enlisted, or having been enlisted—for in these matters the passive is always more fitly to be used—in a state of stupefaction, whether from drink or from despair, should ever, on returning to the possession of even a moiety of his senses, desire to hold to his bargain. Old soldiers knew well the improbability of the thing; and so they kept their prey fast with hand-cuffs.

There was good reason for this, apart from military zeal and loyalty to the Crown. A recruit lost was so much out of the pockets of the recruiting party. Private Somerville of the Scots Greys, in his "Autobiography," tells us the story of his enlistment. It is amusing and to the point; it illustrates the advantages of prompt action in these matters, and may afford to the uninitiated an explanation of the phrase "taking the shilling." Somerville and a friend, being in very desperate circumstances, deliberately resolved to enlist into the Greys. These young men were then in Edinburgh, and there also was a recruiting party from that attractive corps. The net was not thrown over them; they deliberately entangled themselves in its meshes:—

"W. N. had seen the Greys in Dublin, and having a natural disposition to be charmed with the picturesque, was charmed with them. He knew where in Edinburgh High Street to inquire for the corporal, and having inquired, we found him in lodgings, up a very great many pairs of stairs—I do not know how many—stretched in his military cloak on his bed. He said he was glad to see any body up stairs in his little place, now that the regimental order had come out against moustachios; for since he had been ordered to shave his off, his wife had sate moping at the fireside, refusing all consolation to herself and all peace to him. 'I ha'e had a weary life of it,' he said plaintively, 'since the order came out to shave the upper lip. She grat there—I am sure she grat as if her heart would ha'e broken—when she saw me the first day without the moustachios.' Having listened

to this, and heard a confirmation of it from the lady herself, as also a hint that the corporal had been lying in bed half the day, when he should have been looking out for recruits, for each of whom he had a payment of 10s. We told him that we had come looking for him to offer ourselves as recruits. He looked at us a few moments, and said if we meant it he saw nothing about us to object to; and as neither of us seemed to have any beard from which moustachios could grow, could only congratulate us on the order that had come out against them. \* \* \* We assured the corporal that we were in earnest, and that we did mean to enlist, whereupon he began by putting the formal question—"Are you free, able and willing to serve His Majesty King William the Fourth?" But there was a hitch; two shillings were requisite to enlist two recruits, and there was only one shilling. We proposed that he should enlist one of us with it, and that this one should lend it to him to enlist the other. But his wife would not have the enlistment done in that way. She said 'that would not be *law*, and a bonny thing it would be to do it without it being law.' 'Na, na,' she continued, 'it maun be done as the law directs.' The corporal made a movement as if he would take us out to some place where he could get another shilling; but she thought it possible that another of the recruiting party might share the prize—take one of us or both—so she detained him, shut the door on us, locked it, took the key with her, and went in search of the requisite King's coin. Meanwhile, as N. was impatient, I allowed him to take precedence of me, and have the ceremony performed with the shilling then present. On the return of the corporal's wife, who though younger than he in years, seemed to be 'an older soldier,' I also became the King's man."

We do not think that this matter of "taking the shilling" has ever been set forth so intelligibly, and certainly never more entertainingly, to the mental vision of the uninitiated. It is not, as some think, a mere metaphor; no, the shilling performs an important part in the ceremony, and once taken there is no retreating.

No retreating except by desertion: to retreat is then to desert. When such the manner of enlistment, who can wonder at the number of desertions? In the debates last year upon the Limited Enlistment Act, it was stated that in three years 28,000 men had been committed to gaol, and 8000 men had deserted. Desertion follows, in most cases, as the result of after-repentance. In *some* it is a piece of deliberate roguery. It is not always that the recruit is a raw one; he has been known, in some instances, to be more than a match for the recruiting-sergeant—nay, for all the regimental authorities:—

"A private of the 70th regiment," writes Rifleman Harris, "had deserted from that corps, and afterwards enlisted into several other regiments—indeed I was told at the time (though I cannot answer for so great a number) that sixteen different times he had received



the bounty and then stolen off. Being however caught at last, he was brought to trial at Portsmouth, and sentenced by general court-martial to be shot."

And it was stated in the course of the debates last year in the House of Commons, by Captain Bollero, that he had known instances of men who had enlisted eight or nine times, received the bounty-money, and then deserted. The magistracy of Great Britain know well what the system is. Some instance of habitual fraud of this kind is probably familiar to every man who has sat for a few years on the bench. The bounty, as we shall presently show, which is actually received by the soldier, is now-a-days so small, that if the offence be committed upon system—if desertion be made a trade—it is necessary to conduct the business on a somewhat extensive scale. It will not answer merely to dabble in it.

The fact is, that sometimes a clever fellow is found who is more than a match for the recruiting-sergeant. The man of feathers and ribands is caught in the net of his own eagerness. He overleaps himself, and finds that he is the betrayed and not the betrayer. Men ere now, we say, have driven a profitable trade as recruits; have enlisted under various disguises; and turned to good account the zealous cupidity of the great cormorants, who would have made them their prey. There is often some clever acting in these cases, and many amusing stories might be told of the way in which the knavery of the barrack-room has been over-reached by the knavery of the world.

The bounty-money, though only payable in part, and often being little better than an absolute delusion, is a great temptation to the roguery of these cunning fellows, who are confident in their ability to over-reach the recruiting-sergeant. The balance of active cheater, however, is hugely on the side of the system. If the service be defrauded by one recruit, it amply revenges itself by defrauding a thousand. And this is a more fertile source of desertion than the other. Some run away to cheat; others because they are cheated:—

"During my stay at Chatham," writes the author of the *Camp and Barrack-Room*, "desertion was of frequent occurrence, and I understood to a greater extent than had been previously the case. This evil had its origin in a complication of causes, the major one being the manner in which recruits were treated on their joining, when not only was the bounty given them absorbed by the purchase of necessaries, but likewise the larger portion and in many instances the entire of the subsequent month's pay. Thus for two or perhaps three months, the recruit would only receive two, at the most threepence per diem; and young lads having good appetites, this trifling sum

would be expended in procuring something, by way of an evening meal, their ration meals only embracing a breakfast and dinner. Having accordingly no money to spend in amusement, and imagining they must continue to be similarly situated whilst in the service, young soldiers become quickly disgusted with it; and, when destitute of principle, desertion on the first opportunity followed almost as a matter of course."

This delusion of bounty-giving is, indeed, a crying evil. The soldier on joining the army, instead of finding himself as he is led to believe, with so much in pocket to spend after his heart's desires, is in the long run brought in, if he do not give "leg bail" in good time, a debtor to his regiment. No one, writing from the ranks, in these times, fails to raise a complaint upon this subject. The staff-sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry speaks of it; and the private of the Scots Greys exposes the grievance, in a minute account of his own commercial dealings with the authorities of his regiment:—

"I received" he says, "nominally a bounty of £2, 12s. 6d., but only 10s. of it in cash; the remainder went to help to furnish my outfit. A cavalry soldier requires two pair of over-alls in a year—and he is only allowed by Government one pair. He is allowed 6s. a-year for boots. All his shoes and repairs, and an extra pair of boots, probably every third year; every article which I have named, including the saddle-bags and corn-sack, must be paid for out of stoppages from his pay, with the following exceptions: one pair of cloth over-alls, one stable jacket, and one dress coat annually; 6s. a year for boots, and 8s. for gloves, and a new cloak every six years. Besides the sum of £2, 2s. 6d., which was appropriated from the bounty, I was indebted to the regiment about £3, 10s. for this outfit. All other recruits were the same. The rations costing from 6d to 8d. per day, according to the contracts for provisions, and 1d. per day for vegetables, were first paid for by stoppages. We got 2d. of daily pay, and all remaining went to pay off the debt. These stoppages during the first years of a recruit's service, together with the endless drilling on foot, and on horseback, and the hard stable-work, generally gave young men an unfavourable opinion of soldiering. But the beginning is not so disheartening now, since the period of enlistment is shortened. The recruit keeps up his spirits when he sees a limited time before him, at the end of which he will still be a young man, and may leave the service if he dislikes it, or remain if he does not choose to leave."

This is good testimony in favour of limited enlistment—but before we revert to it, a word or two more on this subject of Bounty. No doubt, it is a great delusion—a lie altogether—and if it be a fertile source of offences against the service, it is only another illustration of the great Shaksperian truth, that of our pleasant vices are made instruments to scourge us. The whole

system indeed, is one of fraud; and fraud begets fraud in all conditions of life.\* As we sow, so must we reap. The evil is one admitted alike by the reformers and anti-reformers of the army—by men who supported the Limited Enlistment Act, and by men who opposed it. Sir Howard Douglas, who strenuously opposed at every stage Mr. Fox Maule's Army Service Bill, took occasion whilst so doing to animadvert upon the present delusive bounty-system:—

"The whole system of bounty," he said, on the 30th March 1847, "is a delusion on the soldier. Whatever bounty is promised should be a reality, and paid in money; part on enlisting, and the rest on joining; but by charging the bounty with the payment of the soldier's kit, the recruit finds that instead of being in credit for the remainder of the bounty, he is usually in debt. This occasions great disappointment, it is in fact deception, and is no doubt a fruitful cause of discontent and desertion. In the French service the kit is provided for the soldiers. So in the service of the United States, where the soldier is better off than in ours; the premium on enlistment is more liberal, the pay is about the same, but every article of personal equipment, besides clothing—namely shirts, flannels, stockings, socks, and shoes, are provided by the public; and thus a great many British soldiers, deserters, are found in the ranks of the United States Army. He should not propose to continue the bounty at the present nominal rate, but give some real bounty, and provide the kit at the public expense."

And so from the two extremes of the army, from the General as from the private, we receive the same strong testimony against the present delusive system. There can be no doubt about it. We require no stronger evidence of the evil of the present mode of enlistment, with its glittering promises of bounty and other blessings, than the simple fact that it is altogether A LIE.

And public opinion has at last begun to set in strongly against a mode of enlistment begun in fraud, and often perpetuated by violence. We must get rid of this blot altogether; we must induce men to enter the army with their own free will, and with all their faculties about them. It has been long believed that this is impossible—that no man with his senses not more or less disturbed, would bind himself down for life to a service of which

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\* Forty years ago, Sir John Doyle, speaking in Parliament of the desertions which took place under the well-known "Parish Bill," and the diminution of this offence under Mr. Wyndham's Act, well observed—"But, perhaps, it is not quite correct to set down as deserters those who received bounty under the Parish Bill, and were never heard of more; for such fellows never joined, or meant to join, any corps, and therefore could not strictly be called deserters, but robbers; and I am not sure that it would be quite incorrect to consider those as accomplices who held out such temptations to them." No doubt they were accomplices; and they are accomplices now, though after a different fashion. During the war men got the bounty, and then deserted; now, they often desert because they never get the bounty at all.

practically he knows nothing. And now, at least, we have bethought ourselves seriously of obviating this necessity of lying by word and deed—of defrauding the embryo soldier, and then coercing him—of depriving him first of his faculties and then of his liberty; we have at last bethought ourselves, we say, of the possibility of obviating all this, by abolishing the old system of life-enlistment; and a bill has been introduced for the purpose of rendering the service “more palatable” to the masses of the people, and so obtaining “voluntary recruits.” A system of limited enlistment has now been adopted. The infantry soldier enlists for ten years; the cavalry and artillery for twelve. At the expiration of that first period of service the soldier has the option of re-enlisting—if in the infantry for eleven years, and if in the cavalry for twelve. Should he not be inclined to re-enlist, he may still enrol himself for a deferred pension, and obtain it after twenty-two years—every two years of such life on the retired list being equal to one on active service. This is the most material portion of the New Enlistment Act. In it is contained that without which all efforts to ameliorate the condition of the soldier must prove futile. It is the first step towards the elevation of the military character. It is an attempt, and a noble one, to place the whole military system of the country upon a basis of liberty and reason, of truth and morality. The great edifice of the British army is no longer to be built of lies, and propped up with violence. Better days are dawning upon us.

It has taken a long, a very long time, to force these principles upon the recognition of the representatives of the people. What was at last done in 1847 was vehemently contended for in 1805. There is very little which can now be said upon the subject which was not said in that year by Colonel Crawford and Mr. Wyndham. Army reform is a plant of slow growth. “Is it,” asked Colonel Crawford, in 1805, “fitting that without some plea of strong necessity, we should suffer that a man, because in a moment of thoughtlessness, caprice, or perhaps temporary distress, he enters into the army, should be deprived *for life* of the liberties and rights which the people of this country enjoy, under that happy constitution which we prize as so great a blessing?” And for years and years the country was contented to answer—“It is fitting.” Nay, even now, there are able and influential members of the military profession, in Parliament and out of Parliament, who cry aloud—“It *is* fitting,” and tell the military reformers of the present day, who would make a man, not a slave of the soldier, that they are “ruining the army.”

Now we have so great faith in the principle, that neither individually nor nationally is there ever ruin in righteousness, that

we should ourselves be altogether satisfied with the fact, that the great change of which we speak is a change which it is morally right to effect. But we are not about to deal with the question after this fashion. There are conventional requirements which must be satisfied. Reason and experience are appealed to by the opponents of the measure, and they are not content that we should take our stand upon its simple morality. It was well said in the course of the debates of 1805, that though a great deal of authority had been brought forward against the project of limited enlistment, there had been little or no argument to shake it. And so in the debates of 1847. Authority was appealed to by the opponents of the Act, but argument was sadly wanting. Yet, even in the matter of authority, it fell out that where it was expected to be strongest, it unfortunately broke down. The opinion of the Duke of Wellington, which was to have been conclusive against the Bill introduced by Mr. Fox Maule, was given in its favour. The "highest military authority of the age" both spoke and voted in support of the measure. There was characteristic caution in the speech, but it was not the less effective; and the Douglasses and Londonderrys, who believed that they were echoing the sentiments of the great Duke, found that they were scouting the creed of their master.

The Duke of Wellington hinted at a possible evil which might arise out of the measure. But what can human sagacity achieve with which some possible evil may not be associated? He spoke of the advantages of retaining old soldiers in the service. All parties, we presume, are agreed upon this point; though some, may be, have shown too great an inclination to underrate the services of young soldiers. What *they* have done, history declares. Now the case in reality seems to be this:—Old soldiers are for the most part either very good or very bad. We have known excellent men, steady, well-conducted, well-trained, hardy and gallant fellows, pass from boyhood to middle age, still stationary in the ranks. There have been educational barriers to their promotion. Not a word has been said against them in the character-book, except that they can neither read nor write. With these accomplishments to aid them they might have been sergeant-majors in time, or perhaps in stirring periods have even obtained commissions. But we have known other old soldiers of a very different class. Debarred by repeated acts of misconduct from all prospect of promotion, they have become hardened and reckless. There is no chance and there is no hope for them. Their whole life is one long calculation of the relative sources of self-indulgence—a striking of the balance between so much pleasure and so much pain—the luxury of the military crime, and the wretchedness of the military punishment. A

day's debauch may be purchased by a week's solitary confinement. The debauch over, and the imprisonment over, they are no worse off than before. Perhaps, long experience has taught them something of cunning, and they escape punishment where younger hands would be sure to attract it. And so they go on, till non-commissioned officers are weary of reporting, and commissioned officers of registering and punishing their crimes. Though on active service, if not enfeebled by dissipation, as in all probability they are, they may march well and fight well, with only some occasional excesses, in their own peculiar style, to consign them to the tender mercies of the provost-marshal, these men are not good soldiers. They are the worst soldiers in time of peace, and in war far from the best. Now, to get rid of this last description of old soldiers, and to retain the first—to cast out those who set an evil example to the young, and to keep those whose conduct it is well to emulate, were surely not to weaken the efficiency of our regiments. It appears to us that the New Enlistment Act is calculated to produce these very results. On the expiration of the first term of service the good men are likely to re-enlist, and the bad to take their departure. If we are not greatly mistaken, the real soldier will be anxious to renew the contract, whilst the man who has altogether mistaken his profession, will be eager to break the chains of what to him is military bondage, and to rush into civil life.

Nothing renders life in the ranks so endurable as good conduct. Habits of regularity once contracted soon cease to be irksome. Clock-work punctuality is a thing of no difficult attainment, and once obtained, there is nothing in it to harass and distress. Cleanliness—the experiment fairly tried—is soon found to be a blessing; and there is a luxury in self-respect, which, once tasted, men are sure to cultivate. The present is not so unendurable to the good soldier; and there is a future before him to solace and encourage him when his spirits are temporarily depressed. The opening years of his military life he knows to be the most trying. Every year improves his condition. The first term of enlistment is one of probation—of trial—of upward-toiling—of hope-sustained endurance. That term of his military servitude embraces all that is most irksome in the soldier's career. Then is it that he is subjected to hard training—that he is at the mercy of others—that he is compelled to deny himself, to discipline himself, to mould himself to new habits. The next term of enlistment is one of attainment. The soldier reaps then what he has sown. The fulfilment of his hopes appears to be near at hand. The rewards of his service are within his reach. Not to re-enlist is then to sacrifice, as it were, all the capital of time, labour, and suffering which he has in-

vested, just as the investment is about to become profitable. Just at this turning-point of his career, the man of evil habits, who is always in difficulty, who has a damning array of offences scored down against him in the character-book, who has no prospect of promotion, and nothing seemingly before him but the same long line of extra-guards, weeks of solitary confinement, drams stopped and pay forfeited, with, perhaps, an occasional appearance under the hands of trumpeter or drummer, with troops drawn up in hollow square—will begin in all probability to think that he has had enough of it. But the good-conduct man will not throw up his chances of an after-life of better things. He has got over the worst, and he will not let it go for nothing: it would be folly, indeed, to throw up the game just as the winning cards are put into his hands.

But here it will suggest itself to all who have given any consideration to the subject, that we have been regarding the soldier as he was under the old life-enlistment system, and not as he will be under the operation of the new Army Service Bill. Here we have our Reserve in hand. They who talk about the refusal of our soldiers to re-enlist on the expiration of their first term of service, in most cases view the matter with eyes accustomed only to regard the condition of the soldier as it has been under a system which we are now beginning altogether to reform. The short-service soldier will, it is reasonable to expect, be a very different personage from the life-service soldier. It is only fair to calculate upon a great and most beneficial change in the feelings and habits of the soldier—a change in itself sufficient to secure the re-enlistment of a large proportion of the men who enter our ranks. Army-service under the new Act becomes altogether a different thing—the soldier, we repeat, a different being: he is a free man, not a slave. He has not sold himself, body and soul, to the recruiting-sergeant. There is hope for him on this side of the grave. Despair does not render him reckless, and therefore he stumbles not at the very threshold. It is the bewildering effect of the reflection, that in a moment of drunkenness or caprice, he has bound himself for life to a service which may prove abhorrent to him, that often at the very outset of his career, has plunged a youth into a slough of vice from which he has never extricated himself.

In answering this one objection, indeed, we bring together in long array a large number of the more manifest advantages which recommend the new system of enlistment. Whatever, under the old system, may have been the feelings with which men, on the expiration of their first ten years of service, have regarded their profession, we feel confident that so great a change will be wrought by the new Enlistment Act upon the *morale* of the army,

that we need entertain no fear of our regiments being drained of their old soldiers. The groundwork of our faith we have in part declared. Something more remains to be said. One of the declared objects of this great measure of Military Reform is, to attract to our ranks a better class of recruits, and to obtain their services, for a time, without violence or fraud. Nothing short of the most deplorable prejudice could assert that limited enlistment is not likely to prove more attractive than life-enlistment—that the shorter the time of service contracted for, in the first instance, the more willing to enter the service our youths are not likely to become. Our faith is large, that all the disgraceful tricks—all the cheatery and lying—all the drugging and stupifying, which have been long resorted to, in times of war and of peace, to recruit the army, will disappear under the more enlightened system which has now happily been sanctioned; and that we shall soon see our regiments recruited by men who have deliberately entered the service, not in a state of drunkenness—not in a state of desperation—not under the influence of anger or caprice, but advisedly, with the consent of parents and the approbation of friends—calmly calculating the chances of future reward—hopefully regarding the service as one with which it is honourable to be connected, and steadfastly resolving to do their duty in such a manner as to do credit to their profession, and to retain their own self-respect.

And this, indeed, is a great change; for, to tell the truth, it has hitherto been the case, that when a man has “gone for a soldier,” his friends have regarded him as a gone man. The enlistment of a son or a brother is looked upon very much in the same light as his death or his transportation. Some, indeed, think that it is not merely death and burial, but something even beyond that. Certain it is, that out of the army there prevails the worst possible opinion of what is going on within it. It is not, we are afraid it must be conceded, regarded by the lower orders as an honourable profession, or even as a respectable trade. There are few parents, among the industrious classes, except when some great victories have raised the nation’s gratitude, and swelled the chorus of popular acclamation, who experience any feelings of exultation at the thought that they have children in the army. They generally shake their heads and sigh, looking upon the fact as a family misfortune. Now, it is hoped and believed that the new Enlistment Act will, in this respect at least, work out a great and important change in the feelings and habits of the people; the army will no longer be regarded as the last resort of misfortune and misconduct—as the refuge of men hopelessly broken in fortune, or irredeemably sunken in vice. Parents will direct the thoughts of their children towards it, and



young men will regard it as an honourable maintenance for them during the best years of their life, and a certain provision for declining age. Thus it is that we shall draw into our ranks a "better class" of recruits. We do not, we repeat, want broken gentlemen, or ruined tradesmen—they make the worst soldiers—we want well-conditioned members of the working-classes, looking upon their connexion with the army as a privilege not as a misfortune—as a source of pride and happiness, not of shame and regret.

Entering the service under more hopeful and encouraging circumstances, there is a far better prospect of our recruits becoming good and contented soldiers, and as good and contented soldiers, of their desiring at the expiration of their first period of enlistment, to renew their contract with the Crown. Limited enlistment alone would bring about a better state of things, and without it no other improvements would be effective; but it is not upon limited enlistment alone that our army reformers are now relying. The limitation of the period of service is the first step, and the most important one in the great march of military reform; but, that taken, there is no thought of halting. The general condition of the soldier has recently attracted no ordinary amount of public attention. The evils which have so long existed in the army, which have so injuriously affected alike the physical and moral wellbeing of the soldier, which have depressed him so greatly in the social scale, and rendered his life one long term of utter discomfort, are not likely to be longer disregarded. Some changes have already taken place; and there is a growing inclination among thinking men, in Parliament and out of Parliament, to address themselves earnestly to this great work of Military Reform—a work which it is no credit to the nation to see only just commenced. The first ten years of the new Enlistment Act will not leave the soldier at their close what they found him at their commencement.

We have already out-grown the belief that the soldier is a ruffian "to the manner born," and that it is a hopeless thing to attempt to humanize him. In the great march of public opinion, the heresies of to-day become the truths of to-morrow, and the "new-fangled doctrines" which we scouted with contempt, are accepted as commonplaces of general recognition. There may still be a few who think, or pretend to think, that too much care will spoil the soldier—that to make him a happier and better member of society would be to render him a worse member of the army. There always are men behind the age in which they live; who tremble at the thought of every innovation, and think ruin the only synonyme of reform. Such men have been long used to contemplate the soldier in a state of uttermost degrada-

tion, and in that state of degradation would they keep him. But the intelligence of the country is a long way in advance of these exploded notions of military servitude; and the soldier is recognised as a man, with a human heart beneath his cross-belt, and a human brain beneath his forage-cap; a sentient, reasoning creature, with intellect and affections, a little blunted perhaps by the indurating circumstances which have hitherto surrounded him, but not so suppressed that the action of better influences may not again restore them to their natural activity.

Our great mistake hitherto has been that we have not given sufficient thought to the soldier as he is—*off parade*. We have looked too much at the pipe-clay. We have been too easily satisfied with the consideration that his arms and accoutrements are well cleaned—that he is well set up, well drilled—that he stands stiff as a statue, with eyes front, immovable as stone; that he never mistakes his right for his left, is never out of line, never out of time, but always regular as clock-work in his motions, and as steady as any machine. These are great things, we acknowledge; but there is—something else. The soldier is not always “standing at attention”—is not always “at the shoulder”—is not always under the immediate eye of his commanding-officer. It is fitting that he should turn out for inspection without a particle of fluff on his coat or a stain upon his accoutrements; but it would be well to think a little more of him, when he has turned in again—to remember that there is to the soldier a barrack-life as well as a parade-life, and bethink ourselves how we can render the former as conducive as possible to his physical comfort as well as to his moral health.

To this end there is nothing of more importance than that he should be well *housed*. The country is, by this time, pretty well convinced that if there be one outward thing more than another calculated to advance the happiness and morality of the people, it is the erection of dwelling-houses in which they may obtain accommodation for themselves and families, without submitting to every possible discomfort, and exposing themselves and all who belong to them to every evil influence which can contagionize the system and corrupt the heart. This effort to create *homes* for the people is one of the noblest movements of modern philanthropy. It is to the want of a home that we may attribute so much of the suffering and so much of the crime which are so destructively rife in all the cities and towns of the empire. Provide the soldier, too, with a home, and see what will be the result.

It may almost be said that there is but one crime in the army. It may put forth many different ramifications, but radically it is one and the same. Whether the branch be neglect of duty, insubordination, violence, or dishonesty, still the root is *drunken-*

*ness.* Look at the character-book of every company in the service; see the crimes which are registered there.—“Under the influence of liquor” on parade—“drunk and disorderly in barracks”—“drunk and abusing Sergeant Jones, or striking Corporal Smith,” here the offence is directly recorded. Then how many more follow—disposing of his kit—being deficient of so many articles of regimental clothing, and so on, with drunkenness either as cause or effect. What clean character-books there would be if it were not for the drink! But it is a thing to be wept not to be marvelled over—we pity the offender more than we revile him. It is his misfortune rather than his fault that he falls a victim to a state of things which he cannot, let him do what he will, ameliorate or escape.

It is the same in civil life—men who have no homes, no domestic comforts, no sources of quiet enjoyment, rush eagerly to the bottle. There are many reasons why, in military life, that great vortex should be still more attractive, still more perilous—why destruction should be more rapid and certain. Thousands are ruined every year—ruined as men, ruined as soldiers, by the absence of everything like comfort and quietude in barracks. The wretchedness of barrack-life is not easily to be appreciated by men who have not tried it. To the well-disposed—the uncorrupted, it is absolute torment. From early gun-fire to evening tattoo it is one long series of annoyances and aggravations. Let him do what he will he cannot find peace. Privacy there is none—tranquillity there is none. It is all exposure, all noise; all misery, all demoralization. There is but one cure for all—but one stimulant in his depression, but one refuge in his agony. He flies to the bottle; he takes to dram-drinking. He gets what he can from the canteen, and something more from less authorized sources. His pay is soon gone; he borrows at large interest; his credit, like his cash, is quickly exhausted, and then he “disposes of his kit.” Punished for that, and under heavy stoppages for the replacement of the missing articles, he pillages his comrades, or takes to the highway. Crime has become an excitement to him; he braves all; he cares for nothing. He begins to think that, when he made his choice between existence in barracks and existence in a penal settlement, and decided in favour of the former, he made the great mistake of his life. So he becomes a candidate for transportation; and, perchance, he succeeds. Some, however, bent on thoughts of colonization, have recently miscalculated the chances; and instead of emigrating to Van Dieman’s Land, have been shot down like dogs. The recent history of the European Army in India is pregnant with examples of such terrible mistakes.

It would be no such difficult matter to elevate the moral cha-

racter of the soldier if we could keep him from yielding to the allurements of drink. But there is not much hope of this, so long as we cast him abroad upon the world, to seek his pleasure out of barracks. There is nothing to keep him at home. In point of fact, there is no home to keep him. Everything about him is public, exposed, uncomfortable. He may lounge about on his cot, half-asleep, and half-awake; or he may stroll about the barrack-square; or smoke a cheap cigar in its vicinity. But domestic enjoyment is utterly denied to him. Be he married or single, it is all the same: he has no home in barracks. Hundreds are crowded together, with as little regard to decency as to comfort; there is nothing in the world to induce the soldier to spend his time off parade in quiet, rational pursuits; he is not supposed to have the ordinary wants of humanity; and yet with everything against him, with everything to demoralize, with everything to drive him to the bottle, he is expected to be infinitely more steady and sober than men in every other condition of life. The least unsteadiness of gait; the least bewilderment of manner; a flushing of the face, or a thickness of utterance—and the vigilance of the non-commissioned officer sets it down at once to the influence of liquor. He is put through his facings; and wo betide him if he boggles at the “left about three quarters.” It is right enough that we should endeavour to keep him from drinking, but there are better ways of doing it than by putting him through his facings, and then sending him to the guard. The “hangman’s grip” will, after all, never “keep the wretch in order.” It may sink him lower and lower in the abyss of destruction; it will never lend him a saving hand. Neither extra-guards, nor solitary cells, nor the cruel cat, will ever keep a man from drinking; the more he is punished, the more utterly he is stripped of his self-respect, and the less cogent therefore all inducements to self-denial. The sense of shame is soon deadened within him, and then his descent is rapid and sure.

There is no more difficult question to determine with satisfaction to the inquirer than that of military punishments. Humanity writes page after page upon one side; experience writes page after page on the other, and still the question is undecided. The new Enlistment Act, it is hoped, will render it one of easier solution. The profligate personnel of the army is always asserted in proof of the necessity of retaining the most severe and intimidating forms of punishment. “Think,” it is said, “of the ruffianly elements of the British Army—think of how the off-scourings of society are swept into our ranks; and then say whether we can with safety cease to hold the lash in *terrorem* over them.” By drawing into our regiments a “better class of recruits”

we shall, in a great measure, remove this difficulty ; and if having gained their services in the first instance without violence or fraud, we can retain them by good and humanizing treatment, we shall effectually abolish the use of the lash, without passing an Act for the purpose.

This, indeed, appears to be the grand desideratum. It will satisfy both parties. The legal retention, and the practical abolition, of the lash, would gratify the abstract humanity of the one, and the practical experience of the other. No one contends that there is anything desirable in the perpetuation of a brutal and degrading form of punishment ; and, perhaps, of all others, military men themselves—the very men who argue against the total abolition of corporal punishment—are those whose inward souls most strongly revolt against the brutalizing system, and who most desire in their heart of hearts to see the discipline of the army maintained without a resort to it ; but experience has taught them that there are men in every regiment whom it is wholly impossible to control without violence—men violent and brutal themselves to the lowest possible degree, lost to all sense of shame, stript of all the noble attributes of manhood—scarcely in one respect above the brutes that perish, and in many far, far below them. Out of the army, even candid and unprejudiced people are wont to entertain most mistaken opinions of the feeling which obtains in the army respecting this great matter of corporal punishment. The necessity of its retention is a source of the deepest regret to a large proportion of the officers of the army. Personally, it is to them pain and misery past counting. There is not in all Her Majesty's dominions, far and near, a class of men imbued with kindlier sympathies, with more humane tendencies, than the officers of the British army. It is, often and often, with throes of inward pain, which it would be hard for men not subjected to such trials, to estimate aright, that the members of Courts-martial, after much earnest thought—the verdict of “ guilty ” pronounced—proceed, one by one, beginning with the youngest and most inexperienced of the military judges, to pass that terrible sentence of so many lashes on the bare back. And when to this is superadded the greater trial of seeing the punishment inflicted, as is the case wherever an officer sits in judgment upon a man of his own regiment, it will, if we only throw a little heart into our consideration of the matter, appear to us plainly enough, that the member of that court-martial, if he be not altogether stone, must suffer acutely, as every stroke descends upon the bleeding back of the culprit. The spectacle of the infliction of corporal punishment in the army is one which words cannot easily characterize—such mingled feelings does it inspire. It is solemn

and disgusting—terrible and humiliating. The officer clenches his teeth as one determined not to betray his feeling; the soldier often clenches them, with mixed feelings of anger and determination. Young men are sometimes wholly unable to bear it. We have seen newly-recruited soldiers fall to the rear overcome by the horrors of the spectacle. A punishment-parade has, indeed, rarely come off without seeing some of the spectators carried from the ranks fainting. It is not merely because the small proportion of *officers* present renders such an occurrence among them nearly a hundredfold less probable; but because education imparts habitual self-control, under such circumstances, to men of a higher class of society, that we have the means of recording, as the result of some experience, that *officers*, though sympathizing in every nerve and fibre of their frames with the agony endured by the culprit, seldom or never give way, but brace themselves up firmly to witness it all to the end. It is a fact, however extraordinary it may appear to men who have given no thought to the subject, that the members of aristocratic circles, who have been cradled in luxury, and whose youth has been a time of self-indulgence, do, in the hour of trial, display a mastery over themselves, a power of self-endurance, a strength of will, and an amount of patience, such as we look in vain for among those classes which have been habituated to hardship from the very hour of their birth. The clubs and saloons of London have turned out the most gallant and the most enduring officers that have ever faced an enemy in the field, or undergone toil and privation throughout a harassing campaign. But these men, whatever the amount of their self-control, do not feel less painfully the agony and humiliation which they inflict upon their fellow-man and brother-soldier, when, at the end of the proceedings of a Court-martial, they write down the sentence of the lash. Deeply do they deplore the cruel necessity; but they feel that, however inhuman the punishment, there may be worse inhumanity behind. Under the system of enlistment which had too long obtained—under the system of domestic military government which we are now only beginning to reform—it was felt that the lash, however bad in itself, was only a necessary auxiliary—an evil part, as it were, necessary to maintain the harmony of an evil whole. There was nothing, they knew, but downright brutality in the punishment itself; nothing but what was most sickening and most degrading. The formation of the hollow square—the stripping of the victim—the cording of his hands—the mustering of the trumpeters or drummers—their peeling for the work—the fingering of the cat by the first executioner, preparing to deliver his twenty-five—the descent of the first stroke—the slow counting of the lashes

—the periodical “stop”—the stepping in of the new man—and then, worst of all, the terrible laceration of the back of the victim; as, lash following lash, swollen and discoloured from the shoulders down to the loins, the white flesh of the culprit becomes one dreadful mass of purple jelly—it is a sight so sickening, even in the retrospect, that we would fain turn away from its contemplation.\* There is nothing that can be advanced against corporal punishment of more force and cogency than the simple fact, that for the offences of one guilty man so many innocent are condemned to suffer. The length of these terrible punishment-parades has now been greatly diminished; the legal number of lashes that can be inflicted by Courts-martial of any description has, indeed, been reduced to so low a figure that military judges are unwilling to inflict the punishment upon the grosser class of delinquents, (and upon none others ought it ever to be inflicted,) except as an addendum to another penalty. And it must, we fear, be recorded as a fact, that the limitation of corporal punishment has forced our military tribunals, in some

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\* The amount of suffering inflicted upon the culprit varies much with variety of constitutions and temperaments. Some are unable to bear the infliction even of an hundred lashes; the surgeon steps in before half the sentence is carried into effect. Others will bear several hundreds, without a cry or a groan, clenching between their teeth a piece of Indian rubber, or some more resisting substance, and quietly, when the punishment is over, putting on their shirts and jackets without assistance, and walking off to the hospital, whistling a tune as they go. Private Somerville, in his “Autobiography,” has given us a minutely detailed account of the sufferings he endured under the lash. When the first stroke descended, he says, “I felt an astounding sensation between the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toe-nails in one direction, my finger-nails in another, and stung me to the heart as if a knife had gone through my body!” When the second lash was delivered, he “thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one;” and as the farrier proceeded, he “felt his flesh quiver in every nerve, from the scalp of the head to the toe-nails.” As the cruel work went on, he writes, with a vivid recollection of the past agony, “the pain in the lungs was more severe than on my back. I felt as if I would burst in the internal parts of my body. \* \* \* I detected myself once giving something like a groan, and to prevent its utterance again, I shut my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my tongue and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs, or some other internal part ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked and became black in the face.” After receiving an hundred lashes, Somerville was taken down. The case, owing to circumstances with which the majority of our readers are probably familiar, created considerable sensation at the time. The more recent case of Private White, who was flogged at Hounslow, and who did not long survive the punishment, has also acquired considerable notoriety from the melancholy circumstances by which it was attended. But neither in the one case nor the other was the punishment inflicted comparatively severe. In the attendant circumstances of the first, there was much that it is impossible to speak of without unqualified condemnation; but in the last, there was nothing to justify the virulence with which the army authorities were assailed. It was an untoward event which might have followed the infliction of any other description of punishment; and the manner in which the whole case was prejudged, and the inquiry into its circumstances conducted, was anything but creditable to the public functionaries concerned, and the section of the public and the press which abetted them.

instances at least, to fall back upon capital punishment; and the backs of our soldiers have been spared at the expense of their lives.

If we could have abolished the penalty of the lash, not by rendering it an illegal, but an uncalled-for punishment, how much more should we have accomplished. Crime has not diminished in the army. There has been nothing to cause its diminution. Hitherto everything has been against the soldier—everything has retarded his moral advancement. The best feelings of his nature have been crushed within him; if he has been found evil, he has been kept so—if not, he has been made so; but we are now hoping for better things. We are thinking more of the comforts of the soldier; we are thinking whether we cannot treat him better, and, in the first place, whether we cannot house him better. It is the absence, we have said, of all household comforts that drives the soldier to the bottle. It will never do, having drawn into the ranks a better class of recruits by the attractions of the Limited Enlistment Act, to disgust him at the very outset of his career—to show him how wretched a life is that upon which he has entered. Our barracks are stately buildings, viewed from a distance; but how wretched are they within; how limited is their accommodation; how total is the disregard of all decency, as of all comfort, manifest in their internal arrangements? Sir De Lacy Evans did good service when he brought this important subject last year to the notice of Parliament and the country—pointing out that in small barrack-rooms of 32 or 33 feet by 20 broad and 12 feet high, twenty men were often housed together, eating, drinking, sleeping there—doing everything but exercise; then showing that these barrack-rooms were often the scenes of great immorality and indecency, there not being “the smallest provision for married men, who with their wives were often obliged to sleep in the same room with nineteen other men!” “The women, indeed,” he said, “were often *confined* in that room.” There may be less dirt, less putrid effluvia in these barrack-rooms than in those wretched tenements of Bethnal Green, and other places in the neighbourhood of our large towns, which have attracted so much of the attention of Sanitary Commissioners and philanthropic individuals; but the crowding together in the dwelling-houses of our soldiery is as wretched and demoralizing as in the worst purlieus of the most over-peopled city in the empire. Sir De Lacy Evans pointed out to the House that in many of our barrack-rooms there is only a space of nine inches between the bottoms of the beds and the tables on which the soldiers dined. The space between these beds is often no more than five inches, but to allow more room for getting in and out, two of these narrow cots are pushed closely together. And thus herding in these wretched rooms, the soldier



is compelled, if he would stay at home at all, to spend his time off parade. What sort of enjoyment has he? The best friend, in all human probability, which he can find there, is sleep; but even that is denied to him. There are half-a-dozen men in the room talking together—boisterously you may be sure—blasphemously and indecently it is more than probable. Reading is out of the question. There is too much noise—too much practical joking going on. He is in an atmosphere of disquiet: he can do nothing. Day follows day, and still the same weariness—still the same idle efforts to kill time. All his faculties run to waste—all his moral sensibilities are blunted: the vicious are there to tempt him, and he is tempted; he finds a home in the canteen or in worse places, and in spite of the best resolutions at starting, soon stumbles into the pit.\*

Mr. Fox Maule has dealt with this subject of Army Reform generally in a spirit of high-toned philanthropy; but we cannot agree with him when he alleges as an objection to the extension of barrack-accommodation, that "if men were accustomed to all the conveniences and comforts of extensive barracks, they would not without discontent subject themselves to more contracted and narrower abodes when circumstances might render it necessary that they should do so." We believe this to be the greatest possible mistake; we believe, indeed, that the very reverse of the proposition here set down would be found, when tried, to represent the fact. Nothing reconciles men so much to necessary hardships and privations, as the knowledge that they are not, and the assurance that they will not be, subjected to *un-necessary* hardships and privations. Only give men confidence in the desire of their superiors to inflict no unnecessary sufferings upon them, and they will bear cheerfully those sufferings which they

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\* The same disregard to the comfort of our soldiers as is shown in the matter of barrack-accommodation, is exhibited in the manner in which we ship them on board our transports for foreign service. Let us take one example of many:—"The cold and discomfort of ship-board," writes Captain Fane in the opening chapter of his 'Five Years in India,' "seemed to please our men as little as their officers, and though on our first embarkation we had not lost a man, and all seemed cheerful at the thought of foreign service, yet, after the experience they had already had, we found that many declined a second trial; and though some were again brought back, still our muster-rolls at our second embarkation on the 4th January, wanted several of their usual complement, from desertion. Poor fellows! one could not blame them, for nothing could be worse than the arrangements made for their comfort and convenience by the Transport Board. Instead of their deck being filled with hammocks, which could be taken down during the day, and thus leave space for the free circulation of air, the place had been blocked up with what are termed berths or standing bed-places; which made it far more difficult to keep the place clean, and contributed neither to the comfort nor convenience of its occupants." This is a very under-charged picture of the misery to be encountered on board every crowded transport-ship—especially in the tropics.

know to be inevitable. The recollection of past benefits is the best guarantee to them that their happiness is not disregarded. We can imagine nothing less calculated to maintain a contented spirit throughout the army, than a recognition of the principle laid down by the Secretary at War. It surely is not by keeping our soldiers in a state of habitual discomfort that we can best preserve them from discontent.

It was much more to the point—much more like Mr. Fox Maule, when he said that the fact of the matter was, that we are now arriving at a time when it was expected that the progress of improvement should not be stayed in any quarter; and admitted that “considering the progress of civilisation, there was much fault to be found with the crowded manner in which the soldiers were kept in some of the barracks.” Yes, indeed, there is much fault to be found—there is every fault to be found; and mere financial considerations, conclusive as they often are, cannot deter us from thinking that this matter of barrack-accommodation ought to engage the earnest and immediate attention of Government. The whole country is crying out for better dwelling-places for the labouring poor; and shall the servants of the Crown, supposed to be under the immediate protection of Government, be left to herd together as wretchedly and indecently as the most miserable paupers in our over-crowded towns? Talk as we may about the cost of erecting barracks—and under the present system of Ordnance-erection the expense we know is grievous—there is no real economy in housing the soldier badly. Sir De Lacy Evans last year, in the course of the interesting debates on Army Reform to which we have several times alluded, said, that he could assert, “without the fear of contradiction, that the Government increased their pension-list more by their neglect of the health of the troops in barracks, than the expenditure necessary for their improvement would amount to;” and we believe that nothing was ever uttered with more truth.

But we have the assurance of Government that the subject of barrack-accommodation, and especially with reference to the admitted wants of the married soldier, will be duly considered, and that all that can be done in the present financial condition of the country, will be done to increase the comforts, and improve the moral condition of the British soldier. We are aware of the difficulties which beset their path—we know what is the outcry for a diminution of military expenditure. The very men—men whose philanthropy we do not question, and whose sincerity we do not doubt—who talk most fluently about the blessings which may be bestowed upon the poor, by erecting for them comfortable homes—homes which will have the effect of keeping the parent from the beer-shop, and the child from the pavement—

would grudge the public money spent upon the extension and improvement of barracks, as though the soldier were not a fellow-creature, beset by equal (and in truth, he is by far greater) temptations, and equally to be rescued from vice, by providing him with a comfortable home. Let us diminish our military expenditure if we can. It is a mistake to suppose that we can diminish it in this way. It would be but a penny-wise and pound-foolish economy to deprive the soldier of the means of preserving his health, and retaining his respectability. The world is, we hope, beginning to recognise truths such as these in civil matters, and it will not be long, we hope, before it duly applies them to the affairs of the army. We may spend something less on military prisons and military hospitals if we spend something more on military barracks. It costs something to make a soldier; and having made him, the best thing we can do is to keep him as long as we can.

There is no doubt, however, that in spite of all the outcry against military expenditure, there never was a time at which a greater disposition to ameliorate the condition of the soldier existed among all classes of the inquiring and reflecting public. The finest army in the world has hitherto been no credit to us as a moral, whatever it may have been to us as a military nation. But the signs of the times are propitious. There are better days in store for the soldier. Whilst we are rescuing other classes from perdition, we shall not leave the soldier to perish. Every year will see some addition to his physical comforts—to his means of moral improvement. "I see no good reason," said Mr. Fox Maule, "why the canteen-room might not be converted into a reading-room, in which the soldier might profitably engage his leisure hours." Only give him the means of profitably engaging his leisure hours, and see what he will become. It is because he has not the means of profitably engaging his leisure hours that he is what he is—a reproach to a Christian Government.

And, indeed, there would seem to be every prospect of a speedy amelioration in the character and habits of the British soldier. We have no fear of the Limited Enlistment Act draining the army of its old soldiers. Before it can take effect we shall have drawn into our ranks men whom it will be worth our while to keep there, and who will find, as time advances, that their position in the army is worth keeping. The period we hope is not far distant when English soldiers will consider that no greater punishment can be inflicted upon them than a silent dismissal from the service. Such, indeed, is the feeling in the native army of the East India Company. "The dismissal of a man from such a service as this," said an old native Soubahdar

to a British officer, "distresses not only him, but all his relations in the higher grades, who know how much of the comfort and happiness of his family depend upon his remaining and advancing in it; and they all try to make their young friends behave as they ought to do." We cannot achieve all this in the British army, because, in a country where provisions are so highly-priced, we cannot pay the soldier as we can in India, so much in excess of his necessary expenditure—we cannot supply him with the means of providing for a distant family. But much would be done if we could only teach him, and all connected with him, that it is an honour to serve the Crown—an honour to bear the name of a soldier, and that the more members of a family are so connected with the State the more that family is ennobled.

"No man," writes Colonel Sleeman—an officer of the Company's army, whose successful exertions for the suppression of Thuggee have not yet been adequately rewarded, "can have a higher sense (than the native soldiers of the Company) of the duty they owe to the State that employs them, or whose salt they eat, nor can any men set less value upon life when the service of that State requires that it shall be risked or sacrificed. No persons are brought up with more deference for parents. In no family from which we draw our recruits is a son, through infancy, boyhood, or youth, heard to utter a disrespectful word to his parents. Such a word from a son to his parents would shock the feelings of the whole community in which the family resides, and the offending member would be visited with their highest indignation. When the father dies the eldest son takes his place, and receives the same marks of respect—the same entire confidence and deference as the father. If he be a soldier in a distant land, and can afford to do so, he resigns the service and returns home, to take his post at the head of the family. If he cannot afford to resign—if the family still want the aid of his regular monthly pay, he remains with his regiment, and denies himself many of the personal comforts he has hitherto enjoyed, that he may increase his contribution to the general stock. \* \* \* The knowledge that any neglect of the duty they owe their distant families will be immediately visited by the odium of their native officers and brother soldiers, and ultimately communicated to the heads of these families, acts as a salutary check upon their conduct; and I believe that there is hardly a native regiment in the service in which the twenty drummers, who are Christians, and have their families with the regiment, do not cause more trouble than the whole eight hundred Sepahees."

Such is the picture, drawn by a competent authority, of the *morale* of the native army in India. It is a truly voluntary service. There is no fraud, no violence practised to recruit it. Men of good family and good character enter the ranks with pride, with pride do they remain there, with pride too they see

in old age their sons taking their place. They are but poor heathens, for the most part uneducated; and yet our Christian England can boast nothing of the kind.

The retired Indian soldier sits in the shade before his cottage door, speaks with gratitude of the Company Bahadur, boasts of his services, and inspires his sons with zeal to follow the same honourable career. He is in his new state of being the most loyal of subjects. He has been well-paid during the best years of his manhood, and in his old age he is well-pensioned. There might be thousands and tens of thousands; but of such men the State would not be afraid. But we, in this Christian, loyal England, are talking with alarm of the dangerous effects which might result from the intermixture of the military elements with the great mass of social life. Can we with safety, it is asked, so leaven the lump? That remains, indeed, to be shown. The result will be good or evil, as we choose to make it. If by neglect and ill-treatment we turn the discharged soldier into a bandit, there will doubtless be danger in the dispersion over the country of so many bitter enemies of the State. But what lamentable confession of weakness—we might almost write of wickedness—is there in this declaration of fear! If we only do our duty to the soldier whilst in harness, he will, when released from his military bonds, be the best friend of the State—a willing, an able, an active ally in times of popular commotion. It all depends upon the treatment we give him. If we turn the soldier out of the army, at the expiration of the first ten years of service, disgraced, branded, beaten—writhing under a sense of injuries inflicted upon him, mindful of a long series of petty humiliations and corroding discomforts, with nothing to be thankful for, with everything to resent, a manumitted slave, burning with an unappeasable desire to revenge himself upon his late masters—we shall, doubtless, find in the hour of peril that the “bloody instructions” which he has derived from us will “return to plague the inventor.” It would be only fitting retribution if such were to be the case. But the remedy, or rather the prevention is in our own hands. We have but to do simple justice to the soldier, and in the hour of trouble we shall find in our time-expired men the best safeguards of the empire. We can imagine nothing more serviceable in the hour of threatened revolution than the loyalty of some thousands of time-expired soldiers, mixing, here and there with the civil elements of society, thankful for past benefits received, and hopeful of future advantages—the most cogent source of worldly gratitude—under a system calculated to retain the loyalty and affection of all who have rendered service to the State. And this would seem to be a matter of no such difficult achievement. The power is in our hands to retain

the life-loyalty of the soldier, if we would only exercise it in a thoughtful and sympathizing spirit.

It was stated last year, by Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the House of Commons, that there are in our police forces no men so steady and well-conducted as those who have served in the army. And it will at once suggest itself to every mind that there could be no better means of securing the life-long affections of those who have once worn her Majesty's uniform than an extension of the system of civil employment. The subject has engaged the attention of army-reformers, and there are grounds to hope that the Select Committee on the Army, Navy, and Ordnance estimates, before closing its labours, will take the matter into its consideration. Sir. H. Verney, in the month of March, made a motion in the House of Commons, to the effect "that it be an instruction to the Select Committee on the Army, Navy, and Ordnance estimates, to consider whether the character of the army and navy might not be elevated by the more frequent employment of discharged soldiers and sailors, who are duly qualified, in subordinate offices of various public departments—for instance, in the customs and excise offices, under the Admiralty and the Horse-guards, dock-yards, victualling-yards, arsenals, &c., so that additional prospect of reward for meritorious conduct might be held out to soldiers and sailors, and that during their employment a portion of their pensions might be saved to the country." The motion was subsequently withdrawn; but the matter is one which, in connexion both with the good conduct of the soldier whilst in the ranks, and his loyalty on retirement, is worthy of the deepest attention of all who are interested in the elevation of the military profession.

The two objections which have been urged most strenuously against the Limited Enlistment Act are, that it will drain the army of its most experienced soldiers, and that it will fill with dangerous subjects the ranks of civil life. We have endeavoured to show that, if attended with those other reforms, the necessity of which is so generally acknowledged, and to the prosecution of which many able and influential men are devoting their best energies, the result will be the very reverse of that anticipated by the opponents of the measure. Let us suppose the character of the soldier to be unchanged at the end of the next ten years; let us suppose the new Act to have drawn into the ranks no "better class" of men; let us suppose that the cause of military reform makes no progress; that nothing is done to ameliorate the condition of the soldier; to elevate his character, to enhance his comforts, and to excite his gratitude; let us suppose that the next ten years are years of utter inactivity, leaving the army at the end in the same state in which they found it at the beginning;

and nothing seems more probable than that our old soldiers will avail themselves of the new Act to convert themselves into bad citizens. But we anticipate no such stagnation in the tide of human affairs. The country is now more than ever sensible of its duties to the men who fight our battles in war, and protect our property in peace. Military reform does not necessarily involve increased military expenditure—nay, the most important changes are those which will be attended with a considerable financial saving to the State. It is the best economy to take good care of the soldier. The better we treat him the more money we shall save. The country will readily recognise this truth; and every year will take deeper and deeper interest in the condition of the soldier. There is no chance of Army Reform halting on its present ground—it is even now at the quick-march, the quick will soon become a double; and they who now anticipate all manner of perilous consequences—the veterans of the old school, who love not “new-fangled changes”—will, at the end of ten years, which Heaven grant they may live to see, gratefully acknowledge that right in principle, so also safe in practice, is this system of LIMITED ENLISTMENT.

- ART. X.—1. *Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell*. By a MUNSTER FARMER. London.
2. *The Nation*. Dublin, 1848.
3. *The Irish Felon*. Dublin, 1848.
4. *A Letter from one of the Special Constables in London on the late occasion of their being called out to keep the Peace*. London, 1848.
5. *Life and Times of Aodh O'Neil*. By JOHN MITCHEL. Dublin, 1845.

IN no country on the face of the earth had the progress of improvement been more distinctly marked than in Ireland for the last fifty years. In all that constitutes material wealth—in all that can be expressed in the language of the Political Economist, the increase was such as no nation had ever before exhibited. In habits, in feelings, in good conduct, general society had advanced beyond what the most sanguine could have hoped. Its higher ranks were not, perhaps, superior in accomplishments to the Charlemonts and Dalys of the last century, but it is some evidence of the progressive civilisation of the general body of society, that in our time, no man, of whatever class, has stood out in the distinct prominence of the *Heroes* of the Irish Parliament. The men who in our day have appeared in Ireland, have been, one and all, of smaller size—of mere human dimensions. Great men, no doubt, though magnified somewhat beyond their proper greatness, were these sons of Irish earth—sons, too, of the Saxon of the third or fourth generation—

“Giant sons  
Of the embrace of angels.”

—for, whatever be the destinies of Ireland, no sophistry can alter or evade the fact, that no distinct claim can be made for any portion of the population on the score of an original difference of race, or, if a distinction be insisted on, there can be no doubt that through almost the entire island the blood of the British settlers predominates. In Grattan's glowing panegyric\* they still live—these men of 1782—the lights of what was called the Irish Parliament—Malone, Pery, Brownlow, Osborne, Flood, Burgh, Daly, Forbes. “I attribute,” says Grattan, “to this constellation of great men, in a great measure, the privileges of your

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\* Grattan's “Answer to Lord Clare,” Dublin, 1800. The passages to which we particularly refer may also be found in Curran's “Life of Curran,” vol. i.



country, and I attribute such a generation of men to the residence of your Parliament." We feel no surprise that the imaginations of young and ardent men should seek to create again the glorious phantom of a nation. The scenes of 1843 in Ireland were, in their way, very remarkable. O'Connell, as if stung by insanity, went from place to place, congregating thousands and tens of thousands to listen to declamations so vague that one solitary sentence of all that he then uttered, though printed in every newspaper in the empire, and though commented upon by the Crown lawyers—a class of critics who are not likely to allow any one word of the text which they undertake to illustrate to be robbed of any part of its force—has not fixed itself in the public mind. Yet this very vagueness rendered it more likely to blend with whatever hopes and aspirations, indefinite and unlimited, were antecedently indulged by his hearers. The spring, and summer, and autumn of that year were a time of unusual beauty. It is scarce possible to believe that O'Connell was both serious and sane—*either* he might have been—consistently with his conduct during that strange year; the wonderful old man had at all times great elasticity of spirits, and the thousands round him and Tom Steele at his side kept him in good humour with himself. He almost felt amused at his power over those assemblages. At a public dinner, after the first of the meetings, he said—"when I think of the multitudes by whom I have been surrounded to-day, and the bright eyes that looked on me, the elasticity of spirits that was there—when I beheld on one side those smiles and female loveliness, and on the other those reverend gentlemen bringing benedictions, I will ask the men of Meath—will they be slaves?" On another of those occasions a French gentleman asked O'Connell how was it that such multitudes preserved such perfect order? "It would," replied he, with a complacent and half-supercilious smile, "be impossible in any other part of the inhabited globe; but, you know, the Irish are the politest of all people." Nothing could be more perfect than O'Connell's exuberant cheerfulness, through this almost royal progress from place to place—waging the war of words with the Firbolg, and the Dane, and the Saxon. The Government at first looked on at these strange demonstrations, doing little more than from time to time corresponding with Justices of the peace—who from love or fear attended the meetings—in official letters, which for the most part avoided any distinct expression of opinion on the moot point—of whether such meetings were in themselves violations of the law—admitting that the expression of opinion, on either side of the question, by a magistrate, could not be regarded as an offence, but insisting that, whether assemblages so large as to suggest reasonable apprehensions for the public peace

were legal or not, no Government opposing Repeal could allow persons to remain in the commission of the peace who went to Repeal meetings, and on these grounds dismissing, or being dismissed by the magistrates—for these gentlemen seemed many of them impatient for the martyr's crown. Winter came, and with winter the State prosecutions of O'Connell and others for a conspiracy of which it is scarce possible to exaggerate the guilt, if it be measured by the amount of injury done to the country. Our estimate of crime ought however in no case to be determined exclusively by our opinion of the consequences of the act which we call criminal; and in the Irish agitation the steps by which what at first seems to have been idle bravado, became changed into what cannot be well called by any other name than treason, were so gradual, that the agitators have a strong right to the benefit of the principle. In disturbing the peace of the country, they rendered it impossible that any one honest course of exertion should have any reasonable chance of reward. The country was poor, and for any development of its resources there was the absolute necessity of capital. The condition of conducting any trade, which in the slightest degree depended on dealings with the great bulk of the population, was entire subservience to the despotism of a few men calling themselves by some fantastic designation or other—Liberators, Pacificators, Repeal Wardens, Committees, Conciliation Halls, Confederates. To these persons a considerable portion of the profits of every retail trader, through great parts of the kingdom, was sent, and a worse consequence was this—that every man led or forced to subscribe, regarded himself as a partner in the concern, which was worked with untiring industry. They were plundered and the country was injured, but a promise was for ever held before them of advantages to be ultimately realized.

It is hard to conjecture how far O'Connell was in earnest in his repeal agitation. Our own impression is, that his contradictions were those of a man yielding to the impulse of the moment—at all times sincere—ever to be reckoned on. He was fond of saying, and he succeeded in persuading himself that agitation was in no case mischievous. "There are," he said, "grievances, or there are not; if there be, agitation for their redress is desirable—if there be not, agitation will be harmless, for it will be ineffectual." He sometimes in addition to this claimed for it the merit of putting down secret conspiracy. The fallacy of all this is too transparent to deceive any but those who are the victims of a willing delusion. The perpetual war of words in which he engaged his countrymen, rendered any thing like calm reflection impossible. It kept men of fevered and restless spirits for ever before the public eye, and almost tempted every man into the ranks of party. Never was there a man whose own proper usefulness was so

impeded as that of O'Connell himself, by the public life he led. It is probable that no man of his time had the same acquaintance with the influencing motives by which Irish society was governed as O'Connell. Of all its secret springs he was intimately cognizant. The external history of Ireland he knew as well as any man, but—what is of more moment than anything that could be learned from Carte or Borlase—he knew the people themselves. There is, perhaps, no man living—certainly none except Lord Monteagle and Lord Stanley—whose knowledge of all that relates to Ireland at all equalled or approached his. O'Connell's was, from professional and other opportunities, a knowledge of their very inmost feelings and associations of thought, which not only gave him an almost magical power over what seemed the one mind of multitudes of men, but what is of a thousand times more moment, led him right with almost the certainty of instinct, in his appreciation of any proposed measure of legislation for Ireland. He thought not alone of the abstract law, but of the genius of the people for whom it was intended, and when he could throw off the advocate, as he did remarkably in all his examinations before Parliamentary Committees, and very often in his speeches on Irish subjects in the House of Commons, there was no man by whom more valuable instruction was given; nor do we know of any incident more unfortunate for the empire than his factious abandonment of his proper position as a member of the legislature, when, misled by the glittering phantom of Repeal, he retired to his Dublin senate, and ceased to go to the House of Commons. Had O'Connell trusted to himself alone, and to the natural power of good sense, combined with a perfect knowledge of the subjects which he might have been expected to discuss, he would have accomplished almost infinite good; for there never was a body of men in the world more anxious to learn, if possible, the actual truth, and to legislate on a perfect knowledge of facts than the British legislature in our day has been.

When Emancipation had been once carried, it seems to us plain that all rational ground for agitation had ceased, and that the effort to create two laws of opinion—two irreconcilable societies in the same kingdom—was the most mischievous and foolish task in which man was ever engaged. O'Connell's avowed principle of, under the pretence of agitating for the redress of some supposed grievance, gaining, not the object which he affected to seek, but some other, makes us think that he was not in earnest in the Repeal agitation; but, as we before intimated, we do not think it possible to discover in his conduct any principle adequate to solve the problem which it suggests. He did not speak of the separation of Ireland

from England—we believe he did not contemplate it ; but it was undoubtedly contemplated by the younger men with whom he acted in what was called the Repeal year. The public mind is so familiar with the thought of O'Connell as leader in all the popular movements in Ireland, for the period during which his name occurs so often, that it may startle some of our readers to be told that he but followed in the train of others in that formidable agitation. O'Connell in the agitation of 1843 was, at first, we think, but imitating and acting the feelings and passions of other men. He was roused reluctantly and with difficulty into a public discussion of the question of Repeal which Professor Butt challenged. It had become with him but a word; with younger minds it was a thought, an animating principle; or rather, with them the feeling of country—a feeling which the mind seeks to express and embody in a name, and thus give an outward life to all its hopes, and dreams, and wishes, all that it loves, all that it remembers, all that it can imagine; that feeling which no man, civilized or savage, is, or can be, without—sought for a corresponding object. To the Italian, *Italy*, though surely there never was anything that in the political world corresponded with the conception indicated by the name, has been at all times a spell-word of hope—to the mind it is a unity. And so of Ireland. There is no period whatever of its history on which the mind can for a moment repose—but in the words of Schiller and Coleridge, “the heart needs a language;” the unsatisfied instinct of country demands an object, and what it does not find it seeks to create. As in the case of all the passions and feelings of a being, whose life here is an education for another life, there is not and cannot be any outward image that in any respect approaches the idea that seeks realization. In the most happily circumstanced country, the more intense the feeling of patriotism in the heart of the most ardent lover of his country, the more will he endeavour that his country shall be worthy of his love; but the instinct itself is one that never receives—and because man is an immortal being destined for more than earth—never can receive full gratification. Still that it should be suffered to die away as a field-flower which is never to bear fruit, that it should be rooted out as a vicious weed—which would seem to be always the policy of the mere selfish statesman—arises, we think, from a total misconception of the nature of Man. The union of England with the other constituent parts of the British Empire, was later and less perfect in consequence of the foolish policy of destroying the records and warring with the language, as in the case of Wales, of the countries successively annexed to the larger division. There was no reason why Wales should not

have preserved its history, as York, or Westminster, or Northumberland, or as traditions or records of families are preserved. To seek to destroy such records or traditions, so far from effecting its purpose, is almost certain to give them greater distinctness and a more enduring life. The man who is murdered is likely to be remembered longer than he who is suffered to pass away in the natural course of human mortality. If there be no violent interruption, such as this false statesmanship introduces, the love of country, beginning as in all cases with the thought of home and kindred, finds an enlarged sphere. The original conception is not destroyed, but is included in a more comprehensive notion; and it is a fortunate circumstance when the imagination aids this process of the mind by a common name. Could, for instance, the British Islands be called by some common name, we think their thorough incorporation would be essentially aided. The thought of their component parts, and the fact of their having been united by other than natural ties, would not be presented to the mind except when it served some necessary purpose, and the feeling of country would become gradually connected with the common name. We dwell on this because we have no doubt that in the generous feeling of country, in a feeling that expresses strong and unselfish sympathy, with all that we can conceive of truest and noblest and best, Faction has its firmest hold on the heart; because we are convinced, that it will never do to seek to root out original instincts of our nature, or affections and hopes, which are so inwoven with our nature from the earliest period at which it can be subjected to our observation as not to be distinguishable from instincts, and that in the abortive effort to eradicate them, and substitute mere shrewdness and subtlety and notions of self-interest, a vast amount of uncalculated evil is done. Our theory would not destroy or neutralize or lessen the feeling. It would not substitute one country for another. It would not displace a single affection. It would no doubt be inconsistent with the notion of any one of the constituent parts of the empire becoming a separate kingdom, but it would not be inconsistent with any state of facts that has ever had actual existence; for though you have the names of separate kingdoms, have you ever had the fact in any sense in which any living being would wish it recalled? We should wish the thought carried into legislation, and instead of Ireland being treated as a separate integral in our Acts of Parliament, we should wish that where distinct legislation was necessary, its smaller divisions were mentioned, so that the thought of it as one undivided kingdom, should as little as possible be assumed in the forms of language. This may seem fanciful, but the more

it is dwelt on the more will its importance appear. However, for a long while the balance of convenience must regulate such matters, and may be against our view.

We have said that O'Connell, in the year 1843, was but acting under the inspiration of other minds. We have said, or our language has implied, that we think the agitation in which he was whirled along was formidable and mischievous in the extreme; but we have also expressed our strong opinion that it originated in no ungenerous or unworthy purposes. What Goldsmith has called the "patriot passion," was in truth occupied in creating an object to itself. With young men whose school studies have been just completed, and who have been educating themselves in debating clubs, the first form in which they begin to think of politics, shapes itself into a republic. They are in truth re-acting what they have read in the classics. The established constitutions of society are compared with their dream of a perfect government. None of them are found to dovetail with it, and they are straightway regarded as an usurpation. The business of life in the happier parts of the empire soon engages and occupies the attention, and the dream is at an end. In Ireland the case is different. The class of young men, of whom we speak, or great numbers of them, propose to themselves the bar as a profession, and laborious as the preparation, to insure any fair chance of success, would be, could the barrister reckon on any early employment, yet such are the numbers called, and so many are the accidents that advance the fortunes of those who can in any way keep themselves before the eyes of the public, that a sort of attention is given to public affairs, by a number of half-educated men, who would seem to have no business of their own to attend to. We prefer stating in other language than our own the fact of O'Connell having been influenced by this class of young men in his later career.

"O'Connell saw that he had to deal with a new generation. They were a petulant and conceited race; but among the young men who gathered round him there was one young man of decided talent and unswerving integrity—Thomas Davis—with whom nationality was a passion and a principle, the object of enthusiasm and the result of conviction. Such an ally was invaluable to the sincere, but most perilous to one who only used agitation as a means to selfish ends."

A few years before and no man would have shrunk more than O'Connell from the madness into which he was betrayed by younger minds. At times, even in the wildest moments of the convulsion which he seemed to have called into motion, he was seen trying to appease the tumult. To the populace he was still allowed to appear as the mighty magician whose powerful word

could rouse and still the tempest, but it seems plain that all his movements, whether consciously or unconsciously, were subject to the will of others. Even before the state trials, in his own DOM-DANIEL, where he once gave laws, where no voice had been permitted till then to dispute his sovereign authority, younger men bearded and defied him. By the result of the trials the charm was broken which had seemed to protect his person inviolate, and his power over his countrymen in a great measure ceased when he had been once rendered amenable to the law. His boast that he had never touched the mysterious line that separates law from lawlessness, in the course of a life that seemed to be exclusively occupied in learning and teaching the art of driving coaches-and-six through Acts of Parliament, was one which he could no longer make with the same exultation as in the days of old. The captivity, as in ludicrous earnest the imprisonment of O'Connell was called in the documents of the public bodies with which he was connected, seems to have crushed his spirit. But between the giving in of the verdict and before his imprisonment he had one hour of glorious triumph :—

“ Before O'Connell could be called up for judgment he paid a brief visit to England, and attended one of the meetings of the Anti-corn-law League in Covent-Garden Theatre. He there found that the Government prosecution had achieved for him what nothing else but a miracle could have effected. It had rendered him for the time more popular in England than he ever was in Ireland.

“ John Bull has had a thorough dislike of all constructive crimes since 1794. He thought that O'Connell could not have been guilty of any very overt sedition when it took about a month to establish the charge : he was deeply incensed at hearing that the office of an English newspaper had the appearance of being converted into a house of agency for espionage ; he was sure that the jury had been packed and the bench prejudiced ; and furthermore, honest John reproached himself for having encouraged Government to proceed, by feeling too sensibly O'Connell's senseless attacks upon the Saxon. This was the general sentiment of the English people ; but to the League O'Connell was further recommended by thirty years of opposition to the corn-laws, and by his zealous co-operation in every effort for their repeal, whether in or out of Parliament.

“ Under these circumstances, his reception by the assembled multitude was one of the most magnificent displays of popular enthusiasm ever witnessed. He declared himself that he was not prepared for it, even by the experience of the monster meetings. His speech, the last of any permanent interest that he ever delivered, was one of the finest oratorical displays of his life. He had achieved the object, of which if he had not despaired, the cry of repeal would never have been raised. He had triumphed gloriously and completely on English ground.

“ This event strengthened the suspicions with which O'Connell had

long been regarded by the Young Ireland party. It was remarked that he began to speak respectfully of the English people, and to abate the vehemence of his denunciations against the Saxon. The growing feeling of alienation was, however, suspended; on the 14th of May he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and incarceration in Richmond Penitentiary, near Dublin. During his confinement every possible indulgence was shown him; and on the 4th of September, 1844, the decision of the Irish judges was reversed by the House of Lords.

"O'Connell was liberated; but he came out of prison an altered man. During his confinement the presidency of the Repeal Association had been confided to Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, member for the county of Linerick, a recent convert to the cause. The Young Ireland party had elected this gentleman as the rival and future successor of O'Connell, and during the absence of the latter from the Association had used all possible means to extend his reputation and give him influence in the country. In former days O'Connell would have brooked no rivalry, but imprisonment had broken his spirit, and had afforded Smith O'Brien time to strengthen himself with his party. Their jealousy was soon pretty manifest; there were bickerings in public; there was marked coldness in private. A project for convening an Irish senate, of very doubtful legality, and still more questionable prudence, was abandoned. A ridiculous club, the members of which were to wear a still more ridiculous uniform, including a fool's cap, the shape of which was the subject of long and learned debate—was patronised by the O'Brien and jeered by the O'Connell party. Thus closed the year 1844, and thus opened the year of 1845.\*"

In this record the most remarkable incident is the burst of popularity which greeted O'Connell in England, and this arising very much from the feeling that in the state trials he had not fair play—that there had been some tampering with the Jury, and—that the Bench was prejudiced against him.

The last topic, though one dwelt on at the time in the papers, could produce no permanent effect on the public mind. The Court could not avoid some direction to the jury on the law of the case, and it would be scarce possible to give such without using language that implied a reasonable man's view of the facts. Whatever the Charge had been this objection could scarcely have been escaped. The other is of more importance.

In every political trial in Ireland the statement that a jury has been packed is made. At one time it used to be made in every civil trial, and it is really marvellous, that considering the way in which, while all its privileges are taken advantage of for the protection of the accused, it is at the same time repre-

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\* *A Munster Farmer's Reminiscences of O'Connell.*



sented as a mere instrument in the hands of power, it has not been got rid of altogether. We wish its preservation, and for this purpose must do what we can to distinguish cases, that without some attention may be easily confused, and the mistake thus occasioned create no little mischief. What we have to say on the subject will be more intelligible when we have told in a sentence the course of the agitation after O'Connell's death.

After O'Connell's death the agitation assumed in some respects a worse aspect. Quiet men in vain hoped that the fever of excitement in which people had been so long kept would be now at an end. Vain hope! What had been called Conciliation Hall was a house divided against itself. Its members separated into two bodies; the one preachers of peace, who held that Ireland was to be saved and enriched, and the repeal of the Union to be carried by perpetual payment of rent, still rent, the Catholic rent, the only true rent—and by hebdomadal speeches; in short, they seemed to believe that all that was wanting was money and talk—money for the few, talk for the multitude. The other party insisted that England was not to be thus conquered; that the Irish people should arm; that talking nonsense was not the way to do business; and yet, inconsistently enough, they too talked nonsense.—That they did. They were younger men. Sedition was with them a passion that had not yet died away. They were not—the younger men among them were not—simulating extinct feelings. Compared with the other section of repealers this body was the more earnest; at all events, they outbid the others. They called on the people throughout the country to arm themselves. They threatened all landed proprietors who did not join them, that their property should be “carried to the national treasury.” They addressed the soldiery and constabulary in language seducing them from their allegiance and their duty. Under the names of tenure and tenant-right they addressed the natural cupidity of the peasantry; distinctions of Celt and Saxon were referred to, as if for the purpose of disuniting every family in the land. When a successful insurrection in Paris gave birth to the French Republic, they sent an embassy to it from Ireland, negotiating for an invasion. The genius of O'Connell and of Wolfe Tone united—seemed to meet in each of the Confederates—thus the war-party designated themselves—and mark the future rulers of Ireland's destinies—

The force of Nature could no further go—  
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

We have said that we believe this party to have been more in earnest than the other. They were, no doubt; many of them mad—not the less in earnest nor the less dangerous for

that. The newspaper press greatly aided them; for, while it spread their writings and speeches in every direction, it seemed to multiply their numbers. The peaceful part of the community in Ireland know them to be few, and know that it is the same performers who play in different parts of the country, and think of them or their audiences as little as they do of other players or play-going folk. They are regarded as a mischief and a nuisance for the most part; but there is no very serious thought that they can do any great harm. Even when it was known that persons were employed through the country to discipline disaffected men in military exercises, the forbearance of the Government met with more than sympathy from the general body of the country, who were inclined to laugh at the whole thing as a fantastic parody of very serious scenes transacted elsewhere. The Government, who had most probably more reasons for apprehension than they could prudently communicate to the public, took such precautions as they could to save the city of Dublin from the danger of an outbreak.

In the rural districts of Ireland there was much crime. It was not directly connected with the Agitation, but it grew in a great measure out of the base hopes that the Agitation inspired. Farmers refused or delayed to pay their rents. Agents were murdered under circumstances that left no doubt that men wealthy for their station in life, were accomplices or instigators of the crime. Through the country there was certainly a sort of expectation in the minds of many tenants that they might continue to hold their lands without paying any rent. The wise measure of a Special Commission succeeded in vindicating the law, and it became again possible to exercise the rights of property. The effect of the Commission was to protect the lives of the poor from ruffians that overawed the country. A duty as imperative as this was to terminate if possible the deplorable agitation which each day became more reckless and more fierce. Forbearance has its limits, and prosecutions were commenced against three of the confederates. Before these cases were tried a new statute applicable to any after cases that might arise was passed, and one of the persons about to be tried for sedition continued to issue writings which made him an offender under the new Act. It is necessary to state this to render intelligible what we have to say on the Jury question, as we think some mistakes have arisen from confusing the cases of special and common juries. O'Brien and Meagher were tried for sedition by *special juries*. In neither case was there a verdict. The law of Ireland requires unanimity in a jury. As far as can be known of these cases, the numbers for a conviction in one were ~~ten~~ to two, in the other *eleven to one*.

The statement of the juries being packed is always the cry of the convicted. In special jury cases it does not bear examination. Under the Act of 1833, when a special jury is obtained, it is formed from a body of names selected from what is called the juror's book for the year. The juror's book contains, or ought to contain, all the names of persons qualified to serve on juries. The class from which special jurors are taken consist of persons possessing various qualifications. The lowest money qualification is property to the amount of £5000. From this class, amounting generally to seven or eight hundred, forty-eight names are taken by ballot, and this forty-eight is reduced to twenty-four, by each of the parties striking off twelve names. The object is that the twenty-four left shall be men to whom neither of the parties can have a reasonable objection; and nothing can be more absurd or unreasonable than the kind of outcry which is made against the Crown for doing what it is absolutely compelled to do. It *must* strike off twelve names, and in such case no possible imputation can be fairly made against its officers, whatever be the politics of the persons whom it strikes off. It is not analogous to the challenge, whether peremptory or for cause, of a juror on an *ordinary* panel. In O'Connell's case the jury was a special jury. The quarrel was not with the conduct of the Crown in the way in which it reduced the forty-eight to twenty-four, but with the way in which the jury book itself, from which the forty-eight were taken, was made up. The book was made up incorrectly, the names of some persons who ought to be in the book being omitted, and the list from which the forty-eight were taken being thus diminished, to the disadvantage of the traverser. A majority of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland thought they had no means of correcting this. In the formation of a special jury it would appear that the Sheriff has absolutely no power. The list from which the forty-eight are selected, is supposed to contain the names of all the persons qualified to serve: the persons on the actual panel, and the order in which their names occur, (an important incident,) are determined by ballot; and nothing could be more idle than the popular clamour with which the conduct of the Crown is assailed in such cases, if it were not that such clamour has some effect on weak-minded persons. The juries in Smith O'Brien's and Meagher's cases were special juries. The Crown was accused of striking off Roman Catholic jurors. In each case, as we said before, it was compelled to strike off twelve. To try it by Catholics the Crown must have struck off Protestant jurors. As to the question of mere prudence, on which after all the selection of a special jury—as far as there could be a selection—must have turned,

we should rather, in cases of the kind, have three or four Roman Catholics in the box than only one. The chances, if there were but one, would be that the opposition of some false pride would detach him from his brother jurors, and that the question of guilt or innocence would scarcely be canvassed among them—that there would be a failure of justice because a want of any fair discussion, and that the result would be a mere exhibition of the power of a positive man to render ineffective the verdict of the others. It is an easy course to ascribe perjury to men, but we do not almost in any case regard this as the solution of such a fact as the disagreement of a jury. An analysis of the respective duties of the juror and the judge would make the juror believe that he is to receive information from the judge on matter of law, and communicate it on matters of fact; but to constitute the notion of Crime, a consideration of both elements is necessary—and it may be an actual evasion of a difficult duty in a juror—one to which the law in no case compels him, to find a verdict of guilty where he cannot, notwithstanding a disposition to receive such information on the law as it is the judge's duty to give—believe that the intention which constitutes crime exists. The juror's difficulty is not the mere mental process of analyzing the thoughts, but after this analysis has been performed for him or by him, the moral one of combining them. In some cases that which he has to do is, if he can, to call that crime which he has not before learned to designate by the name, or—a yet harder task—to overcome the prejudice which has hitherto regarded with favour a line of conduct which the moral sense does not disapprove, but which he is told is a violation of the law. To protect a man in danger—to throw your house open as a sanctuary of refuge to a person flying from pursuit, would seem so far from being a crime to be rather the subject of natural approbation; and indefensible as the feeling may be, we suspect that were jurors taken from the humbler classes of life, it would require more reasoning than a prosecuting counsel or a directing judge would be at all times able to bring to the argument, to persuade a juror that a poor man, whose father or brother, flying from justice, was protected in his house, was punishable as a criminal for affording him shelter. We state a case in which there can be no doubt that the jury should receive, without hesitation, the directions of the judge as to the law, but where natural feeling will affect each man of them with more or less influence, and in all probability lead some, if not all of them, to look round for excuses to acquit. In political cases, where the passions become strongly inflamed, where words have almost a magic power of affecting the temper, and reducing the most sober-minded man into a state of what is almost like insanity, it is certainly going too far to ascribe to

wilful and deliberate perjury the mind's continuing to move in its accustomed train of thought; and this, after all, is the case of the obstinate juror. Their abstract truth was not what recommended his religious or political dogmas to his mind, and fixed associations there which you have no means of disturbing or dissolving, so as to form them into other combinations of thought, may be the standards to which he refers when he would determine the innocence or the criminality of any particular act. You may make crimes by Act of Parliament, and you may be right; but while the machinery by which you punish them is the verdict of a jury, you cannot legislate effectively by a higher standard of morality than the average understanding of the class of men from whom jurors are taken can appreciate. If you will punish for treason or conspiracy, the traitor or conspirator has still the right of saying—Be your definitions what they may, my protection exists in the fact that the class of society from whom my judges are taken do not believe your accusation; or, if you have established the act which you say proves my guilt, you are unable to get them to agree with you in regarding it as crime. In prosecutions for seditious libel this is more remarkably illustrated, as the criminality of the act is much more often to be inferred from the state of mind of the persons to whom it is addressed than from any thing in the language itself; and in looking over some old volumes of State trials, one is frequently at a loss to discover why language apparently so innocent was prosecuted at all. In Horne Tooke's trial, there is no doubt that Lord Eldon, who prosecuted, thought the offence high treason—even after the verdict he thought so; suppose, instead of an acquittal, that the jury differed—that one, for instance, agreed with the Attorney-General, and was for a conviction, would we have a right to say that he was a perjured man? These differences of opinion must exist. It is, we think, unreasonable in the extreme to assume, without the strongest evidence, that there is wilful falsehood in the case; and though it is no doubt attended with some inconvenience, we think the practical effect of requiring unanimity in the jury has been, in criminal cases, on the whole beneficial. Crime, no doubt, often goes unpunished under the present system, but you could scarcely change it without introducing the worse chance of any examination of the conduct of men in power being punished as crime.

We have said that the Government commenced prosecutions against three of the Confederates for sedition, and that they failed in obtaining verdicts against two; against the third, Mr. Mitchel, it was unnecessary to continue the prosecution, as he was, a few days before the trial for sedition was to have taken place, convicted of felony under a recent statute, by a common jury.

The statement of the jury being packed is always the cry of the convicted. We have shewn that in special jury cases it can never be true—though, in Ireland at least, raised in these as in all other cases. The fact is, that in all these cases the anxiety of the traverser is, that there shall be no verdict, and the case is argued for him as if he was in earnest anxious for a fair investigation and determination of the issue knit between him and the Crown. His language is, “all I want is a fair trial,” and the only evidence he or his friends will admit of a trial having been fair, is that there shall be no verdict. In all cases there can be no doubt that it is the interest of society that there should be a verdict—a true verdict, and for this purpose that all disturbing elements should be as far as possible removed. The law does not presume such absolute impartiality in the sheriff, who selects and returns the jury panel, as to deny the parties the opportunity of inquiring into the fact, and enabling either of them to have the case tried by a jury returned by another officer. Where special juries are granted, one of the grounds stated by law-writers for this deviation from the ordinary course of forming a jury is, that “the sheriff might be suspected of partiality, though not upon such apparent cause as to warrant an exception to him.”\* But while the law guards, as far as it can, against any bias in the sheriff’s mind, that may injuriously affect either party, it is plain that to him a large discretion is intrusted, and it is his duty to exercise that discretion by returning only such jurors as he conscientiously thinks will give a true verdict. In the year 1833, the act was passed under which all juries in Ireland are now formed. A list prepared annually by certain tax-collectors—unconnected with the sheriff, exhibits the names of all persons entitled by property to be on the jurors’ book for the year. In that list must appear the name of every man occupying a house worth £20 a-year. When the law was about being passed, objections were made to a class of persons, subject to every influence calculated to warp the judgment being now for the first time introduced to bear a part in the direct administration of justice, any one of whom, if placed on a jury, would have it in his power to render abortive law-proceedings either civil or criminal. It was said that in some parts of the country, numbers must be returned in these lists who did not understand one word of English. To this it was replied that the sheriff ought not to return such persons on any panel—that the fact of their being eligible by property was not enough—that he would be subject to being fined by the Court, if he placed such persons on any jury panels. His discretion,

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\* 3. Commentaries, 367.

which before was absolute, was now limited to the names he found in the jury book of the year. Among these he was to select "good and true men above suspicion." The complaint in Mitchel's case is that there was any selection.

At Mitchel's trial there was what is called a challenge to the array—a statement that the jury panel was not impartially formed by the sheriff; and it was sought to shew that it had been formed under the directions of the Crown. This allegation was disproved; but it was established that a more respectable jury than is ordinarily returned was summoned in this case. In fact, we believe the ordinary juries are very carelessly formed. There is some distinction between the Commission and Quarter Sessions Juries. In the Report of the Commissioners of Judicial Inquiry on the office of Sheriff, we are told that "in Dublin with respect to petty juries at the Commission and Quarter Sessions Courts, panels of those descriptions contain about 150 names each. A greater degree of attention is paid to the formation of Commission petit jury panels than of the others, as capital cases are tried by them." This Report was drawn up from evidence taken in 1828 or 1829, but describes pretty well a present state of facts. Unless the counsel for Mitchel could establish that a jury was selected for the purpose of giving an untrue verdict, it seems to us that they would have done absolutely nothing. Before the trial the newspapers in the interest of the prisoner did all they could to influence the jury by arguments addressed to their prejudices and their fears. Public meetings were held for the purpose. At one of them a resolution was passed not unlikely to be interpreted by the poorer class of shopkeepers into a direct threat of the consequences to themselves of a finding unfavourable to the traverser:—

"Resolved—That we shall by every means in our power, within the law, oppose ourselves to this system of jury packing while the protection of the law is left us; and we feel ourselves called upon to warn the Government not to dare to abrogate the Constitution, and drive us beyond the limits of endurance. To every inroad on our constitutional rights we shall oppose the powers of the Constitution, but to manifest and avowed tyranny we shall oppose, if necessary, our very lives."

At another meeting the same sentiment was expressed in similar language:—

"Resolved—That while we are unwilling to identify this confederation with all the opinions of John Mitchel, we recognise in him a fearless and devoted fellow-soldier in the war which we are now waging against English oppression.

"That as such we demand for him a fair trial before a fairly selected jury; and if that demand be not complied with, and this champion of

Irish liberty be convicted by a jury selected for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to use all means, not inconsistent with morality, to bring to punishment all parties concerned in the perpetration of so foul a wrong."

In such circumstances what was a Sheriff's duty? Is it not plain that the class of jurors most likely to be injured—the poorer class of tradesmen and shopkeepers—ought not to have been summoned? Is it not plain that it would have been unjust to them to place them in the position of being ruined by the withdrawal of custom from them; for this was among the threats expressed in deliberate speeches at these meetings;\* and can

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\* We transcribe the following from a multitude of similar threats, issued immediately before Mitchell's trial:—

"To the Jurors of Dublin.—God's truth has been spoken and written by John Mitchell. He has proclaimed to the world the labourer's right to live in the land of his birth by the sweat of his brow; the farmer's right to the fruits of his labour, his capital, and his skill. This is God's truth!

"Will you, jurors, pronounce, by your verdict, God's truth to be a seditious libel—'a felony'?"

"If you do (which God forbid), then the blood of that innocent man of truth, John Mitchell, be on you and yours, to all eternity!

"The curse of God will fall upon you! The fate of perjurers and assassins await you!!

"Attend to your oaths, and a true verdict give!!!

"(ONE OF THE PANEL.)"

"We have but one word more to say. If the official persons conducting the prosecution do in this instance pack a jury of men known to be politically opposed to the prisoner, the whole proceeding is a base and cowardly murder, and shall be dearly avenged."—*United Irishman*.

"John Mitchell shall walk a free man from his gaol. If by a jury of his countrymen, then so much the better; he shall have proved the truth on which he started—that English rule here is an unreality—a vile, horrid dream, a mere goblin of the sense, to which we too long stupidly shrunk submissive, thinking it 'government,' and its airy mumblings 'law;' which needed but that one man should spit upon and laugh at to exorcise it for ever. And if not by a jury, then by the verdict of some thousands of armed citizens, ready to back the defiance he will hurl from the felon's dock—and by fifties of thousands throughout the land, wherever want has been and tyranny. Never—oh! never again—shall the faults of '98 bring down the just hand of an avenging God, in reigns of terror, and tyranny, and famines, upon a people ungrateful—upon men so bewildered or depraved as not to know that 'to be brave is to be truly wise.'"—*United Irishman*.

One of the speakers at a public meeting said—"He wished to inculcate on them that best of all maxims—for the love of God to buy rifles—(Loud cheers.) Lord Clarendon, Her Majesty's chief executioner and gaol-keeper in Ireland—(a laugh)—had requested the Orangemen to get guns, to slaughter the people of the south; and when he (the speaker) asked them would they turn their arms against their neighbours, they told him that they would never use them against the people, their brothers—(Cheers.) [A voice: 'A cheer for the Orangemen of Mounthill'—Cheers.] At the insurrection in Milan one immortal girl had fired down eighteen of the soldiers with her rifle—(Great cheering.) For his part he was determined that this struggle should never cease unless with his death or the attainment of repeal. [A voice: 'So may we all'—Cheers.] As to himself he thought he was nearly a traitor—(a laugh)—indeed, he almost believed he was a felon—(renewed laughter)—but one thing he would say, that if the Government attempted to pack a jury against John Mitchell they would rue it—(Loud cheers.)" Another—"He must not be convicted. I shall not be present upon the utter



there be a doubt with any one, that had the Sheriff returned a panel such as is ordinarily brought together for the trial of pick-pockets, the cry would be changed, and, were Mitchel convicted, that stories of one kind or another would be got up, and the Sheriff would be described as returning a jury of men likely to be bribed by the Government? In all criminal trials—in all trials, is not the great object to exclude as much as possible the element of chance, and to consult the peace of society by determining, with as near an approach to certainty as possible, the guilt or innocence of the party accused? Is it suggested by those who complain of the constitution of the jury panel, that any other verdict was possible from a jury, however constituted? Remember his language—"Whatever has been said or done by the most disaffected person in all Ireland against the existence of the party which calls itself the Government, nothing can go too far for me. Whatever public treasons there are in the land, I have stomach for them all." The wild hope of an acquittal does not seem to have entered into any one's mind; such chance, as no doubt existed for the prisoner, if some one man was found resisting all evidence—resisting even the statement by Mitchel's own counsel of his client's guilt—was all that could be reckoned on. The complaint in reality resolves itself into another, much more intelligible. The grievance is not the being tried by a packed jury, but the being tried at all. In the course of the very week in which Mitchel was tried, the counsel for Mr. Meagher, speaking in the Queen's Bench for his client, referred to the constitution of the juries in Smith O'Brien's and Meagher's cases, and complained of the fact of no Roman Catholics being left on Meagher's jury, while one or two were left on Smith O'Brien's, and attributed the distinction to the fact of Meagher's being a Roman Catholic. "The Attorney-General left Roman Catholics on Mr. O'Brien's jury because he was a Protestant; but when he came to try Mr. Meagher, who was a Roman Catholic, eleven jurors of his persuasion were struck off."\*

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atrocities of any trial in Ireland for 'sedition,' or 'treason,' or 'felony,' to a foreign Government. But it is enough that everybody in Ireland knows he cannot be convicted in due form of law, or without unprecedented roguery in the legal arrangement. No fairly-chosen jury of his countrymen can convict him."

The inference that it was sought to intimidate the jury is inevitable; but there are minds to whom the admission of the parties themselves carry more conviction than any reasoning, and we therefore think it right to quote the acknowledgments of *The Irish Felon*. A principal writer in that paper, in addressing the clubs after the trial, says, "Let us not be foolish enough to imagine that we can frighten the Government, by pretending to strength that we do not really possess. There is no more absurd principle than the 'intimidation' principle. I felt this in those days when you marched through the streets of Dublin, believing that terror could do for Mitchel's jury what conscience could not, and frighten them into giving that verdict which truth, not interest, would dictate."—*The Irish Felon*, July 8th.

\* Butt's Speech in Meagher's Case. *Dublin Evening Mail*, May 20.

It is not surprising that in a desperate case counsel should snatch at any topics; but the same grievance was urged in a deliberate resolution, at a public meeting, with the Lord Mayor of Dublin in the chair, two days before Mitchel's trial:—

“Resolved—That we reprobate in the most solemn manner the removal of Catholics from the juries empannelled to try Catholics, and the contrary practice pursued when a Protestant is on his trial, and that this practice is unconstitutional and unjust, and must result in tyranny.”

This resolution was carried unanimously, and yet the very same persons are those who, in a few days after, complain that Mitchel, a Protestant, is tried exclusively by Protestants. How long will it be possible, in such a country, to preserve even the forms of liberty? Can there be a doubt that, be a Sheriff Protestant or Catholic, it would be at all events his duty to guard against such persons, so utterly incapable of honest reasoning, being placed on juries, and that in any panel he returned, he should deliberately exclude every member whatever of those associations. In Ireland it would seem that language has been in some way so wholly divorced from thought, that we think it probable the obvious contradictions in the propositions we have quoted, with the complaint of Mitchel, a Protestant, being tried by Protestants, may never have struck the speakers in their glaring inconsistency. We have ourselves heard declaimers against the way in which these Irish trials were conducted say, that they would not take fifty pounds to serve on one of the juries—nay more, we know with an approach to certainty, that Catholics have avoided serving on the very panels from which they complain that Catholics are excluded. We protest that, in a case of which the difficulties do not seem to be sufficiently appreciated, the Sheriff seems to us to have steered his way safely and well; and that if there were cause of complaint, it has been altogether owing to the efforts made, previous to the trial, to overawe the persons whose duty it was to form the panel, and yet more, the jurors who might try the cause. A mixed jury would, we think, on all accounts, have been better—nay, we cannot conceive any jury, not overawed by the tyranny of the clubs and the public meetings under their control, hesitating to convict Mitchel; but to try the case at all, preserving even the shadow of constitutional forms, was, as far as Association and Confederation and Corporation meetings could effect the mischief they meditated, all but impossible. The Sheriff returned his panel of 150. Eighty persons answered as their names were called. Of these 20 were struck off by the traverser, and 39 by the Attorney-General. The traverser's right of challenge is this—20 peremptorily, and

as many more as he can show cause against. He struck off no one *for cause*—some evidence, slight, no doubt, of the fairness of the jury. The Attorney-General is a Catholic, and of the 39 he struck off eleven were Catholics. Of the 39 persons removed from the jury we know nothing; it is to be presumed for the Attorney-General that he had good cause for their removal. The strict legality of the course pursued by the Attorney-General is not disputed, and of its prudence he alone could be the sufficient judge.

The Attorney-General's is scarcely the same arbitrary right of challenge as the prisoner's. The law gives him what would seem a far more limited right than that of the prisoner, while in actual practice his setting aside jurors is scarcely distinguishable from the arbitrary challenge of the prisoner, and from the very large number of jurors on modern panels, enables him to try a case by whichever among the number he likes, when the prisoner's twenty are deducted from the panel.

"This privilege of peremptory challenges, though granted to the prisoner, is denied to the king by the Statute 33 Edward I. sect. 4, which enacts that the king shall challenge no jurors without assigning a cause certain to be tried and approved by the Court; however, it is held that the king need not assign his cause of challenge till all the panel is gone through, and unless there cannot be a full jury without the person so challenged; and then, and not sooner, the king's counsel must shew the cause, otherwise the juror shall be sworn."\*

If this view of the law be just, it is plain that the Attorney-General has no right whatever to bid any juror stand by, except he in his conscience believes that there is some such cause as would be admitted by triers as good ground of challenge, should it become necessary for him to state it to the Court. No idle conjecture as to the probability of his finding for the prisoner can have place here. If Blackstone's doctrine be right, a challenge on the part of the Crown can be but for cause, and the Counsel for the Crown who bids a juror stand by, without himself being convinced that there is ground for challenge which he could sustain, is violating his trust. We do not believe that any juror has, in this trial of Mitchel, been put aside on the sole ground of being a Roman Catholic. Such cause could not be sustained. And even supposing that the Attorney-General has the same capricious right of challenge with the prisoner, it is not possible to impute to the present Attorney-General for Ireland—himself a Roman Catholic—the kind of prejudice against Roman Catholics which this charge would involve. The Statute of Edward I.,

entitled "He that challengeth a jury or juror for the king, shall show his cause," is that on which is founded\* the statement of legal and constitutional writers, that the Crown has no right of peremptory challenge. As, however, the Courts have said that the only object of the Statute was that trials should not be delayed by challenges on the part of the Crown, the practice has been to allow the challenge wherever delaying the trial is not the consequence of allowing it, so that the advantage to the subject of thus limiting the Crown's right is of about the same value as the Antiquary's proof that the laws of Scotland did not admit of imprisonment for debt was to the officers of Hector M'Intyre's regiment. The imprisonment was not for the actual debt, but for contumacy, in disobeying the king's court, that ordered its payment: the Attorney-General does not challenge the juror, he only bids him stand by, which has, now that panels consist occasionally of many hundred names, precisely the same effect.\* The right of compelling the Crown to go at once into its cause of challenge, as each juror was objected to, was pressed with great strength in Horne Tooke's trial; the exceeding disadvantage to the prisoner of the large jury panel—in Tooke's case 228 were summoned—was felt by the Court, and the Attorney-General (Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon) withdrew all his challenges. It is too late to dispute the Attorney-General's right of bidding jurors stand by. The same arguments that had been adduced in Tooke's case were again urged in Quigley's, and afterwards in Frost's. The matter indeed is so settled, that it is probable the Court in Frost's case would not have heard it reargued, but that the statute of Edward had been repealed and re-enacted, and this gave the opportunity of reconsidering the matter with reference to the later statute.† The state of society in Ireland renders it necessary for the Crown to exert this

\* "LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE EYRE.—*The Crown has no peremptory challenge; but the course is that the Crown may challenge as the names are called over, and is not bound to shew the cause of the challenge till the panel is gone through; that is the course of proceeding which is now so established, that we must take it to be the law of the land; at the same time I feel, that the circumstance which is become absolutely necessary, of making the panels vastly more numerous than they were in ancient times—might give to the Crown an improper advantage arising out of that rule; and whenever we shall see that improper advantage attempted to be taken, it will be for the serious consideration of the Court whether they will not put it into some course to prevent that advantage being taken. I do not perceive at present that there is any complaint that an ill use has been made of this power in this instance. How many have been challenged on the part of the Crown I Seven.*

"LORD CHIEF JUSTICE EYRE.—Therefore, I say, it does not appear to me that any improper advantage has been taken."—*State Trials*, Vol. 26.

† In Ireland the matter is perhaps open to argument, as the language re-enacting the statute of Edward is different in England and Ireland.

prerogative more extensively than, if it could be avoided, can be at all prudent. In political trials, where the positions of the prosecutor and traverser are in truth often reversed, and where the Government of the day may be regarded as itself on its trial, the effect of the verdict on the public mind is of much more moment than any other consideration; and the notion that by any arrangement the traverser is deprived of any advantage that he ought to have, or might reasonably reckon on having, is calculated to deprive a verdict, however just, of any great value, further than as it exhibits the power of dealing with an individual case.

We think, with Judge Perrin, that the present practice presses unreasonably on traversers, and wish that his suggestion on the subject could be adopted:—

“I think,” says he, “the principle on which special juries are struck might be beneficially extended to criminal cases. I think there ought to be a right of peremptory challenge to the same extent—twenty—both in the Crown and the accused in all cases, the names upon the panel being drawn from a box, as in the civil court.”\*

In Ireland the seeming injustice of the present rule was very much felt—more especially in misdemeanour cases, where the prisoner has no right to challenge, and where the prosecutor being allowed to set jurors by, has all the advantages of a challenge without being obliged to state the grounds on which his challenge rests. He can in fact try his case by any jury he pleases. In prosecutions by private individuals, the rights of the Crown are exercised by the individuals prosecuting, and in this class of cases there was no limit to the abuse which this privilege gave. When Judge Perrin practised in the north-east circuit, he was very much employed in the defence of prisoners, and he tells us that at that time, and for twenty years afterwards, there was no such thing as a public prosecution in Ireland in which there was not also a private prosecutor with an agent, and often counsel, engaged to act with the Attorney-General and the counsel employed by him. “In party cases prosecuted by the Crown, it was a constant practice to have a private agent and counsel; ‘counsel,’ as the phrase was, ‘to watch the counsel for the Crown.’” So late as 1839, Mr. Justice Perrin could not say whether the custom did not still continue. The Crown-Solicitor for the circuit had not of course the local knowledge of the private agent, and though he was the official person through whom objections

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\* Lord's Reports. *Crime in Ireland*, 1839, page 1059. In Frost's case (1840) the Sheriff returned the panel alphabetically. The names were, by consent of the Crown and the prisoner, called, not according to the order in the list, but by ballot, and the challenger then taken.

to jurors were made, he yielded, as a matter of course, to such suggestions as were given him by persons always more interested in the results of particular prosecutions than in the purity of the general administration of justice. The effect of arbitrarily setting aside jurors was not so much that unfair verdicts were given, as that it could not be said that there was a satisfactory trial.

"As to the jurors," says Judge Perrin, "it must be disagreeable to a man to be set aside. He must feel it as a kind of stigma; but that is a trivial matter compared with the general impression it creates as to the administration of justice, where it is injurious as tending to create a feeling that the verdict is not the result of a cool, deliberate, and impartial trial, but may have been affected by the opinions of particular individuals designedly put on the jury. But the most important point of view is the *real effect* which it is calculated to have on the administration of justice. It enables the prosecutor, especially in misdemeanour cases, to set aside any jurors that he pleases to avoid, and prevent a vigilant, searching, impartial, penetrating inquiry by persons whom he thinks able and likely to institute it, if he considers his case an infirm one; besides, that it gives him this advantage where there is a fixed panel, that he can set aside *ad libitum*, in order to arrive at and obtain individuals whom he may wish to put on—persons having a known bias or prejudice injurious to the accused. In misdemeanour cases, where the accused has no peremptory challenge, it amounts to packing a jury."

In one case, where O'Connell as counsel for a private prosecutor had an opportunity of exercising the rights of the Crown, he set aside the fifty-two first jurors who answered their names. "It was," said he in the House of Commons, (August 2, 1833,) "an issue on which *no man would think of challenging a juror in England*, but unhappily in Ireland the case was widely different. Such was the state of the panel for the county of Cork, that I was obliged to set aside fifty-two jurors before there was to be found a juror impartial enough to try the issue." This was a case of misdemeanour in which the traverser had no right of challenge, and where O'Connell selected his jury from a panel of 800 persons. In this case, on his own showing, the law was practically different from what its administration would have been in England. Under the letter of the law—or its interpretation—the same incident might have occurred in either country, but till very lately, a more serious grievance was peculiar to Ireland. The old law-books in speaking of the prisoner's right of peremptory challenge, describe it as given *in favorem rite*, and this led the Irish Courts to the inference that it was only to be allowed in capital cases. The privilege was by them confined to capital cases, till a case arose which Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Napier insisted on being brought before the House of Lords, which

decided against the Irish practice. This was so late as 1844. Till then, therefore, any plea of the Crown, not capital, was tried by a jury in the formation of which the accused had no voice whatever, and where the power of the Crown had scarcely any limit. Mr. O'Connell has told us that when he practised on the Munster Circuit, the interference of magistrates for the purpose of forming juries likely to be unfavourable to prisoners, was such that he complained of it to the counsel for the Crown, and that it then ceased, or at least was not exercised to the same extent. When Mr. Perrin was Attorney-General, he directed that no person should be set aside unless there was a substantive objection to him; that the Crown-Solicitors should not delegate their power, and that they should at the end of the circuit communicate to him the names of all persons set aside, and the causes. Sir Michael O'Loughlen when Attorney-General, went even farther. He held that the Crown had no right of peremptory challenge, and his opinion was that the construction of the statute of Edward I.—which construction allows the Crown the power to order jurors to stand by, without assigning any cause of challenge till the panel is exhausted—was not a sound one, and he gave directions to the Crown-Solicitors in accordance with these views. We transcribe his letter to the Crown-Solicitors:—

“It is not my wish that you should exercise the privilege of setting aside a juror, except in cases in which a juror is connected with the parties in the case. You will not set aside any juror on account of his political or religious opinions, and you will be pleased in every case in which you may consider it necessary to set aside a juror to make a note of the objection.”

Nothing could have been more calculated to confirm him in the prudence of the course he adopted than its effects.

“While Attorney-General for Ireland,” he tells us, “I tried many persons of notorious political opinions by persons connected with the Associations to which they belonged, and in most instances I got verdicts. I tried several persons for processions against the provisions of the Procession Act by persons known to belong to the Society of Orangemen, and I got several convictions, and scarcely ever had an instance of a just complaint of a verdict: I tried several persons for riots, connected with the opposition to tithes, by jurors who were notoriously opposed to the payment of tithes themselves, and I got convictions.” \*

This result we should have anticipated; and we even agree with Sir Michael in the feeling that dictated his reply to what was meant to be a test question.—

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\* Lord's Report. *State of Crime in Ireland*, 1839, p. 1162.

"Suppose an attack by the members of one sect of religion on the members of another, or by the members of one political party on another, do you think that the administration of justice would be aided by allowing those persons to try the cause whose opinions on either side, religious or political, were strongly excited?"—"I think there is a choice of difficulties. I think the moral effect of allowing the jurors to be sworn as they are returned by the sheriff, and as they come to the book, unless there is good cause of challenge, would be better than the exercise of a right of challenge without assigning any cause."

A letter from Mr. Tickell, Crown-counsel on the Home-Circuit, is quoted by Sir M. O'Loughlen as confirming his impression:—"The jurors, in what might be called party cases, honestly discharged their duty." He states the number of trials for three assizes after Sir Michael's rule had been acted on, and says, "Out of the whole of these cases I could not fix on a dozen in which I should have differed from the jurors, nor do I recollect half a dozen in which I thought the Crown had any reason to complain." The fierce agitation, however, of our day had not then commenced. The thought of living as a distinct nation, governed by different laws, was not then the doctrine of the press. O'Loughlen's rule was certainly of more easy application in all cases where there was a distinct breach of a positive law than if he had to deal with "seditious libel," where the very essence of the offence is the effect which the prosecuted matter has a tendency to produce on other minds, and where what is innocent in one state of public feeling may in another be the deepest guilt. Of this class of questions Sir Michael was fortunate enough to have no experience—at least we do not remember during his time any prosecution for libel. Our own impression is very strong that a mixed jury would be far safer for the Crown than any other. In the jury-box, as elsewhere, there is no duty of citizenship that Roman Catholics will not honestly and fearlessly discharge; but Roman Catholics or Protestants, members of the clubs and associations, the legality of which is involved in the very questions knit between the Crown and the traverser, we think should be excluded. In such cases the challenge might with great advantage to society be at once made "for cause," and openly gone into. The result of a few such challenges might shew that there is something to be said for the forbearance of the Attorney-General, in not communicating his grounds of objection, and prove that his instructions to the persons acting for the Crown, not to set any man aside on the single ground of his religion, had been strictly complied with. The plan, however, suggested by Judge Perrin of the names of the panel being drawn from a box as in the civil court, and a peremptory right of challenging the same fixed



number given to the Crown and to the traverser, would go further to removing all real objections to the constitution of a jury than any other that has been proposed.

The enormity of the offences in Mitchel's and such cases, has been so great as to provoke sober men into calling for martial law—a course not unreasonable when the object of Government is to interrupt avowed preparations for civil war, and in all respects better than any violation of the existing forms of the administration of justice—any management in the selection of juries further than guarding against accused men being tried by accomplices—or any overstraining the ordinary law for the purpose of punishing particular delinquents. For martial law there is as yet no necessity. With respect to juries there can be little doubt of their doing their duty when a clear case of crime is established—of any warping of the law for the purpose of making cases of constructive crime, there can be no fear whatever. Our apprehension is in the other way. Our fear is that men guilty of felony under the late Act may be indicted but for sedition—as to proceed under the late Act for felony, committed by spoken words, requires informations to be sworn within a certain time—six days—after such speech; and that persons guilty of actual treason may be but indicted for felony. In cases where the indictment is for sedition, and where the evidence establishes the higher crime of felony or treason, in which the lesser one, according to the principles of the law of England merges, the grand jury may throw out the bills, or the petit jury be instructed to acquit.\* We cannot but remember Lord Eldon's vindication of his own course, in indicting the members of political societies in 1794 for High Treason:—

“As Attorney-General and public prosecutor, I did not think myself at liberty to let down the character of the offence. The mass of evidence, in my judgment, was such as ought to go to the jury for their opinion, whether they were guilty or not guilty of TREASON. Unless the whole evidence was laid before the jury, it would have been impossible that the country could ever have been made fully acquainted with the danger to which it was exposed, if these persons and the societies to which they belonged, had actually met in that national convention, which the papers seized proved that they were about to hold, and which was to have superseded parliament itself; and it appeared to me more essential to securing the public safety that the whole of these transactions should be published than that any of these individuals should be convicted. They too, who were lawyers and judges, having stated their opinion that these were cases of High Treason, I could not but be aware what blame would have been thrown on the law officers of the Crown, if they had been indicted

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\* The Act guards against the danger of such *Felony*, as is created by the Act *amounting in Treason*, but makes no provision as to *Sedition*.

for misdemeanour, and the evidence had proved a case of High Treason, which, proved, would have entitled them to an acquittal for the misdemeanour.\*

The inconvenience of this principle of law is so great that we doubt whether legislation should not be directed against the principle itself—which can scarce even assist in the furtherance of justice—rather than against its application in a particular case. In an able work of Mr. Hudson's† it is strongly urged on the Legislature to get rid of some of the old maxims which—arising in a different state of society, are now often only known by consequences which can never be perfectly avoided, so long as the maxim is recognised as law. At present it would appear that a *sedition* disturber of the peace has no bad chance of escape, if he can prove that his offence amounts to *treason*—"and then," in Lord Eldon's words, "the country would not tolerate, and ought not to tolerate, that their lives should be put in jeopardy by another indictment for High Treason."

Ireland—to judge of it by some of its newspapers, and to exclude all other evidence—presents the most daring determination that has ever been expressed to declare actual war against the very thought of society itself. The theory of the present agitators is this, that no existing laws are binding on Ireland. Repeal of the Union is not what is now wanted—that is described to have been a mere humbug—a trick worthy of O'Connell and the moral-force impostors of days that are with the years before the flood. English dominion was at all times an usurpation. No laws that it has enacted, or could enact, had any binding force on conscience. The Irish parliament of 1782, or any other period, was no better than it ought to be:—

"Repeal in its vulgar meaning," says one of these gentlemen, "I look upon as impracticable by any mode of action whatever, and the constitution of '82 as absurd, worthless, and worse than worthless. The English Government will never concede or surrender it to any species of moral force whatever, and the country peasantry will never arm and fight for it, neither will I."

In language of great power the writer describes his purpose to be to unite with the question of Repeal, which he admits to have some interest for the town population, another which is likely to act on the rural peasantry:—

"I want to ally the town and country. Repeal is the question of the town population; the land-tenure question is that of the country peasantry. Both combined, taking each in its full extent and efficacy, form the question for Ireland—the question for the battle-day. \* \* \*

\* Twiss's "Life of Lord Eldon," vol. i. p. 284.

† Hudson's "Landlord and Tenant"—Preface.

You may think it a pity to crush and abolish the present noble race of landowners. \* \* \* What! is your sympathy for a class so great and your sympathy for a whole people so small? \* \* It is a mere question between a people and a class—between a people of eight millions and a class of eight thousand. \* \* The rights of property may be pleaded. No one has a higher respect for the rights of property than I have, but I do not class among them the robber's right, by which the lands of this country are holden in fee of the British Crown.”\*

In another Number of the same journal from which our quotation is made, the same writer says—

“We hold the present existing Government of this island, and all existing rights of property in our soil, to be mere usurpation and tyranny, and to be null and void as of moral effect, and our purpose is to abolish them utterly, or lose our lives in the attempt. The right founded on conquest, and affirmed by laws made by the conquerors themselves, we regard as no other than the right of the robber on a larger scale.”

And in a paper entitled the “Faith of a Felon,” by the same writer, there is a further development of the plan by which he would carry his theories into practical effect:—

“Here,” says he, “is the Confession and Faith of a Felon.

“Years ago I perceived that the English conquest consisted of two parts combined into one whole: the conquest of our liberties—the conquest of our lands.

“I saw clearly that the reconquest of our liberties would be incomplete and worthless without the reconquest of our lands—would not necessarily involve or produce that of our lands, and could not, on its own means, be possibly achieved; while the reconquest of our lands would involve the other—would at least be complete in itself, and adequate to its own purposes, and could possibly, if not easily, be achieved.

“The lands were *owned* by the conquering race, or by traitors of the conquered race. They were occupied by the native people, or by settlers who had mingled and merged.

“I selected as the mode of reconquest to refuse payment of rent and resist process of ejectment.

“In that mode I determined to effect the reconquest, and staked on it *all my hopes here and hereafter*—my hopes of an effective life and an eternal epitaph. \* \* \* The opinions then stated, and which I yet stand firm to, are these, ‘that the occupying tenants of the soil of Ireland ought, *on principle*, to refuse all rent to the present usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors, (or lords paramount in legal parlance,) have, in National Congress or Convention, decided *what* rents they are to pay, and *to whom* they are to pay them.

"And that the people, on grounds of policy and economy, ought to decide (as a general rule admitting of reservations) that those rents shall be paid to *themselves*—the people, for public purposes, and for the behoof of them, the entire general people."\*

In the *Nation* of July 1, 1848, is a paper entitled "The Value of an Irish Harvest," from which we quote a few sentences:—

"There is growing to-day on Irish soil £80,000,000 worth of produce, by the reckoning of the best accountants. \* \* \* To our minds if these £80,000,000 worth were boldly taken advantage of, a new foundation for life might be laid in Ireland. Let us suppose the thing to be tried—let us suppose a thousand clubs of 300 men spread over Ireland; their club-rooms over against every barrack in town and country—their scouts spying through every pass—their thousands battalioned in every city—their Irish League a Council of 300 *honest* men—clear-headed and brave, what great purposes might not a regeneration-fund of £80,000,000 be turned to? Less than one-half of it would feed the people till another harvest had found its way into the light. \* \* \* Upon the appropriation of this first part there could be no quibble, and should be tolerated no argument. If any man said nay, and put forth his hand upon the people's food, their answer should be the pike-point or the bullet. The uses of the surplus is a legitimate subject for deliberation. To direct the expenditure of £40,000,000 of money to an Irish Government just come to power must be a task of great complexity and anxiety. England, Italy, France, and Prussia, have had their peasant-insurrections, their wars for the possession of the soil. Ireland's is at last at hand."

In another paragraph of the same date, the *Nation*, speaking of the "Protestant Repeal Association," says—

"Let them calculate for their fellow-Protestants the value and uses of one Irish harvest, and place against it all the miserable subsidies and stipends England gives or can give—the wealth this soil grows, and the resources hidden under it; let them collate for them the laws of the land and the laws of nature, and ask them to decide whether they prefer retaining a tithe of the produce for their Church, or the whole of it for themselves, their Church, their children, and their neighbours."

In the *Tribune*, (another Dublin paper,) of the same date, the same doctrine is advocated. A writer of considerable talent, and zeal worthy of a better cause than that to which he has given himself, complains of the apathy of the members of the Clubs:—

"Why is it that you are idle when industry would be most effective?" [*Industry!*—But the next sentence exhibits what "industry" means.]—"The long talked-of harvest is approaching, and I ask you,

are you preparing to reap it? \* \* In summer we say, wait for autumn; take heed lest in autumn we say, wait for spring—when is an opportunity of use?—when you are prepared to avail yourselves of it. You, or at all events your leaders, call this coming harvest ‘an opportunity’—are they prepared to lead, and are you prepared to follow? *Let them* think well on it, for the sin of murder will be on their souls if they shrink; let *you* think of it, for if you falter, the Lord, in his justice, will appoint you the suicide’s hell. Better to die on your foemen’s bayonets in the cause of freedom, than to live another year like the last in a rotting Province. \* \* What we want most in Ireland is WILL. \* \* The people *wish* but they do not *will*. The men who go to a public meeting, and cheer every sentiment which pleases them, may continue their attendance at meetings until their hair is grizzled, and no good come of it. But the men who go out on a hill-side, or get behind a strong barricade, and remain in silent determination to take that which would not be given, must find that their will is synonymous with triumph. \* \* When this much-talked-of harvest is come, are you prepared to reap it?” “Repeal,” we quote from another article in the same paper, “Repeal is useless, unless it be preceded by a great social revolution. If the landlord class has been previously routed, and if the land returns into the hands of the rightful owners, then repeal may possibly be of some advantage. It may be the first step towards complete independence.”

We think there is more to alarm those who are anxious for the preservation of society in this plot of seizing the crops than in any other, or in all the others suggested, because that something of the kind is practicable has been already experienced in Ireland in the title-disputes some fifteen or sixteen years ago. The possession of the land and the property in the existing crops is, of course, the farmer’s, and that he should retain both without paying anything till extorted by legal process, is no doubt easily possible—that the country may be kept in such a state as to render the execution of any legal process dangerous to the subordinate ministers of the law, and to the agents and stewards of the landed proprietors, is too certainly feasible. The Dublin agitators are little likely to get one shilling of what the close-fisted farmer may withhold from his landlord, either on the pretence of a payment into the national treasury or any other; but we have some fear of their playing some such game on their own account, and impossible as is its ultimate success, yet if a sturdy resistance to rent were continued even for a few months, the interest on the debts of the landed proprietors being unpaid, there would be immediate law-proceedings for the sale of the lands, and in this way an extensive change of property would be accomplished. We fear not for the success of any contemplated plan of revolution; but for what seems to us a very probable consequence, not distinctly contemplated by these workers of

mischief, and which, if we know anything of the relations of Irish society, must be ruinous to all.

We disregard what the Republican journals call their war-department—directions for street-warfare, raising barricades, making gunpowder, spiking cannon, &c. These things cannot be safely despised, nor will they of course by those whose duty it is to watch for the peace of society; but even suppose some outbreak and an effort to react the scenes of Paris, we do not think the actual evil of this so great as the pollution of the public mind by familiarizing it with the atrocities dwelt on with insane delight in these publications. A street-riot, an hour of pillage and of massacre, is as nothing compared to the evil done in a different way. These newspapers are the chief literature, we fear, that circulates among a large class of society, and even the extracts we have given, though selected for a different purpose, prove that the journals are written with a degree of power that cannot but work on the minds of their readers. The earlier volumes of the *Nation*, and indeed all but the very latest were comparatively free from the faults which now taint it, in common with the other journals from which our extracts are taken. These writings are likely to debase the imagination, by bringing before it for ever scenes of ferocity, familiarizing it with evil, and thus depriving us of the best if not the only means of educating a people into a sense of their proper humanity. In some countries every word of the language is degraded by some vile association of ideas, so that truth cannot be communicated without the suggestion of falsehood, and thus the most efficient instrument of civilisation is a weapon in the hands of its most dangerous enemies.

“You taught me language,” says Caliban, “and my profit on’t  
Is, I know how to curse.”

A more extensive change than Repeal would effect is now acknowledged by the leaders of the agitation, and the leaning of most seems to be for a Republic. We believe that a dream of actual occupation in the business of a Provisional Government has seized on the minds of some of these men; that with a view of hurrying things to some such issue was the organization of the country by means of local clubs devised, and with this view does it appear to us that the purpose of seizing on property has been recently announced. A repeal of the Union, such as was preached for a few years, met with many advocates; and their number was not diminished among men of property, from the notion that the relations of Irish society were not understood in England, and that property would be better preserved by the Irish gentry managing their own affairs. This class has been now taught that the violent seizure of property is among the

objects of the revolutionists. To the revolutionists it would not answer to have in the new Irish Parliament the same order of men that formed the Irish Parliaments of the days of old. "A mightier passion nerves Ireland to-day than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution that Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain, \* \* the soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland." We do not think it fair to argue from the language of any one of the agitators as to the opinions of the others—still less as to the existence of any consistent plan of the constitution of the future Government of Ireland—but that all landed property shall be taken from the present proprietors has for the last month past—not before—been preached in every one of the revolutionary journals; and this must have the effect of separating from the cause of Repeal that section of land-owners who every now and then, when provoked by the course of legislation on the Poor Laws, expressed an opinion that a Parliament in Dublin would have saved the country from measures which they in vain deprecated.

The organization of Clubs through the country is one which at the moment creates great alarm. It will not, however, succeed. We do not so much rely on the power of the legislature to put down these mischievous assemblies as a common nuisance, or on the clergy effectually discouraging them—for it will not be easy for legislation to draw a line of distinction between assemblies that ought not to be interfered with and these clubs, and there is a jealous spirit of resistance often in the Roman Catholic laity to the clergy's intermeddling in business purely secular—as on the fact that they must be soon felt to be for the most part assemblies of blackguards, with whom no decent person would associate. The strongest temptation to these places is vanity; and when the first excitement is over, vanity will lead persons to stay from them. Motley will for a while be the only wear. There will be field-days and exhibition displays. The President will wear his Tara cap and his dress of green and gold, but they will fade away and not be renewed. The whole thing will seem as foolish as his freemasonry does to a man of fifty. No enthusiasm will keep the fever alive, if the people have anything to do. In O'Connell's time great part of the country was organized in much the same manner as is now proposed. Each parish was then placed under Inspectors, Repeal-Wardens, and Collectors. The duties of these officers were defined, and one of them was to take care that newspapers were bought in every locality. This was a principal, or *the* principal object of the arrangement, and when the newspaper-people found other means of creating and supplying a demand for their ware, the machinery of repeal-wardens and collectors was discontinued, and the Dublin Association, the staff of which was supported by what remained after

paying for the newspapers, was closed for want of funds. The clubs are no doubt mischievous, but we cannot attach any great importance to them in their present state. So far from using the persons who lead the agitation, we have no doubt they will lead to discord and dissension. Wolfe Tone tells the history of one of his political clubs. He attributes to its members agreement in political opinions on essential points, information, talents and integrity. "Yet, I know not how it was, we did not draw well together; our meetings degenerated into downright oyster-suppers; we became a mere oyster-club." Then came misunderstanding or rather rooted dislike between the men of more ambitious talent—"the Cæsar and Pompey" of their little empire. Members dropped off one by one, and "after three or four months of sickly existence, our club departed this life." Mr. Mitchel, the victim of this insane agitation, describes himself as compelled to act for himself alone, not being able to find any of his associates to agree with him. From this has arisen the number of journals, and from this the phantom of a treason larger than any corresponding reality—for as the sale of these journals is an object, each seeks to outvie the other. The scene in Limerick, where a mob sought to burn the house in which some of the patriots were assembled at a soirée, is not more remarkable for the fact of the whole set being assailed by the Limerick populace, than for the other more significant one of the dissension between the invited guests.

"We went," says a writer in Mr. Mitchel's paper, "to rouse the national spirit of our countrymen against an alien Government, and while we did so, had to be protected by the soldiers of that alien Government *against* our countrymen."<sup>\*</sup>

In the same paper is printed a letter from Mitchel to the Committee of the Irish Confederation:—

"Differences \* \* \* between Mr. Smith O'Brien and myself have at length come to that point which makes it necessary in Mr. O'Brien's opinion, that one or other of us should leave the Irish Confederation."

We do not think that concord will reign long among these clubs, however constituted, and we cannot feel all the alarm on the subject that is expressed. Where drilling or training in military exercises is used in any club, it might be well to have the locality in which it occurs proclaimed under the late Act,<sup>†</sup> and to allow no person to have arms unless licensed. Some

\* *United Irishman*, May 6, 1848. "I came to emancipate you," said Major Brian, at a Catholic dinner in Kilkenny, "and you stole my hat."

† Since the above was written, and while we are transcribing this for the press, a proclamation has been issued, proclaiming Dublin, Waterford, Drogheda, and Cork—localities in which a good many of these clubs were planted.



summary jurisdiction should be given to the police magistrates, to punish by fine or imprisonment all persons guilty of drilling or training without authority. There are old acts of parliament punishing such offences, not too severely; but the delay—often many months—which must intervene between the offence and the trial, is fatal to the best effects of penal justice, and plainly insufficient where the crime is directed against the very being of society itself. The captains and colonels may be allowed to “wear laurel crowns, and take what names they please,” so that proper care is taken to keep dangerous weapons out of their hands. Some earnest young men, connected with the newspapers, are the planners of this organization, and while they tell of numbers everywhere enrolling themselves, they acknowledge in the same breath that all the stimulants they can apply to rouse the universal country are in vain, addressed to any particular part of it:—

“The clubs,” it is said, “would rejoice if liberty were won for them by others, but they have no intention of risking their safety to obtain it themselves, and each locality strives to palliate its inactivity by declaring, that though it be apathetic, the rest of the country is up and stirring, and on that account there is less necessity for its own immediate action. If the men are unarmed, they satisfy themselves by thinking that there is elsewhere more exertion. Distance lends enchantment. Cork looks to Dublin, and Dublin to Cork. The Limerick man points to Belfast, and the Belfast man to Limerick. Everybody thinks everybody but himself is doing wonders, and the result is, that nothing is done.”\*

If this be a true account of the state of the clubs, it is plain that as yet they present nothing very formidable.

We have avoided, as far as we could, saying one word calculated to affect in any way the trials of the persons who have yet to answer to their country for what its laws call a crime. We have avoided as far as we could, even in our mind, forming an opinion of the guilt or innocence of individuals. Indeed, the greater part of what we have said has been written before the late movements of the Irish Government. In selecting our extracts from the *Nation* and *Felon* papers, we have been in part influenced by our admiration of the talents of, we believe, very young writers, whom we would sacrifice much to be able to recall from what we regard as a course utterly hopeless, and which if they so regarded it, would, we have no doubt, be felt as criminal. We have not said one word of the state of the country, as we feel that its miseries, whatever excuse they may furnish for distress making itself felt in the form of crimes against pro-

perty, are no justification in the case we are examining, and are in truth wholly unconnected with the influencing motives of the agitation. We in truth feel more than we can express for many of the young persons who write in these journals, and who, as far as we can judge by their writings, seem to us to have been deluded by no ungenerous ambition. Many of them are mere boys—some absolute children.\* Would that there could be any mode of saving them! The people will be taken out of their hands—indeed, we believe that they are not in them. The rural population in the north have no sympathies with them, and they find no access whatever to the minds of the peasantry in the south. “As the present Chief Baron of England said, when he saw his children patting a tortoise, you might as well pat the dome of St. Paul’s to please the Dean and Chapter.”

We would be inclined to address some of these men—as the author of the “Claims of Labour” would have the Chartist addressed. “Tell him, and you will not be exaggerating, that there are people in the higher classes whom he curses as aristocrats, the best energies of whose minds have been given for many a year to thought and endeavour for him. If he begin with his ‘liberty, equality, and fraternity,’ tell him *that there is here neither time nor space for such things.* \* \* \* If time and space were unlimited we might say to him, be directed by no one, do not suffer yourself to work in the grooves of any state of society or under any constitution. There is no such thing as hoarded wisdom, there shall be no such thing as hoarded labour. You shall knock at famine’s door yourself, and get your own answer. \* \* And had we all to begin in this way, and each generation to re-constitute society, and were there space and time for so doing, it might be an admirable mode of education. It certainly would be a most severe one.”

“Then as to equality, what does it mean? Civil equality! we we have got it. Social equality! which of us ever met his equal? Indeed, to the same man in the same day I am lord and servant; now instructor, now pupil. Life is an interchange of dependencies. Folly, which lives in crude abstractions, never found such a home as in this word ‘equality.’”†

In the reconstruction of society in Ireland we anticipate more from the effects of education than from any other cause. There is no uneducated or half-educated man who is not the slave of some theory or prejudice. Let a man but learn any thing thoroughly;

“setting himself to wrestle with nature, trying to master some one

\* One of the articles prosecuted as felony is said in the paper to be by a child of nine years old.

† Letter from a London Special Constable, (p. 14.) London, 1848.

branch of art, he may learn a humility which he will never acquire while he is fabricating fancy constitutions.”\*

Through the country efforts have been made to instruct the people in practical agriculture. This wise measure—Lord Clarendon’s own we believe—has done much. In most educational establishments of a public kind agricultural instruction is now given. Model farms are about to be attached to the poor-houses, and thus some compensation given for whatever may be reasonably complained of in the principle of these laws. From the provincial colleges, which must soon come into operation, much may be expected. The history of the past, too, will be read in a different spirit from that in which it is now studied, and men will find that it has another value than furnishing weapons of party aggression. It delights us to be able to quote from the pages of Mitchel—a man who, though deeply criminal, seems, towards the close of his career, to have been almost insane with enthusiasm, and to have proceeded to lengths which he could not have originally contemplated—a passage written in no unkindly or uncandid spirit to the Church of England. With it, as more likely to have effect with the class of readers whom we have been last addressing, we conclude :—

“ Among the national institutions, among the existing forces, that make up what we call an Irish nation, the Church, so far as it is a spiritual teacher, must be reckoned. Its altars, for generations, have been served by a devoted body of clergy : its sanctuaries thronged by our countrymen : its prelates have been among the most learned and pious ornaments of the Christian Church. Their stories are twined with our history : their dust is Irish earth : and their memories are Ireland’s for ever. In the little church of Dromore, hard by the murmuring Lagan, lie buried the bones of Jeremy Taylor : Would Ireland be richer without that grave ? In any gallery of illustrious Irishmen, Ussher and Swift shall not be forgotten ; Derry and Cloyne will not soon let the name of Berkely die ; and the lonely tower of Clough Oughter is hardly more interesting to an Irishman as the place where Owen Roe breathed his last sigh, than by the imprisonment within its walls of the mild and excellent Bishop of Kilmore. *Sit mea anima cum Bedello !*

“ When Irishmen consent to let the past become indeed history, not party politics, and begin to learn from it the lessons of mutual respect and tolerance, instead of endless bitterness and enmity, then, at last, this distracted land shall see the dawn of hope and peace, and begin to renew her youth and rear her head among the proudest of the nations.”†

\* *Letter from a London Special Constable*, p. 21.

† *Life and Times of Aodh O’Neill*. By John Mitchel, Preface, pp. xi., xii.

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